ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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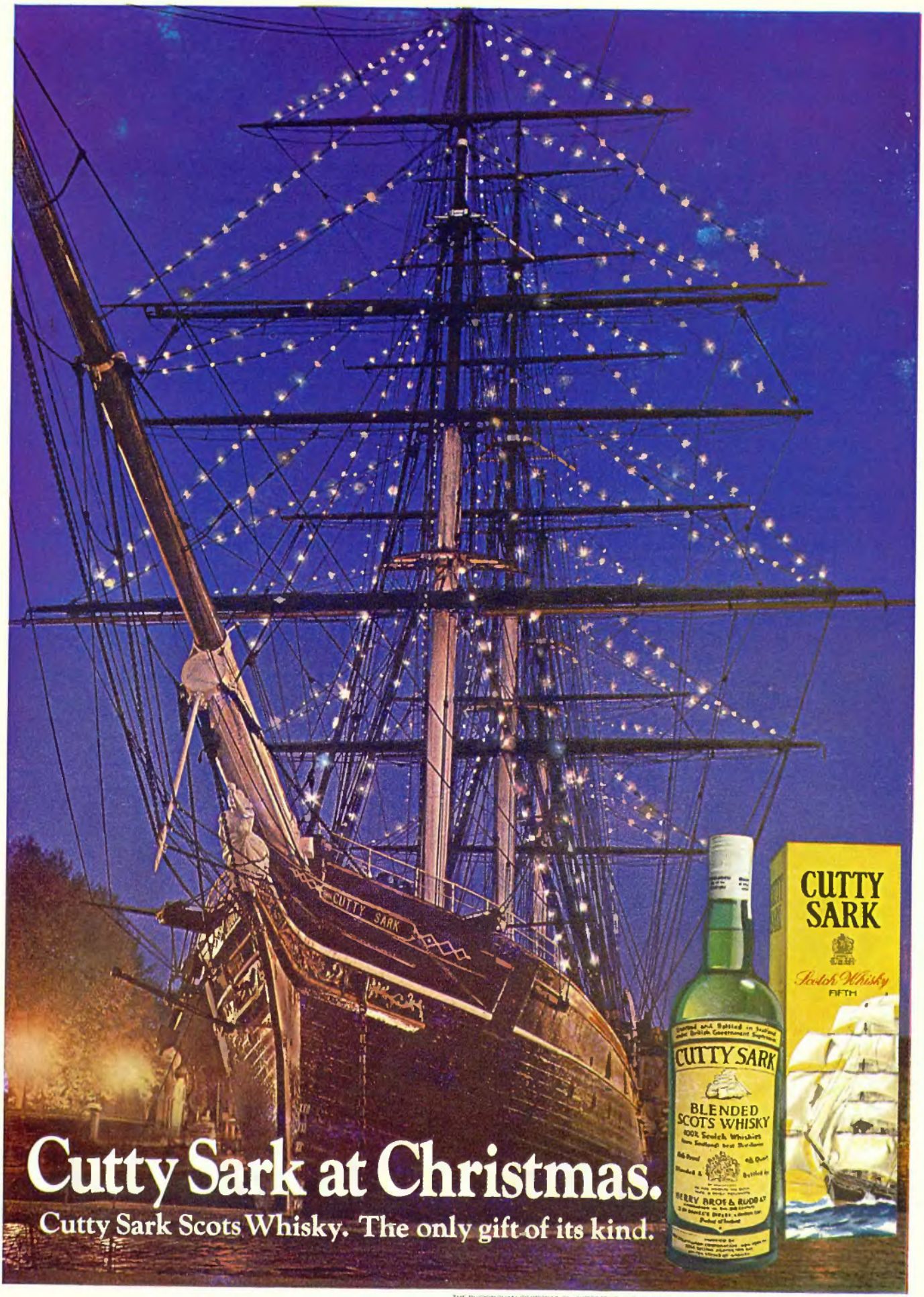
# PLAYBOY

**GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE** • A WRY ENTERTAINMENT BY VLADIMIR NABOKOV
BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN ON SEX IN FUN CITY • AN ARTHUR C. CLARKE
NOVELETTE • PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS ROMAN POLANSKI • MOVIE SEX STARS
OF 1971 • A STARTLING LOOK AT HOWARD HUGHES • SEAN CONNERY RETURNS
AS JAMES BOND • TOP PHOTOGRAPHERS' MOST EROTIC PICTURES • PLUS
HERBERT GOLD • ALLAN SHERMAN • RICHARD "M•A•S•H" HOOKER • CALVIN
TRILLIN • DAN GREENBURG • ALAN HARRINGTON • AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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POLAROID

**PLAYBILL** NOT TOO LONG AGO, during a one-week period, there were more Americans killed by gunfire in New York City than in South Vietnam. What's most surprising about that statistic is the fact that nobody seemed surprised by it—perhaps because New York and South Vietnam have been growing more and more alike for so long now. New York had junkies first, but Saigon led the way in terrorist bombings. Manhattan may have fallen behind in racial incidents, but not by much. While fraggings run ahead of police murders, that may only be an indication of how easy it is to accomplish the former. Since any war zone is interesting in a macabre sort of way—and New York is particularly so because, if for no other reason, the casualties are so articulate—we asked for reports from the front. Bruce Jay Friedman, one of New York's foremost paranoids, a gifted and prolific writer of novels (*Stern*, *A Mother's Kisses*), plays (*Scuba Duba*), screenplays and articles, sent us *New York—A Town Without Foreplay*, which details the peculiar and somewhat attractive insanity of that city. Murray Kempton, one of Manhattan's best columnists and most civilized of men, recently had a personal run-in with crime in the streets that shook him, spiritually more than physically. *My Last Mugging* was, for Kempton, a holdup with an urban message.

If *you* get rolled, it's likely to be by someone who is gripped by that special madness called psychopathy. You may even like the thief after he's taken you to the cleaners and will almost certainly remain unaware of the fact that he's a psychopath. Worse, such people are all around you, operating with either violence or charm—whichever seems better suited to their ambitions. Psychopaths were once considered "moral imbeciles"; now they may be the only people truly in tune with the times. That's one of Alan Harrington's unsettling conclusions in *The Coming of the Psychopath*, illustrated by Alex Ebel. Harrington's findings will be reported at greater length in his forthcoming book, to be published by Simon & Schuster next spring. He has moved from New York to Tucson, Arizona, where, he reports with relief, "the natives are friendly." If Howard Hughes—one of the century's richest, most eccentric and, for the past 20 years or so, most inaccessible men—is not a psychopath, then he is something just as fascinating and worthy of consideration. In *Can the Real Howard Hughes . . . Still Stand Up?*, Edwin Fadiman, Jr., and James Phelan separately tackle the weird world of Hughes. Fadiman chronicles the controversial career of the billionaire industrialist, inventor, moviemaker, test pilot and ex–Nevada land developer. Fadiman is the author of *The One-Eyed King*, a novel with a decidedly Hugheslike protagonist. Journalist James Phelan, who has spent about 15 years watching and chasing Howard Hughes, considers the men around him—who they are and what they must do to survive in their Byzantine world. Phelan is currently at work on a memoir tentatively titled *Richard Nixon and Other Rascals I Have Pursued*.

This month's fiction is, well, eclectic. It ranges from the cosmic imaginings of Arthur C. Clarke to manners and morals artfully studied by Vladimir Nabokov—with stops enroute for a novel bank job and the further adventures of Hawkeye Pierce and the rest of the cutups from *M*A*S*H*. Clarke's

NABOKOV

FRIEDMAN

CLARKE

GOLD

TRILLIN

GREENBURG

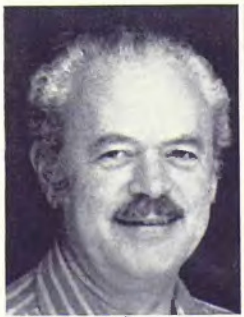
KEMPTON

HARRINGTON

SHERMAN

story, *A Meeting with Medusa*, takes place in the hydrohelium of Jupiter, a planet that has special significance in his work. His next book, in fact, will be titled *Beyond Jupiter: The Worlds of the Grand Tour*. And at his home in Ceylon, he continues to explore another uncharted region—the sea. When he's not writing or scuba diving, Clarke is lecturing and, he tells us, "avoiding editors." Nabokov still lives in Switzerland and doesn't say what or whom *he* is avoiding. But we know he's working on a new novel and a translation of some of his early Russian stories. His contribution this month, *The Dashing Fellow*, is set in the Germany of the Thirties and deals with an especially cruel seduction. The illustrations are by Franz Altschuler. The bank story, Calvin Trillin's *Safely Deposited*, is about an inspired caper that relies for its success on a very basic human appetite: sex. Trillin is the author of *U.S. Journal*, a collection of articles on the American land and psyche that he wrote for *The New Yorker*. Richard Hooker is back with more of his famous sawbones' adventures in *S*E*X Comes to Thief Island*, which will be included in the novel *M*A*S*H Goes to Maine*, to be published in February. Finally, there's this month's Ribald Classic, *The Ballad of Dan Homer*, by A. D. Hope, also scheduled to appear in an upcoming book, *Bawdy Ballads and Sexy Songs* (edited by Craig McGregor and published by Tower Publications).

Two very different writers, Herbert Gold and Dan Greenburg, offer memoirs this month. Gold's *Crazy Kids Cross the Ocean* tells of learning to write and to live in the aftermath of World War Two. It's part of a work in progress that Gold says "may be a rather long book. As usual with books not yet finished, the writer's plan is to solve everything." He has spent the past few months as writer in residence at Ohio University and is also at work on a film script that details the ups and downs on San Francisco's Montgomery Street—often called Wall Street West. Despite the unfunny state of the economy, Gold says the film will be a comedy. Greenburg's *Shelley* is his wry recollection of a strikingly desirable teenager and the knots she


KNIGHT *and . . .*

ALPERT

WAX

STEVENS *and* . . .

DE BAT

HOOKER

FADIMAN

tied him in. It, too, will be part of a larger work, *Scoring: A Memoir*, which will be published by Doubleday. In the meantime, Greenburg is working in another field: acting. Penelope Gilliatt of *The New Yorker* found his performance as Mr. Clum, the editor of the Tombstone *Epitaph* in Frank Perry's film *Doc*, worthy of special mention. Heady with success, he plans to act again, this time in the role of a hired killer.

Although Roman Polanski has acted in films, he's noted for making them. Some of the best include *Repulsion*, *Cul-de-Sac*, *Rosemary's Baby* and his classic first film, *Knife in the Water*. Polanski, who is the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, has just directed a controversial new version of *Macbeth* for Playboy Productions, from a screenplay based closely—but irreverently—on the original, by Kenneth Tynan, a PLAYBOY Contributing Editor as well as Sir Laurence Olivier's literary manager at Britain's National Theater. Larry DuBois conducted the interview and found Polanski incredibly compelling as a man and as an artist. "This one had me more, I guess obsessed is the word, than any assignment I've ever had. I literally lived with it for three months, drove people who were around me crazy, including my editor." But Larry's editor reports that it's a remarkably good interview, and well worth whatever it cost in time and aggravation.

Also for this issue, Senior Editor David Stevens and Associate Picture Editor Alfred De Bat collaborated on *Bah! Humbug!*, a test to determine whether you're aroused to anticipation, apathy or ire by the prospect of holly-decked halls, jingling bells and the rest of it. Stevens and De Bat claim to actually *like* Christmas, with all its gift-wrapped cheer and upturned palms, but Stevens, the spokesman for the team, admits wishing that it didn't occur "so goddamned frequently." Like Santa himself, Judith Wax is back down the chimney with another bagful of *Playboy's Christmas Cards*, accompanied by appropriate verses dedicated to those whose activities over the past year have singled them out for special blessings.

Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert continue what

PHELAN

CURTIS

VAN DER MARCK

GREENBERG

EBEL

MC CALL *and* YATES

ALTSCHULER

they're beginning to feel is their lifelong study of erotica in the movies with *Sex Stars of 1971*. Seems it was a very good year for sex, but not so good for the stars. A notable exception was Sean Connery, who hasn't fared well at all since his last James Bond adventure but is now experiencing a revival of popularity by returning to the role that made him famous and inspired a whole genre of films—mostly second-rate imitations of his classics. *Vegas Comes Up 007* is a preview of what promises to be a first-rate sequel: *Diamonds Are Forever*, co-starring Jill St. John and the usual host of beautiful women who try to do him in—one way or another.

We've published a lot about cars over the years. But this month we've outdone ourself with *Professor Zachary Ding's Patented Official Unabridged Condensed New 1972 Autocyclopedia, A Through Z*. This remarkable handbook, which includes an introduction by Lester Smeed, the author's best friend, was discovered by Bruce McCall and Brock Yates. We should have expected it after their equally remarkable discovery of *Major Howdy Bixby's Album of Forgotten Warbirds*, which we published last January. Another significant find this month is Dr. Virginia Slimmes, who was discovered by Richard Curtis (another experienced talent scout, responsible also for the publishing debut of the renowned unnaturalist, Professor Morton Stultifer, with his October 1970 treatise on *The Giant Chicken-Eating Frog*). In *A Feminist Looks at History*, Dr. Slimmes takes a revisionist look at the past (herstory?) and concludes that most of what we've been taught has been a long string of male-chauvinist lies.

Consider the obscene phone call, usually anonymous and almost always an imposition, at the very least, on the person who gets it. But how many prissy types are there who covet a phone solely on the outside chance that they'll receive one of them? ("Honestly! I've never heard such language in my life; he must have talked for at least twenty minutes.") Be it known, Allan Sherman is concerned about these people and their problem. His solution, explained in *Griselda and the Porn-o-Phone*, is an answering service that appeals exclusively to prurient interests via A.T.&T.

In two separate features, we present the best in erotic art. George Segal's sculptures are spare and honest—qualities that come through instantly in the photographs for *George Segal: Love's Labors Cast* and are lucidly explained in Jan van der Marck's accompanying essay. In *Personal Visions of the Erotic*, nine eminent and talented photographers offer their interpretations of that most subjective of all emotions.

Rounding out our yuletide offerings: *Spirits of Christmas Past and Present*, by Emanuel Greenberg, a compendium of the finest in traditional and inventive new holiday drinks. Also *Playboy's Christmas Gift Guide*, our annual selection of the best and most imaginative gifts available this season. *Little Annie Fanny* is on hand, too, learning all about body language; and Karen Christy, our December Playmate. All together, it should add to a Christmas that will, we hope, bring to all those beleaguered and besieged—not only in New York—more than just a modicum of peace on earth.

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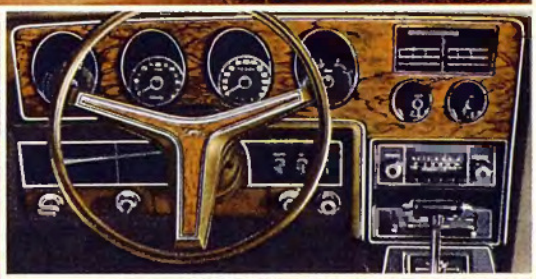

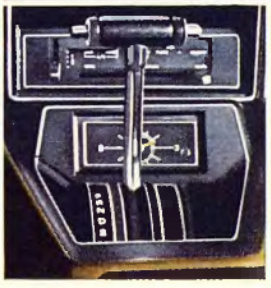

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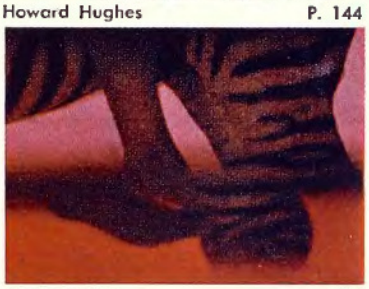

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## APPRAISING JULES

To comment on your interview with Jules Feiffer (PLAYBOY, September) is like a Greek waiter commenting on Homer. I, too, was born in the Bronx; my father was a salesman and I once won a Wanamaker medal for drawing in public school. But there the resemblance between Feiffer and myself stops, though my closest friends insist that everything he says in the interview sounds like me. To me he is, and has been since the Fifties, the most—indeed, the only—significant cartoonist in the profession. That he has moved on to playwriting and the movies was inevitable. The guy has so much going for him, I guess he'll be doing dentistry next, just like his father wanted. Congratulations!

Syd Hoff
Miami Beach, Florida

*Cartoonist Hoff's books include "Oops! Wrong Party!," "Upstream, Downstream and Out of My Mind" and "From Bed to Nurse."*

Feiffer's gift for phrasemaking is equal to anyone's in the SDS or Black Panthers. Like Jules, they also have called me "an elderly Abbie Hoffman." I personally expected something sharper from the Jewish George Lincoln Rockwell. Jules, whose cartoon satires appear in over 100 newspapers once a week, was kind, though, to express his sadness at the failure of a fellow satirist whose stuff has been appearing in over 1000 newspapers seven days a week since 1934. It is comparable to Phyllis Diller expressing her sadness at the failure of Raquel Welch to inhale interestingly. But Jules did not, as he claims, ever debate me. Once, while hosting a TV interview show, I asked my producer to get Julius LaRosa. He misunderstood me and Jules Feiffer turned up instead. I concealed my disappointment, although the audience, I'm afraid, expressed its. I let Jules quickly plug his books, his plays, his cartoons, got him off fast and fired the producer.

Al Capp
Boston, Massachusetts

What bugs me about Feiffer is how a fellow who is soaking up the sweet rewards America offers for outstanding talent can smugly condemn just about everybody in Government and out. He should be down on his knees, thanking God that he lives in a country where he can enjoy the privileges of criticism without being carted off to jail. In contrast, my own *Abbie an' Slats* feature is so thoroughly American I am surprised —and delighted—that Feiffer saw fit to mention it in his interview. I realize I've hardly touched upon the meat of the interview, but remember, I'm just a contented square who has been enjoying a modest bit of success over the years.

Raeburn L. VanBuren
Great Neck, New York

*Illustrator and cartoonist VanBuren's "Abbie an' Slats" is syndicated in more than 200 newspapers.*

Feiffer sounds like a guru whose philosophical bent is related to his being a sardonic cartoonist and a catatonic scenarist. Since the mind can only bring forth what it has absorbed, Feiffer ought to send his out to be dry-cleaned and interviewer Larry DuBois, his to be fertilized. Both of these interpreters of the modern scene used a dirty orb instead of a crystal ball to forecast the results of current trends. Their driveling filth sounds like that of two hippies so badly stoned that yesterday is a hazy memory, today isn't happening and there is no tomorrow. A plague on both of them!

Fran P. Jayson
Louisville, Kentucky

Damn Jules Feiffer! Who the hell does he think he is? Here I am in Switzerland, enjoying the thrill of losing money at the roulette wheel called exchange rates, and he has the nerve to upset my serenity by being truthful about the American Government and the current crop of Presidential hopelessfuls. He must be some kind of satirist to go around saying that the President of the United States lies just because he doesn't tell the truth. He even has the gall to attack the American press because it doesn't live up to its responsibility to report the facts instead of fictionalized dramas of the facts. I'll bet if he had his way, he would even have us stop

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sending arms and money to West Pakistan, maybe even break off diplomatic relations, just because that country is murdering people who were naïve enough to exercise their rights in an election. My advice to him is to get into some other kind of work; otherwise, he's likely to upset so many people that the United States will have to retreat from its sanctified practice of the religion of duplicity.

Thomas Cochran
Zurich, Switzerland

Feiffer's thinking processes seem a lot like mine, and of course that's meant to be high praise. He may be bewildered, but that's fine—there are too many people around who know everything. And as an interviewee, he is far more interesting than the image-polishing actors and politicians and more congenial than the know-it-alls.

J. B. Handelsman
Leatherhead, England

*Handelsman's cartoon satire "The Creation" was also featured in our September issue.*

I must compliment you on the fine interview with Jules Feiffer. He's a very perceptive person, with some astute opinions on the American condition. Why he copped out at the end of the interview by saying, "The awful truth may be that there just *aren't* any answers" is beyond me. Doesn't he trust *his* answers to be better than Nixon's?

Neil Sessa
Carle Place, New York

One of the most heartening points in the Feiffer interview is his contention that grassheads should be left alone to toke up in peace. Granted, it might not work for him, but he's not about to rip off some cat who's out to relax very coolly with a joint or two, minding his own business as he does so. Feiffer's attitude toward our generation is refreshing. If more people who thought like him spoke up, America might once again become the land of the free and the home of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Rick Riemer
Yulan, New York

To those who assert that Feiffer exhibits an existential, nihilistic Nietzschean attitude toward life, I can only say, "Indeed, that's just one *more* likable quality about him."

Steven J. Sovick
Minneapolis, Minnesota

## TALL STORY

Irwin Shaw's superb delineation of Christopher Bagshot in *Small Saturday* (PLAYBOY, September) was another example of that author's expertise when it comes to the short story. Over the years, I've enjoyed many of his tales in PLAYBOY; his manipulative plots are most stimulating and are worth much more than the price of your excellent magazine.

Bernard Balser
Topsfield, Massachusetts

Even though I am one who turns daily to my well-worn volumes of Scott Fitzgerald and James Joyce and am rather skeptical of today's mass-produced short fiction, I found that Irwin Shaw's *Small Saturday* was a story I just couldn't put down. It was great! Fast-moving and absorbing, it very successfully balances the quickie with persistent love. In an age when commercial success seems to have muddied up the creativity of many modern writers, it was certainly nice to read a story that proves that the local gynecologist is not necessarily the best writer of fiction.

Bob Sikes
Mobile, Alabama

As a woman of below-average height, I deeply resent the implications of *Small Saturday*, among them being that all the really smashing girls are tall. Generalizations like that, even for the purposes of humor or fiction, can serve no worthwhile function, and I can assure you that men have always regarded me and all my short friends as equal to anyone. Honestly, with all the intriguing human interactions there are to portray, why do you publish fiction on such insipid themes?

Marie McCrory
Keokuk, Iowa

## THE MAKING OF A BUREAUCRACY

Let me congratulate you on publishing *Who Runs the Government?* (PLAYBOY, September). I wish that every American could read it and become aware of its truths. When President Nixon was sworn in, within several days I told him that if he didn't get control of this Government by May, he would never get it, and unfortunately, this has come true. With the exception of the Justice Department and the Department of Defense, the President has nothing to say about the operation of the bureaus and agencies that make up the Executive branch of the Government. Now, mind you, I am not being critical of President Nixon. We haven't had a President, to my mind, since Harry Truman, who understood how the bureaus operate and understood also how to maintain control. It must be pointed out, however, that when Harry Truman was President, we did not have so many high-ranking, controlling jobs frozen under Civil Service. Today, the Congress passes laws and the bureaus write the regulations to the effect that, in most cases, the intent of the legislation is completely ignored and the intent of the bureaucrats prevails. I do not intend to indicate by these words that these people are necessarily subversive nor desirous of changing our way of government, but they merely run the bureaus and the agencies the way they have grown accustomed to running them during their tenure in the Federal Government. I suggested to the President, at first facetiously but later in earnest, that a career man in the Federal Government should have his time broken into five-year spans, such as spending five years in the Department of State and moving, say, to the Department of the Interior, then to some other department, and so forth, so that at the end of 25 or 30 years' service, he would not have any particular power in any place but would have broad administrative and managerial experience that would be far more productive to the interests of the American people. I thank Robert Semple for the thought and research that went behind the writing. We must remember constantly that it was the intent of the founding fathers to develop a Government with diversified and divided powers that would not become concentrated in any one of its three branches. But contrary to constitutional intent, the Congress and the President down through the years have allowed the powers to be removed from their hands and those of the people and placed in the hands of men and women who have made government their life's work.

Senator Barry Goldwater
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

I enjoyed the article by Semple very much, but I cannot agree that a legislative bureaucracy could impartially evaluate operation of the present Executive bureaucracy. I believe that programs presently in effect run exactly as the powerful old men of Congress desire. Thus, the problem Semple sees in the Executive bureaucracy is actually the predictable result of the system of tenure and privilege that exists in Congress. Bureaucrats who deal primarily with the same small minority of Congressmen year after year are never forced to develop professional attitudes or habits and the result is the present poorly functioning organization.

Kenneth W. Exworthy
Oconto, Wisconsin

I quite agree with Semple when he calls for reform of a system that has developed into a proliferation of subdepartments and overlapping job slots. It is not an easy jump, however, from the facts that he has marshaled to a conclusion that a pack of petty bureaucrats actually runs the whole show. First of all, the creation of a corps of permanent Civil Service employees to carry out the myriad

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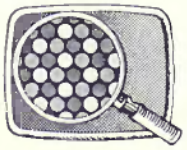

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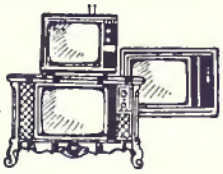

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day-to-day tasks of the Executive branch serves a basic nonpartisan purpose. Presidents and Cabinet heads have their hour upon the stage, but the majority of our foreign and domestic policies must be learned in detail, facilitated through the preparation of intricate departmental budgets and maintained through continual interpretation over a period of many years. If the agency technicians who are charged with these responsibilities were to be subject to hiring and firing every four years, the continuity of our policies would suffer far more drastically than it does now from incompetence and partisanship. Secondly, no one will dispute the fact that many tenured bureaucrats wield awesome power. To imply, however, that there is some underlying conspiracy that unites, for instance, a management intern in the Department of Agriculture with a regional director of HEW is alarmist, to say the least.

Representative Seymour Halpern
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

*Who Runs the Government?* gave your readers erroneous information about the Federal Reserve Board and its former chairman, William McChesney Martin. Semple suggests that President Lyndon Johnson "ranted and raved" at Martin but was powerless to do anything because of "the 14-year term of which FRB chairmen are assured." The fact is that the term of the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board is only four years. Martin was reappointed to that post by Johnson, having previously received appointments from Presidents Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy. At the time Martin was reappointed chairman by Johnson, he was concurrently serving a 14-year term as a member of the board of governors. However, the President had full legal power to designate any other member of the seven-man board as chairman, had he been dissatisfied with Martin. That he didn't proves that Johnson's feelings toward him were not as Semple describes. The main weakness of Semple's article is not this type of factual inaccuracy but his simplistic view of the problems involved in keeping the machinery of government functioning smoothly. Our bureaucracy has increased enormously over what it was when I came to Washington 40 years ago, and for that reason, its management has become more difficult and complex. Like other complex machines, it works best for those who understand the mechanism and are able to use it effectively in the public interest.

J. L. Robertson
Board of Governors
Federal Reserve System
Washington, D. C.

## *SURREAL* THING

The appearance of Shig Ikeda's *Surreal Ladies* (PLAYBOY, September) was most interesting. The photograph depicting a night flock of flapping gloves in flight over a glistening purple nude—several gloves slithering over her and another pair aflame—was the most surrealistic and innovative of all, a black-magic nocturne. With the death of André Breton, surrealism is supposed to have passed away. But surrealism never died; its influence appears everywhere, even, to a certain degree, in your magazine's illustrations, along with Dada and its modern offshoots. I hope you will continue to support these art movements to bring new dimensions of the fantastic into the lives of your readers.

Blair H. Allen
Cucamonga, California

## SURVEYING THE *SURVEY*

*Playboy's Student Survey: 1971* (September) contains provocative information that students of behavior will do well to note. One of the more striking and possibly foreboding results of the survey is that it indicates great student sensitivity to the dearth of capable and intelligent leadership in this and other countries. In the absence of such rational and firm leadership, there is a tendency among the governed to place blame on faceless bureaucracies, such as the Army or the Government. One of the concerns of Mensa [an organization for people with I. Q.s in the top two percentile of the population] is to study the personality and creativity traits of those highly intelligent individuals who also have leadership qualities. We seek to identify and develop the full potentialities of gifted children, as well as of adults, who may eventually contribute their sorely needed gifts to our society. We are gratified that PLAYBOY took the initiative to administer this most informative and potentially highly productive survey.

Max L. Fogel, Ph.D.
Mensa
New York, New York

The September *Playbill* stated that PLAYBOY's second annual *Student Survey* "points to a turning away from social concerns toward more personal pursuits." This statement is grossly misleading; it falsely dichotomizes what is, in fact, one and the same human concern. Based on the survey's figures, it is a temptation to conclude that some part of the student movement has been abandoned. But the ends haven't been abandoned; rather, there has simply been a shift in approaches or means to those ends. It is plain that the issues concerning students in the Sixties remain basically

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the same for the Seventies. Any look into the individual is simply another approach to dealing with those same issues, and social introversion of this kind does not imply a turning away from social concerns. In fact, a quest for what might be called spiritual answers could be the most concerned social act yet produced by students in this country. There is an analogy that seems to apply here: In order for a forest to be green, each tree must be green; and in order for each tree to be green, each leaf must be green. And so it seems to go with man on a social level. As we watch the students today concern themselves with individual fulfillment, perhaps what we are seeing is a different kind of attempt at the "greening of America."

Jim Chester
Port Huron, Michigan

### *COLLECTING* ACCOLADES

Michael Laurence's article *Collecting for Fun and (Maybe) Profit* (PLAYBOY, September) was extremely comprehensive and enjoyable. Like Laurence, I believe a collector is a person who buys objects he likes for aesthetic reasons and sheer enjoyment and not for profit. Those who invest in objects or art are not collectors but investors and, though some antique dealers, for example, are investors *and* collectors, they often have a difficult time separating themselves from the objects they love. On the subject of auctions, it might interest your readers to know more about the "bought-in" category, where lists of lots are published that are not really sold but are bought back by their owners. I've fought over this with Parke-Bernet and, at long last, they've agreed to omit from their price lists bought-in items. Thus, the published results are now accurate and not misleading as they were in the past.

Paul Jokelson, President
Paperweight Collectors' Association
Scarsdale, New York

In reading Laurence's article, it becomes obvious that he devoted extensive study and research to the project. The results are quite gratifying and enjoyable.

Harold A. Stein
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

*Collecting for Fun and (Maybe) Profit* is an extremely rare essay composed of factual material carefully researched and accurately rendered in the style of Bernard Shaw. The plain prose is embellished with illustrative details and is surmounted by the artist's objectivity. Examination by X ray and infrared light reveals no internal nor surface defects. It seems unquestionable that the work was authored by a single *maitre*. Valuation: A monetary value cannot be established, because the article is unlikely

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to be appreciated except by an elite who have achieved the ends to which the article shows the means.

Harry J. Cash
Art Appraiser
New York, New York

As a lifetime stamp appraiser and auctioneer, I cannot speak for fields of collecting other than that of philately. However, Laurence has performed a tremendous service for the collecting public. Professional philatelists look with disdain on all of these "get-rich-quick plans" not only in the field of art but in every other collecting field as well. Wealth is certainly not given to those who have no knowledge of what they are buying, nor is it possible to make a million on a purchase of a few hundred dollars. I have recommended Laurence's article to those people who often put the inevitable question to me, "How can I make a lot of money buying stamps?" It may not be the answer they wish to read, but if they follow Laurence's advice, his is the reply that will do them the most good.

Herman Herst, Jr.
Shrub Oak, New York

**FREAKS' TREATS**

Gilbert Shelton's *Feds 'n' Heads* (PLAYBOY, September) is a revolutionary game that will replace the bland domestic ones such as Monopoly and Parcheesi. For now, I use graham crackers for lids and I ripped off a Monopoly set. When I get really into the game, I'll purchase some you know what and then it will truly be far out.

Tom West
Newbury Park, California

A thousand thanks for printing the *Feds 'n' Heads* game. It has brought infinite pleasure to throngs of alienated youth. Many a long hour was spent smoking the midnight wick, getting stoned and playing *F. 'n' H.* The excitement is amplified tenfold by being stewed. Sincere thought should be given to commercial publication of this game.

Michael Nig
Farmington, Michigan

*A separately packaged version of "Feds 'n' Heads" is available in selected retail outlets for eight dollars.*

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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

When Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* premiered at the Théâtre de Babylone in Paris in 1953, modern drama was transformed virtually overnight into a sounding board for a new and revolutionary kind of playwright—the spokesman for existentialist or absurdist modes of thought. The theater of the absurd was born, and as the names of its prophets quickly proliferated (Ionesco, Pinter, Albee, et al.), the mood of spiritual and psychic malaise that permeated their work became a powerful influence in modern literature. In the interest of nothing more profound than idle speculation, we found ourself wondering just how Clement C. Moore's classic *A Visit from St. Nicholas* might have turned out if it had been written by a contemporary playwright—someone with the unlikely name of, say, Clement C. Beckett. It would look something like this:

WAITING FOR NICHOLAS

TIME: *It is the night before a certain holiday, presumably Christmas. Possibly Easter. Or maybe Washington's Birthday.*

SCENE: *The living room of what appears to be an abandoned flat: The wallpaper is faded and peeling, several of the floor boards are warped and loose and a thin film of dust covers everything, including* CASIMIR *and* ESTROGEN, *who sit on the floor in the middle of the room. In the middle of the far wall, there is a single shuttered window. In the middle of the wall to the right is a fireplace and the two worn, threadbare stockings hanging from its mantel are of a style long since out of vogue. Everything about the scene, in fact, suggests a mood of boredom, disillusionment, the uneventful passage of time. The lighting is very soft and subdued, almost like candlelight, and the scene is absolutely silent—except for the occasional stirring of a rat crossing the room.*

ESTROGEN: Well. . . .

CASIMIR, *after a moment of reflection, nods.*

ESTROGEN: I'm glad you agree. (*Pause*) I wonder what time it is. Is it early, do you think, or late? Which?

CASIMIR (*uninterestedly*): Tomorrow today will be yesterday. Yesterday today was tomorrow. The day after tomorrow, today will be two days ago. Does it matter?

ESTROGEN (*sighs*): Do you think he'll come?

CASIMIR: Who?

ESTROGEN: Who else?

CASIMIR: Nicholas.

ESTROGEN: Yes.

CASIMIR: Nothing is definite.

ESTROGEN (*cagily*): Not even . . . uncertainty?

CASIMIR *reflects.*

CASIMIR (*finally*): I see my point. Thank you.

*Silence. They both stare at nothing in particular.* ESTROGEN *spits.*

ESTROGEN: Some say he's a saint, you know.

CASIMIR (*replying, but speaking to himself*): And some people travel in wheelchairs to Lourdes. (*Pause*) And some people expect their myna birds to rival Proust.

*A long silence ensues. They both wait without moving, regarding each other blankly. Then, just when it seems as if one of them is about to speak, their silence is broken by such a clatter from outside that* ESTROGEN *impulsively springs to his feet. He flies away to the window like a flash and, tearing open the shutters and throwing up the sash, thrusts his head out with an expectant, wondering expression. In the same instant a resonant, amplified* VOICE *sounds from somewhere overhead.*

VOICE (*in a monotone, but with a sort of weary conviction*): Now, Dada! Now, Dolor! Now, Angst! Now, Ennui! On, Sisyphus, Existenz! On, Miserere and Nausée!

CASIMIR (*excitedly*): What do you see? What is it? Is it . . . ?

ESTROGEN: Casimir! Look! It's——

*He is interrupted by another clamoring sound, this time from the roof and, as he draws in his head and turns abruptly around, a cloud of ashes and soot billows from the fireplace. When the air clears, a visitor stands before* CASIMIR *and* ESTROGEN. *Thin, gaunt, pale as an apparition, he looks as if he had just stepped through the gates of Buchenwald. He is dressed in a soiled fur cloak that may once have been red but is now the color of faded brick, and a large empty sack is flung over his back. He looks, in fact, like a ragpicker or peddler just opening his pack.* CASIMIR, *seeing him, laughs suddenly—in spite of himself.*

ESTROGEN: N—Nicholas!

*The visitor speaks not a word but goes straight to his work: He removes both stockings from the fireplace and puts them inside his bag; then, turning with a jerk and laying his finger inside of his nose, he grimaces slightly and rises, like a vapor, up the chimney.* CASIMIR *stiffens and* ESTROGEN *groans. Silence follows.*

ESTROGEN: It was him! (*He looks at* CASIMIR *for confirmation, but* CASIMIR *will not meet his eyes*) It *had* to be him!

CASIMIR (*skeptically*): Did it?

*Together they stare at the chimney.*

CASIMIR: Well?

ESTROGEN (*insistently*): This is the day. He said he'd be here. Today.

CASIMIR (*insidiously*): But what is "today"? Is it not just yesterday's epilog . . . tomorrow's prolog . . . ? Yesterday's afterbirth . . . tomorrow's embryo?

ESTROGEN *starts to speak but is interrupted by the* VOICE, *which sounds reverberantly from above, as if from an echo chamber:*

VOICE: APOCALYPSE TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!

ESTROGEN *looks at* CASIMIR, *frowning. They stand motionless in the silence.*

ESTROGEN: Well? I don't know. Do you think we should go?

CASIMIR: Yes, let's go.

*They remain motionless.*

*Curtain*

•

Few of the wire services reported that the biggest closed-circuit-television event since the Ali-Frazier fight—the much-ballyhooed First International Sex Bowl—was canceled on June 7, only 12 hours before it was supposed to go on the air. Eager to know why, we got in touch

with our intrepid correspondent from Leonia, New Jersey, Marvin Kitman, who had been covering the event since its inception. He filed this report:

"Rumors had been circulating all day that the competition—the first to be staged between consenting adults from the U. S., France, Russia, Germany and Italy, the first to be telecast in 78 cities, the first to have bleachers set up for the dignitaries of the press, and a lot of other firsts nobody had any reason to doubt—was in trouble. The 200 hard-nosed journalists who filled the screening room in New York that climactic morning were keenly dismayed by the decision not to let the show go on. 'We learn to live with disappointment in the theater,' said Leonard Probst, the WNBC-TV arts critic, who was there for NBC Monitor Radio. At least that's who he *said* had sent him there.

"Others—many of whom had pulled rank at their papers and stations to get this plum assignment—carried on as if the whole thing had been a hoax. It seemed a reasonable conclusion, since my ruthless investigative research had revealed that the promoter—who called himself Harrison T. Rogers—was actually none other than Alan Abel, whose past record had included a campaign for clothing animals (SINA, the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals) and running his wife (Yetta Bronstein) for President in 1964. She lost.

"Taking him aside before the press conference, I accused Abel of attempting to perpetrate another hoax.

" 'Don't tell anybody,' he replied with disarming candor.

"After announcing the cancellation of the show, Abel prevented a riot from breaking out by showing footage of the previously filmed semifinals of the First International Sex Bowl—as a sort of consolation prize. I don't want to arouse anybody's prurient interest by going into the details, but it was no more boring than a baseball game on TV, and a lot better than golf.

"Perhaps the reason I enjoyed it was that I had been in the stands the night last winter when the semifinals had been filmed in a studio on upper Fifth Avenue. I was the guy in the mask and sideburns sitting in the first row of the bleachers. Abel's office had invited me to attend what the producer called the filming of the first pornographic movie made especially for TV, titled *Is There Sex After Death?* Little did I know then that this was a kind of wet run for the closed-circuit telecast, which the producer was predicting would pump some life into the medium.

" 'Do you really think anybody will watch such filth?' I asked Abel the night the pilot was made.

" 'An impartial research organization conducted a survey for us that proved that people are interested in the subject matter,' he explained. 'As businessmen, we're honor-bound to give the public what it wants, even if it's sex.'

" 'But does a sexual Olympics have any redeeming social value?' I asked.

" 'We're bringing information into the household about the fine art of romance,' Abel explained, 'knowledge that's as valuable as how to swim. It's not just hard-core pornography, as we've been accused of. We want to bring the country together again. Basically, I guess we're romanticists.'

"Though most of the journalists at the closed-circuit no-show preferred to think of Abel as a hoaxer, I think of him as a dreamer, a man ahead of his time—by maybe as much as ten minutes.

"But Abel isn't giving up, even though he's being thwarted at every turn. 'Twenty-five years ago, jazz could be heard only in cellars,' he says. 'Today it's on the concert stage. I think sex has an equally promising future.' "

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*The Milwaukee Journal* headlined a story on a local court case, "PROSTITUTION TRIAL ENDS IN HUNG JURY."

•

We applaud the deductive reasoning displayed in an issue of *Hospital Practice*, which informed its readers that in areas of the world plagued by chronic hunger, children "must endure the consequences of severe malnutrition." Many of them don't eat much, either.

•

An increase in the number of girls seeking treatment at London's V. D. clinics has been attributed not to a venereal epidemic but to the fact that they were wearing their hotpants too tight, causing a skin rash.

•

*Time Heals All Wounds Department:* A Honolulu aerial-sight-seeing firm is printing brochures in English and Japanese asking tourists to imagine "it's December 7 and you are there—Fly over Pearl Harbor at 1000 feet, following the same flight plan as the attacking Japanese planes."

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The Austin, Texas, *American* recently published the following help-wanted ad: "TOPLESS DANCERS. Must have two years college. Prefer English major, languages or humanities."

•

The rite way to do it? In a wedding ceremony conducted on the shores of Lake Michigan by a reverend of the Universal Life Church (a mail-order ministry), a 35-year-old groom recited this matrimonial vow: "I, Scott, take thee to be my lawfully wedded wife . . . until I get tired of your skinny body"; and the 21-year-old bride responded, "I, Susan, take thee to be my lawfully wedded husband . . . until I get tired of your old bony body."

•

How did this get by Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.? Among the thousands of people who received applications to join the Friends of the FBI, an organization dedicated to the proposition that the FBI and J. Edgar Hoover are equally exemplary, if not infallible embodiments of Truth, Goodness and the American Way, was the Reverend Daniel Berrigan. When Father Berrigan received the request, he was residing at the Federal correctional institution at Danbury, Connecticut. He promptly filled out the form, assuring the Friends that he would like to join, but that he wasn't in a position to send a contribution.

•

She said it, we didn't: In a question-and-answer session in an issue of *Sexual Behavior*, Dr. Ruth Moulton was asked if there was any validity to the concept of "penis envy." Her reply: "Penis envy is a valid concept if it is used in a flexible rather than rigid fashion."

•

In Seattle—a city severely affected by unemployment—a sign maker displayed this optimistic note in his window: CHEER UP! NIXON'LL PROBABLY GIVE THE CHINESE SOME ECONOMIC ADVICE, TOO.

•

*Bureau of Motor Vehicles, X-Rating Division:* There's a station wagon cruising around San Francisco with a couple in front, five kids in back and a bumper sticker reading FIVE EASY PIECES.

## BOOKS

Few books this year will be as closely read and as hotly disputed as ***Beyond Freedom and Dignity*** (Knopf), by Harvard's famed behavioral psychologist, B. F. Skinner. This iconoclastic attack on the idea of man as an autonomous being is a challenge to the thinking of all men who pride themselves on their ability to use intelligence and reason in the pursuit of knowledge. In Skinner's view, intelligence and reason are nothing more than the selective response of a unique organism to the stimulation of its environment. Says he: "A person does not act upon the world; the world acts upon him." Man makes choices from a limited range of possibilities, and behavior, according to Skinner, "is shaped and maintained by its consequences." Thus, by altering the environment, man in effect engineers his own behavior. His actions are determined not by what he thinks or feels but by the rewards or penalties he receives for what he does. If the human race is to survive, Skinner believes, man must give up the idea that his acts are attributable to free will, to his ability to distinguish

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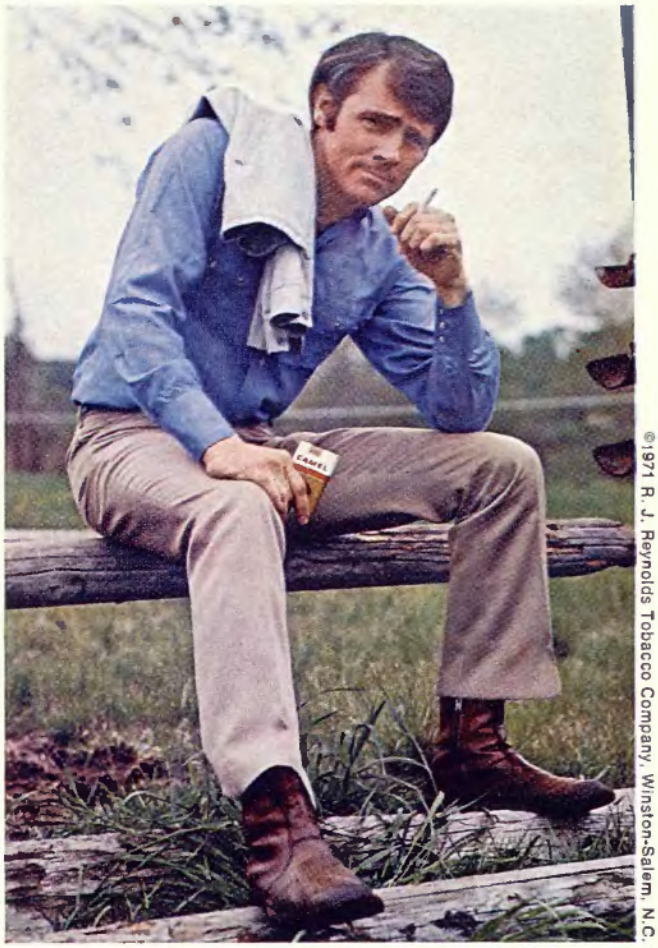


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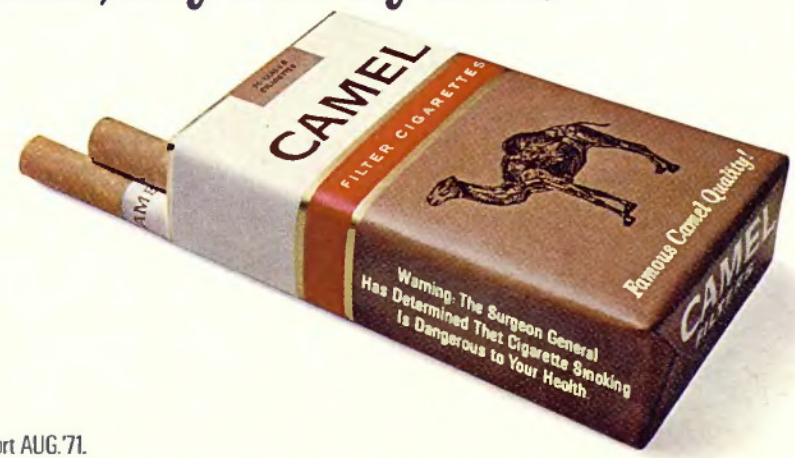
## (But then, they don't try to be.)

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# Now. Movies without movie lights.

Kodak announces a new kind of super 8 movie film and a new kind of movie camera that let you shoot color movies just by the light you live in. Even by the light of the candles on a birthday cake.

The new film is Kodak Ektachrome 160 movie film. It's four times as fast as Kodachrome II movie film.

The cameras are the new Kodak XL models. Each has a super-fast *f*/1.2 Ektar lens and a revolutionary new shutter design that lets in lots more light.

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The XL33 camera (not shown) is less than $120. The XL55 (above), with power zoom, range-finder, and sports-type viewfinder is less than $200.

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right from wrong, and cooperate instead in the development of conditioning techniques that will use positive reinforcement to alter individual behavior. "The control of the population as a whole must be delegated to specialists—to police, priests, teachers, therapists and so on, with their specialized reinforcers and their codified contingencies." *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* is a cogent argument by a scientist to a jury of his intellectual peers. The argument, however distasteful it may seem, is the crystallization of a lifetime spent in exploring the nature of man through the principles of behavioral psychology, and it cannot be easily dismissed. It is not simply a matter of intellectual game playing, of behaviorism *vs.* humanism. At stake is how man can best hope to acquire the knowledge he needs to keep the human race from coming to an end.

•

It's been a little over ten years since John Updike introduced Rabbit Angstrom and let him run. When he first appeared, Rabbit was a 26-year-old former high school basketball star fast going to seed. He was married to a semialcoholic girl who, in a drunken fog, let their baby daughter drown in her bath water. To console himself, Rabbit ran off with a pudgy prostitute from whom he later also fled. Now, with ***Rabbit Redux*** (Knopf), Rabbit returns, ten years older, with nothing much to show for his years. He has gained weight and automation is about to put an end to his job as a linotype operator on a small-town press. His mother is dying of Parkinson's disease and his wife, now stone sober, has gone to live with a Greek used-car salesman. When Updike is dealing with Rabbit alone, he is able to re-create the sense of empty sadness and frustration (Rabbit's name, remember, is *Angs*trom) that made *Rabbit, Run* a major American novel of the Sixties. But when he attempts to make Rabbit more contemporary—with the introduction of a runaway hippie girl and a black revolutionary—the novel simply goes off key. Rabbit meets the girl at a bar and takes her home to live with him and his son, and she, in turn, introduces the black into the household. For page after page, they sit in Rabbit's tract-house living room and drink and smoke pot and talk and talk and talk. There are also some sexual tumbles. The tumbles, unfortunately, are pulled off in front of the picture window and that panics the neighbors into taking matters into their own hands, with disastrous results. The book is lush with familiar Updike touches: the romantic descriptions of nature, the meaningful catalogs of trivia (such as the contents of Rabbit's book-free bookshelves), the theological discussions (every character gives his definition of God) and the sense

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that sex is something both compulsive and sad. The failure of *Rabbit Redux* is that it is a redundant novel. *Rabbit, Run* was the portrait of a generation that was worn out, in spite of its dreams of glory, at the age of 26. Everything there is to know about Rabbit was spelled out there. He'll never run again.

•

Richard Atcheson spent a summer taking a trip across the United States, visiting any commune that would welcome him. The result: ***The Bearded Lady*** (John Day), a book for the reader who, like Atcheson, doesn't mind where he goes nor why nor how long it takes to get there, as long as he finds some agreeable interludes on the way. Atcheson is an engaging writer who takes us on a journey through a remarkably diverse number of communes. In fact, *The Bearded Lady* is two trips for the price of one: The outer journey has him searching to learn all he can about communal life; the inner journey has him searching to learn all he can about his own. Both, unfortunately, lead to some banal conclusions. Communes, for example, are seen as "a form of life-university experiment," in which the young and not so young try to create more satisfying ways of life. He discovers "an androgynous reality" in himself, a fact that seems to come as a revelation. Yet there is a basic decency, kindness and honesty in the man that merits admiration—a nice fellow to go commune hopping with. If your thirst for information about communal living still hasn't been quenched, try ***What the Trees Said*** (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence), Stephen Diamond's report on the New England communal farm he helped found, or ***Armed Love*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), Elia Katz's tale of his unsatisfied efforts to find the good communal life.

•

With his latest entertainment, ***The Betsy*** (Trident), Harold Robbins once again overwhelms the reader with an effluvium of sex and greed. In this who's-doing-what-to-whom? narrative, it works out that practically everybody is doing virtually everything to just about everybody. Even, oddly enough, to their own husbands and wives. The plot of *The Betsy* concerns a power struggle between a Henry Ford–like grandfather and his Henry II–like grandson, with a Lee Iacocca–like fellow helping them achieve financial as well as familial fulfillment. All this is incidental, if not coincidental. As in any Robbins novel, one flips the pages mainly to get to the next account of couples coupling, to see how the master will yet again make the earth move under the blankets. The ladies are, as always, a parade of women's lib nightmares: a young mother seducing

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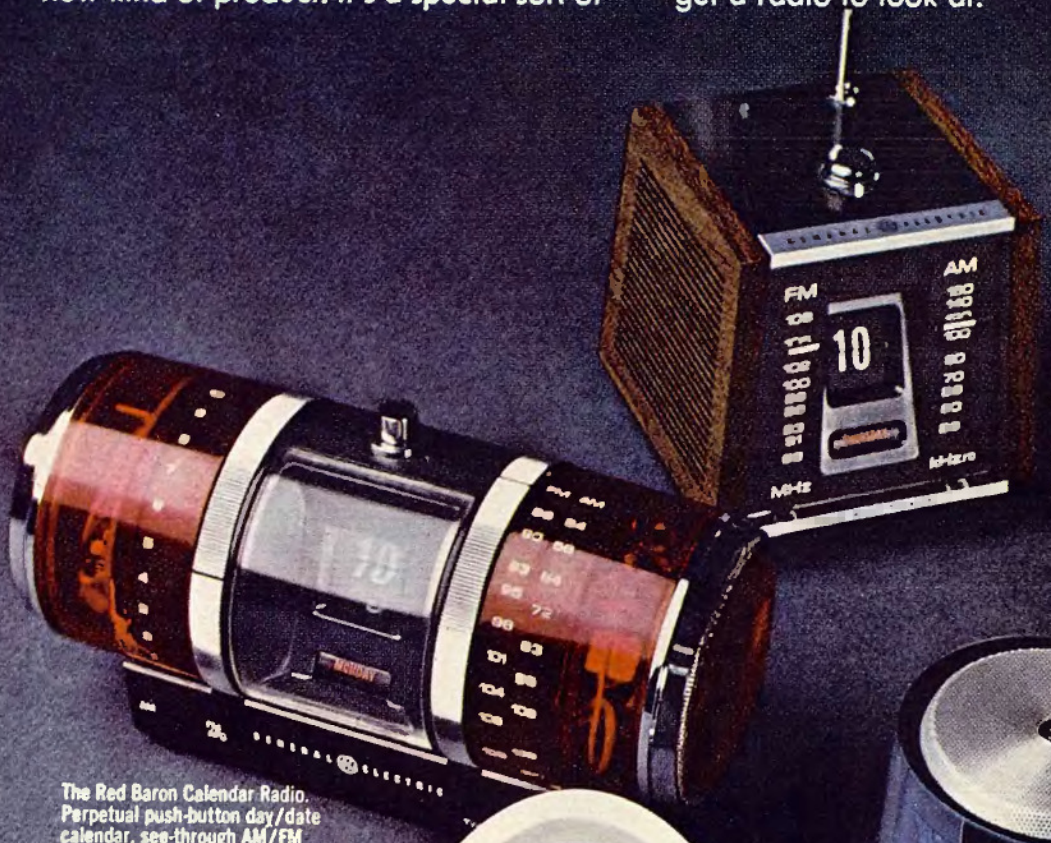


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her father-in-law while suckling her newborn infant, a girl achieving the usual Hiroshima-style orgasm by listening to tapes of Daytona, Le Mans and Indianapolis. "For a moment there," says one character to another, "I thought you were almost human." Readers of *The Betsy* will have no such problem. While the Robbins book comes across like a pornographic edition of *The Wall Street Journal*, Arthur Hailey's new novel is more like a trade-magazine analysis of auto-industry problems. In ***Wheels*** (Doubleday), Hailey takes on hard-core hiring, labor-management squabbling, race relations, plant crime, assembly-line boredom, shoddy workmanship and how car dealers cheat their customers. As in his best-selling *Airport*, he introduces a crowd of characters, each with his own little tale to tell. Most of them are mere intrusions into often quite engrossing expositional passages about the issues of the day in Detroit. When Hailey, the indefatigable researcher, turns to human beings, invention fails him. "They made love," he writes at one point. Oh, Harold Robbins, where are you when Arthur Hailey needs you?

•

In what was either a labor of love or the acting out of a compulsive-obsessive neurosis, author Frank Deford has written ***There She Is*** (Viking), a 125,000-word history of the Miss America pageant. Such a book—detailing the inner workings of the contest, the life stories of many winners, the wranglings of judges and contestants and, seemingly, every last bit of Miss America minutiae that devoted research could produce—could be monumentally dull. What almost rescues this one is Deford's gently ironic approach to his material, plus his frank comments on the pageant's racism, manipulative techniques and fuddy-duddiness (no girl with more than a 37-inch bustline has ever won), and on the single-minded aggressiveness of some of the winners. Perhaps the most interesting parts of the book are its appendixes. They offer such nuggets as which Miss Americas got divorced, which won the Neat as a Pin Award, how the winners' bust and hip measurements have changed over the years, the leading hair and eye color for each year, the most popular names (Mary, Patricia and Barbara), and the talent displayed most frequently (singing and dramatic monologs) and least frequently (playing the dulcimer, French horn and Miramaphone).

•

The gay lib movement has begun to crank out confessions and manifestoes, and the homosexuals seem to be registering their protests with more grace and less bombast than women, students, American Indians and Black Panthers. Merle Miller's dignified discussion ***On Being Different: What It Means to Be a Homosexual*** (Random House) is something of a breakthrough. Miller, who had already made it as a writer (*Only You, Dick Daring!*), was tired of being a closet queer, pretending to enjoy fag jokes. ("A fag is a homosexual gentleman who has just left the room.") Miller thinks he became a homosexual because his mother wanted a girl. All his baby blankets were pink. The explanation may be simplistic, but it demonstrates that some reasonably liberated homosexuals see their condition as abnormal. Others are less inclined to give psychiatry its due. In ***Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation*** (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey), Dennis Altman notes that "psychiatry is particularly distrusted" among homosexuals, since "to be viewed as ill rather than evil is not much consolation." Altman, an erudite political-science professor from Australia, whose book is a quiet coming-out party, argues that homosexuality should be viewed as part of a continuum—"a polymorphous whole"—that covers the whole spectrum of sexual behavior. We are all, in some measure, homosexuals. Altman blames the nuclear family, that bastion of heterosexuality, for spreading a false gospel: "As long as homosexuals are denied any role in child rearing . . . it is unlikely that children can grow up with other than a distorted view of what is natural." More shrill and far less reasoned is Arthur Bell's ***Dancing the Gay Lib Blues*** (Simon & Schuster). Bell, a denizen of Greenwich Village, was a founder of the Gay Activists Alliance, a young and noisy group that seems to enjoy the process of militancy as much as the consequences. They hound Mayor Lindsay, picket police stations and demand that New York University provide dance facilities for homosexual students. All of this might be mildly interesting were it not for Bell's style—hysterical Hemingway. All right, so not every homosexual writes with more grace than women, students, American Indians and Black Panthers.

•

What would happen if a neurobiochemist were able to synthesize a chemical that gave people the power of extrasensory perception? What would happen is the subject of Curt Siodmak's latest work, ***The Third Ear*** (Putnam). Siodmak, best known for *Donovan's Brain* and *Hauser's Memory*, novels well thumbed in the libraries of science-fiction and suspense *aficionados*, has turned out a thriller that is scientifically plausible and consistently interesting. Dr. David Bolt, a 40ish American scientist, develops 232, the stuff that enables one to read other people's minds when it is sniffed. His work takes him from the seclusion of a California university to Germany, where a group of supranational industrialists hopes to get hold of the formula and thereby end wars and open up an era of unlimited world prosperity. Some


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enemy agents are likewise hot on the trail of the precious secret and there's a delightful Swedish girl who falls in love with the scientist. While all this is fast-moving entertainment, Siodmak (author of *The Thousand-Mile Grave* in last month's PLAYBOY) also has some cogent thoughts about human frailty, distrust and the precarious world condition. Chances are that this will wind up in the movies, where it will be enjoyed as much the second time around.

•

The thing about show-business biographies is that they're all part of the act. The public character must be maintained. It can be fun, but in the end you don't feel as if you've learned very much. Pearl Bailey's ***Talking to Myself*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) exhibits the strengths and the weaknesses of the genre. A collection of very short takes, including some snatches of verse, it offers Miss Bailey's views on life, death, children and especially love. Some of the vignettes are pretty good—the death of her mother, problems with her white husband, Louis Bellson—and all are frankly sentimental. It is the big loving momma image that comes through. If you like Pearl, you may like her book. ***Janis*** (Simon & Schuster) offers another lesson in how biography goes wrong—though biography isn't exactly the term. Author David Dalton, a *Rolling Stone* contributor, is unable to discern any failings in the late Miss Joplin's character. The book consists of transcriptions of taped interviews, dressed up with a lot of the author's profundities about life, art, travel and things like that. The material appears to have been flung together on whim. Stuck onto the end is a collection of newspaper and magazine stories about Janis, some not even attributed to an author. As a final bonus, there are pictures, songs and even a ten-minute record. Despite the sloppy packaging, something of the bawdy, oversized Joplin personality does come through: the endless boozing, the loneliness, the hard-nailed language, the dope taking—"I'd take it, suck it, lick it, smoke it, shoot it, drop it, fall in love with it. . . ." But the private Joplin inside the public one still eludes us. ***Elvis*** (Simon & Schuster), Jerry Hopkins' biography of guess who, suffers from a different fault. Hopkins, also a *Rolling Stone* contributor, has done a professional job of researching his subject and organizing his material, and he has eschewed the fancy prose with which Dalton has cluttered his book. The trouble is that Presley is simply not very interesting. If you can believe Hopkins, he's just an endlessly polite, good-natured, down-home kid who happened to get lucky. We learn that he's had a near-record number of women—but we

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never find out how this has affected him. Wisely, the author has devoted a good deal of space to Colonel Tom Parker, Presley's *éminence grise*, and the wheeling and dealing involved in turning a modestly talented country singer into a billion-dollar spectacle—though here again, the bloodletting that went on behind the scenes when people first began to realize that Presley was going to make somebody's fortune has been glossed over. Ah, showbiz.

•

In ***Willy Remembers*** (Arbor House), we are treated to the time-besotted panorama that is the 93-year-old mind of Willy T. Kleinhans. In such Memory Lane romps as *Roar Lion Roar* and *The Steagle* (see page 61 for our review of the movie version), novelist Irvin Faust fondled the recent past as lovingly as a boy riffling through his baseball cards. In *Willy Remembers*, Faust backs up to the Spanish-American War and then takes off on a broken-field run through time, charging forward, doubling back, skirting several more wars, stiff-arming anachronisms and, at the end, is left still running among the mangled memories and mores of his mind. It's a zany run that compels attention through the pyrotechnics of style and the surrealist mingling of person and event. Willy is patriot and poltroon—possibly the sort who made America great, certainly the sort who has brought America to its present pass. Words like mick, wop, kike and nigger slip through his mind like beads on a perverted rosary. Not that he hates as a matter of principle, but the principle of his hates is so instinctively and pleasurably racial. As in his other books, Faust revels in name dropping—movie stars and baseball players, boxers and politicians. Willy was part of it all, from McKinley to Nixon. But his personal life was a shambles, with one son ending impaled on the broken end of a vaulting pole, the other totally alienated from his father's mindless love before dying on a battlefield, a far-out daughter and a wife who stares at him like a stranger before she dies. Perhaps this is what Faust is trying to tell us: that there is a heavy price to pay for our glorious, self-indulgent stupidities, and that we are paying it now.

•

*Moscow Nights* is the title of a sweet Russian song that made people glaze over with nostalgia during World War Two. ***Moscow Nights*** (Olympia Press) is also the title of the first item of Soviet erotica to be published abroad, and it is guaranteed to arouse anything but nostalgia. Maurice Girodias, the suave and elegant pornographer-by-appointment to the world, somehow unearthed this fascinating curiosity by a pseudonymous Iron Curtain artist. It has all the

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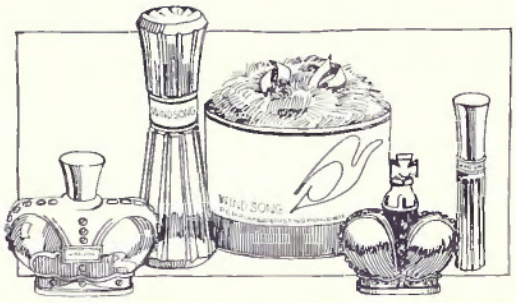

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elements that made Olympia Press great: those Henry Miller and J. P. Donleavy flourishes of phallicism, nice kinkiness for the English in the Colonies, running slime for ductless Swedes, plus some traditional Russian themes—the horror of the void, for example—and some modern Soviet themes, such as Zionism and anti-Semitism, apartment shortages and excess hippieness, happy Red perverts muttering denunciations of bureaucracy into the creamy thighs of oxlike balletomanes. The book sounds authentic—as if it were really written by a Soviet writer for his pleasure, never expecting publication. For insight, ribaldry and a kind of lumbering charm, Kremlinologists and crotchologists alike will give this book high Marx.

•

Eric Bentley is as much concerned with radical politics as with theater criticism, and the two interests fuse in ***Thirty Years of Treason: Excerpts from Hearings Before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, 1938–1968*** (Viking). For the most part, the witnesses selected by Bentley are artists and intellectuals with some representation from the law, the church and education. Among those in the discordant cast: Ayn Rand, Ronald Reagan, Bertolt Brecht, Larry Parks, Lillian Hellman, Paul Robeson, Arthur Miller, Tom Hayden and Zero Mostel ("My dear friend, I believe in the antiquated idea that a man works in his profession according to his ability rather than his political beliefs"). It is not Bentley's intent to equate hostility to HUAC with sanctity. As he makes clear in an afterword, he has no more respect for some of the manipulative American Communists of these three decades than he has for HUAC. (Referring to writer John Howard Lawson's exchanges with the committee, Bentley notes: "Bullshit equals bullshit.") The reason for the book, for letting this copious record speak for itself, is to provide a dramatic reminder of how difficult it often is for an individual, and a nation, to be worthy of freedom.

•

Ed Sanders spent two diligent years on the slimy trail of Charles Manson and the wayward children, drug dealers, motorcycle gangs, movie stars and Satan cultists he moved among, interviewing hundreds of people, following remote desert trails and poring over records to produce ***The Family*** (Dutton). He discovered that Charlie Manson, despite what the papers may have told you, was as much like the ordinary hippie as Sharon Tate was like the girl next door. Manson was a veteran jailbird by the time he burst upon the Haight scene in 1967. Spinning a web of dope and hype, Charlie netted himself a family of lost and lonely underage women and,

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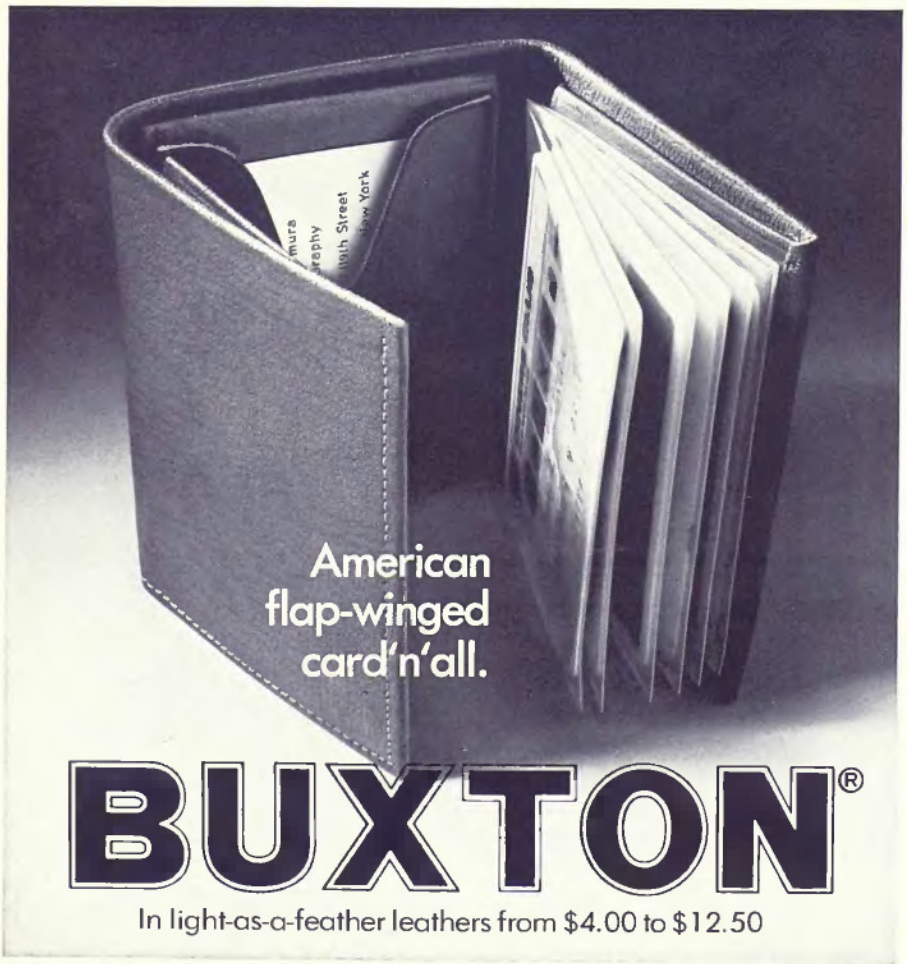


from then on, Sanders estimates, it was three orgasms a day for the next two and a half years. But orgasms were not enough and soon came what Sanders in his underground-paper style calls the "sleazo inputs": black-mass cults and Satan-worshiping occult groups, blood drinkers and ritual killers, masochistic bikers and paranoid drug fantasies. The trail leads inexorably to Benedict Canyon, where Manson sent his zombis to hack up Tate and four other innocents, thence to the LaBianca house and two more victims, and from there, Sanders hints, to 17 other murders. All this makes an incredible history and Sanders gives us every detail of it. And yet, for all that, the book is ultimately unsatisfactory, because he never does answer some basic questions: What really went on inside the macabre Manson family get-togethers? How was Manson able to command such puppetlike obedience before the crimes and right through the trials? On the ultimate question—why the murders were committed—Sanders is only titillating, suggesting that they might have been an expression of random Satanism or a bizarre repayment for being burned on a drug-selling deal, or a "contract" kill from unnamed sources for quick cash. What we have here is the raw material for a second book that would take us beyond the dreadful minutiae and police-blotter facts into the dark soul of Charles Manson and his family. (For more disturbing insights into the Tate killings—and into the killers—see this month's interview with Roman Polanski.)

•

To the burgeoning shelf of recent books on the world of film must now be added two new, unique reference works—one standard and classic, the other as impudently up to the minute as an experimental movie. The heavyweight classic is ***The American Film Institute Catalog; Feature Films 1921–1930*** (Bowker), two volumes of a projected 19-part series offering the vital statistics of virtually every movie produced in the U.S. since 1893. Beginning with Hollywood's golden age of the silents, the catalog lists, for a start, the director, cast, technical credits, literary source, plot summary and background notes of nearly 7000 features, a prodigious feat of scholarship by one hard-working branch of the Federally subsidized A.F.I. The second volume in the set consists wholly of an index, elaborately broken down so that a reader can find, at a glance, a filmography for any artist or company, not to mention the titles of all films whose major subject is, say, "Walking Contests" (the sole entry is *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*, a 1926 silent comedy starring Harry Langdon and Joan Crawford). While the $55 price tag on the twin set (by mail order only from R. R. Bowker Company, P.O. Box 1807, Ann

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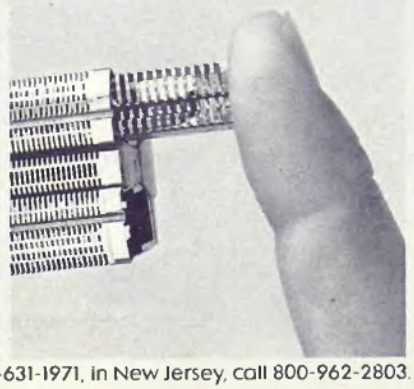

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Arbor, Michigan) may discourage all but the affluent, this inaugural A. F. I. catalog looks like a genuine collector's item, a gold mine of esoterica.

Caught between the covers of a handsome book called ***It's Only a Movie*** (Prentice-Hall), the reader will be stuck if he tries to look up anything specific, but he's apt to stumble onto some happy surprises. This formidable job of research was undertaken by authors Clark McKowen and William Sparke, two young California college profs who haven't exactly written a book but have restructured the material for one into a kind of visual Happening. Full of photographs, cartoons and balloons of dialog, *Only a Movie* was designed (by Mel Byars) to be read, or absorbed, up, down and sideways. The text includes a little of everything that a mind blown by the new sensibility might relate to cinema—from bits of Lenny Bruce and *Beowulf* to quotations from Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* to astute observations about movies by Warren Beatty, George Bernard Shaw, Pablo Picasso and Maxim Gorky—plus sundry quotes, quizzes, tag lines, poems, interviews and critiques. It's an eclectic circus. For a more coherent, if less exciting view of the subject, see Gerald Mast's provocatively opinionated ***A Short History of the Movies*** (Pegasus).

•

William H. Gass is an honored name in avant-garde circles in America, for both his philosophically aware literary criticism and his fiction, notably his first, much praised novel, *Omensetter's Luck*. His latest production, ***Willie Masters' Lonesome Wife*** (Knopf), is a kind of multimedia job—colored paper, zany typography, broken sequences—that weaves word and thought patterns in the mind of a 30-year-old floozy named Babs who refuses, like her author, to accept the strait-jacket conventions of old-fashioned fiction. Babs, in a literary mixture that ranges from corny burlesque-skit humor to Joycean musings, has enough gripes, mostly against men, to start a women's lib movement on her own. Gass is a formidable word slinger; lovely sentences appear on every page. But in the long run, he seems more hampered than helped by his notions of how fiction ought to be written. A good man who trips over his own innovations.

•

To anybody wiped out in the 1970 collapse of stock prices, disaster may have seemed complete. But, as Christopher Elias explains in ***Fleecing the Lambs*** (Regnery), Wall Streeters waste no worry over the small investor. They do worry when good solid member firms of the New York Stock Exchange start going under, as did McDonnell & Co. and three others, or when titans such as Hayden, Stone and Goodbody & Co. are

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rescued from the brink only with face-saving mergers. This book cost Elias his job as editor of *The Exchange*, official magazine of the N. Y. S. E. But not before he had witnessed from inside how the exchange elite reacted to crisis. Paperwork swamped the back shops of brokerage houses, which largely ignored the problem, so enthralled were they with trading for their own account in the madcap bull market of the late Sixties. The brokers were playing with customers' money. When prices broke and firms started buckling, the top men at the N. Y. S. E. never lost sight of the real danger—a Congressional investigation. Elias portrays the exchange as a private club dedicated to keeping the Government off its back. *Fleecing the Lambs* pontificates too much and could have been better organized. Still, it ought to give pause to erstwhile lambs lucky enough to have kept their fleece until now.

•

Wendell Pocock is an American questing for "work that has meaning and thoughts that are true." He has a fat wife, a nameless blob of a son born with an open spine and is himself an anonymous cog in the sales-training department of a food-packaging firm. So, not surprisingly, after suffering three cardiac arrests, he is very much ready to die. Winston Pitt is a would-be British gentleman very much ready to live. He even follows his love to the Sahara, where they plant saplings to hold back the desert. ***Pocock & Pitt*** (Putnam) are the same man, the result of an identity transplant performed by an enterprising passport forger who subverts Pocock's suicide attempt ("Death you can always have") into the new life of a British comic-novel hero. Author Elliott Baker (*A Fine Madness, The Penny Wars*) is a bonded black humorist who can offer good breezy fun. Consider, for example, this bargaining session with a "ten quid straight, fifteen the other way, and twenty-five you get breakfast" whore: "'And what do I get for fifty quid?' She shrugged: 'Anything.' 'And what do I get for a hundred quid?' She considered it carefully before answering. 'For a hundred, you can have what you get for fifty, twice.'" Unfortunately, the genre of the British comic novel à la Evelyn Waugh does not always transplant as easily as an identity crisis. Despite funny scenes, the American Baker strains a bit too much to brew that cup of comic incredibility.

•

Also noteworthy: F. P. Tullius' ***Out of the Death Bag in West Hollywood*** (Macmillan). Bit-part actor Race Stirling attempts to overcome his fear of dying by sleeping in a coffin. With a style marked by the pace and patter of a stand-up comic, Tullius recounts Race's progress in the bed, on the set and on the Strip of the fading movie capital as he discovers that the best way to avoid his fear is to concentrate on the world of the living. Tullius' article on *Zubin and the Mothers* appeared in the April 1971 PLAYBOY.

## DINING-DRINKING

Born last January during the despair of Hollywood's most alarming recession, the chances of survival for ***Le St. Germain*** (5955 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles) seemed none too great. But the infant restaurant not only survived, it has swiftly emerged as the "in" establishment in a city that thrives on scripts involving underdogs and overnight successes. The excellence of cuisine, which has earned the 20-table restaurant its deserved reputation, makes one overlook such distractions as the cacophony, *discothèque* lighting and absence of prices on the à-la-carte menu. (To be on the safe side, figure on spending about $50 for dinner for two, including cocktails, wine and tip.) For hors d'oeuvres, try the *Salade de Champignons*—crispy sliced mushrooms anointed with a dressing of mustard, oil, vinegar and wine, crowned with a sprinkling of chives. The especially delicate chicken-liver and pheasant *pâtés*, as well as *Escargots de Bourgogne* and *Scampis Newburg*, are of similar merit. Le St. Germain's menu lists a dozen entrees (along with a brace of nightly specials), including *Tournedos Périgourdine* (beef cooked with truffles and madeira), *Filets Mignons au Poivre* and rack of lamb. One of the dishes sampled on our visit was *Ris de Veau*—commonly known as veal sweetbreads—which is a must. Augmenting the entrees were two perfectly prepared fresh vegetables: cauliflower au gratin and French-cut string beans sautéed in butter. Le St. Germain's extensive wine list ranges from nonvintage house Cabernet Sauvignon or Pinot Noir (at five dollars a bottle) to the $100 price tag accompanying a 1959 Château Lafite-Rothschild. Besides the inevitable crème caramel and crispy tarts plump with peaches or pears, the dessert selection is memorable for a thick *mousse au chocolat* laced with rum and the exotic *Délices St. Germain*—a creamy conglomerate of soft vanilla ice cream, fresh strawberries and raspberries lavished with a heady mixture of Grand Marnier and cognac. One word of caution: The five minuscule tables nestled in Le St. Germain's charming L-shaped bar area are regarded as the restaurant's Siberia—stay clear of them, as the din and the constant flow of traffic will undermine an otherwise enjoyable occasion. To avoid the disappointment recently experienced by such

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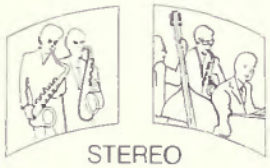

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pop gourmets as Henry Kissinger and Zsa Zsa Gabor, who on separate evenings were unable to secure tables, dinner reservations should be made several days in advance (213-467-1108). Le St. Germain is open for dinner, Monday through Saturday, from six P.M. until 10:30 P.M. Lunch is served Monday through Friday from noon to two P.M. (The luncheon menu lists prices.) The only credit cards accepted are BankAmericard and Master Charge.

## MOVIES

The custom of turning rock concerts into feature-length movies à la *Woodstock* and *Monterey Pop* reaches a climax of sorts in two new musical spectaculars. The more professional of the pair is ***Medicine Ball Caravan,*** coproduced and directed by François Reichenbach, a pioneer of *cinéma vérité* techniques in his native France. Under the patronage of Warner Bros., Reichenbach piled his crew of photographers into buses with 150 American music makers, hangers-on and hippies for a three-week cross-country sing-in. Since the entourage included B. B. King, Alice Cooper, Delaney and Bonnie and other name acts (quite a few of them contracted to Warner Bros. Records), *Medicine Ball* achieves plenty of bounce from time to time. "We have come for your daughters," proclaims the sign on the front of a bus, a fair sample of the humor expressed by Reichenbach himself, who keeps popping into the film for wry interviews and comment. All the jolly decadence (casual nudity, or communal bathing in a huge vat of Jell-O, for example) is seriously questioned, though, when the caravan stops at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, where campus progressives wonder whether a pilgrimage sponsored by a major movie studio has any larger aims than to turn a profit. A pertinent question, which this fast-moving show manages to evade with aural and optical virtuosity. Twice as exciting is ***Soul to Soul,*** a filmed account of the trip to Africa early in 1971 by black performers invited to a festival celebrating the 14th anniversary of Ghana's independence. Wilson Pickett, Roberta Flack, Ike and Tina Turner and their exuberant colleagues arrive on the Dark Continent looking and behaving like any eager American tourists—off to the bazaars with cameras and traveler's checks—but turn on when they and their Ghanaian hosts begin digging each other's drumbeats. Whether Tina is shimmying through the local equivalent of a luau or electrifying a stadium full of spectators with her wildly stylized interpretation of sex set to music, that dynamic lady communicates on a

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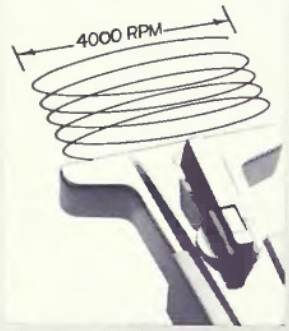


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human level that official envoys shall never achieve. Pickett has his moments, too, in this "cultural come-together" that drew over 100,000 people to Accra's Black Star Square. One sharp contrast to American pop-music festivals, which have tended to turn sour lately, is the sight of Ghana's uniformed militia amiably weaving and bobbing in rhythm with the crowds they came to control.

•

Since Euripides' ***The Trojan Women*** is one of the greatest antiwar dramas of all time, it stands to reason that Greek writer-director Michael Cacoyannis would have to do something right in bringing it to the screen. Working from an eloquent English translation by classical scholar Edith Hamilton, he recruited four remarkably talented actresses for the key roles—at least three of them able to do full justice to the play's rich language and soaring spirit. Oddly enough, the one wrong note is struck by beautiful Irene Papas, cast as Helen of Troy; Papas might make a passionate Medea, but Helen's cruel, shallow vanity scarcely suits her. The strength of *Trojan Women* rests on Katharine Hepburn's powerful performance as the ravaged queen mother, Hecuba. Despite her vocal limitations, Hepburn understands bred-in-the-bone pride and dignity, and all those years of living burn within her to produce a scorching display of nobility brought low. Woe for woe, she is matched by Genevieve Bujold as the mad Cassandra and Vanessa Redgrave as Andromache, widow of the slain Hector. These three keep topping one another in a theatrical tour de force that more than compensates for the fact that Cacoyannis is a literal-minded director who tries hard to treat poetic tragedy as realistic drama.

•

Norman Mailer's third feature film, ***Maidstone,*** is unlikely to reach a wide public, but it may now be read, by anyone who's interested, in a paperback edition issued by New American Library. The book offers a transcript of the improvised action and dialog along with Mailer's essay on film making, plus various reports on the shooting of the movie over a period of five days or so during the summer of 1968—in and around East Hampton, Long Island. As star, director and mastermind of *Maidstone*, Mailer writes of himself in the third person. Onscreen, he somehow contrives to play himself the same way, though he is ostensibly a celebrated movie director named Norman T. Kingsley, who is interviewing actresses for a movie about a male brothel and simultaneously considering a race for the U. S. Presidency. Any semblance of structure collapses, because Mailer's film theories call for untried actors responding more

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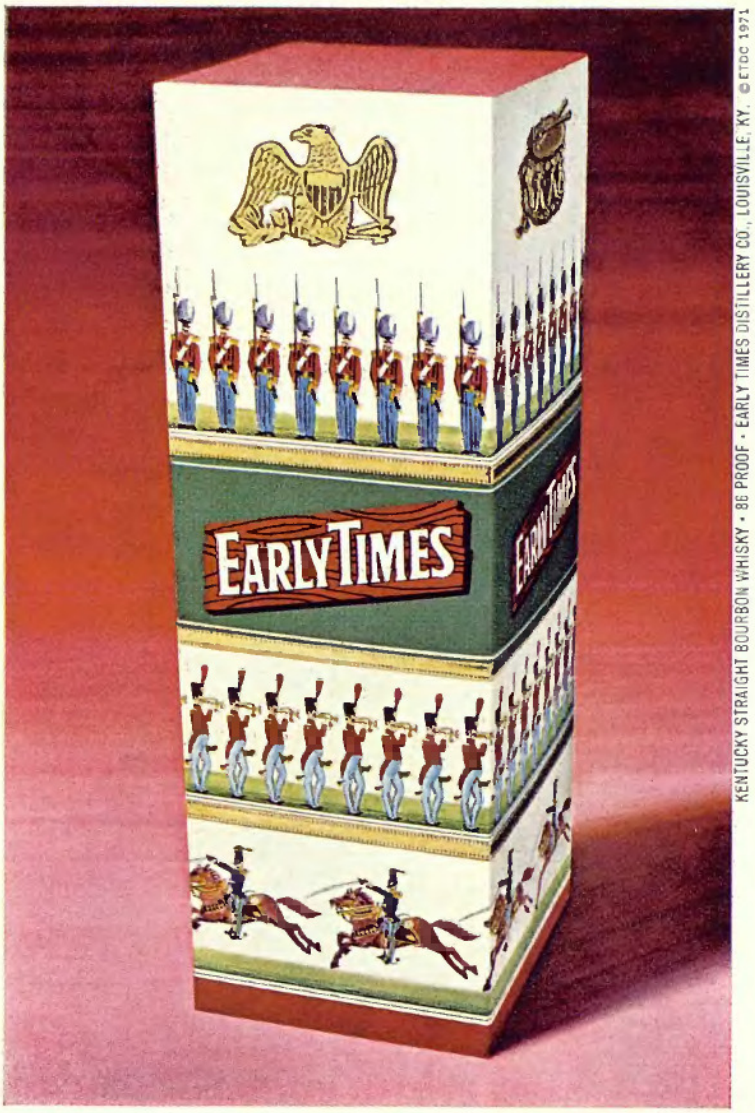


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or less spontaneously to unplanned stimuli, while the movie cameras manned by Richard Leacock, D. A. Pennebaker and their crew of professionals grind away. The result is a display of extravagant self-indulgence by Mailer, his cronies, his wife and kids, and a passel of socialites with time on their hands. The only cinematic breakthrough here is that widely publicized Donnybrook (conveniently caught on film) between Mailer and co-star Rip Torn, who launches a frenzied assault with hammer in hand and nearly gets his right ear bitten off. Presumably, this is not quite what Mailer the theorist means by "a commando raid on the nature of reality."

•

Trapping a beautiful young girl in a big dark house is the stock in trade of suspense drama, and director Richard (*The Boston Strangler*) Fleischer effectively exploits every cliché of the genre in ***See No Evil.*** As a blind girl stumbling around a large English manor house littered with the bodies of her loved ones —all victims of a homicidal maniac— Mia Farrow is graceful, neurasthenic and altogether vulnerable. To withhold one's sympathy would be unthinkable, for Mia is terrorized, pursued, kidnaped, slashed, beaten, locked up, thrown from a horse and very nearly strangled in her bath before *See No Evil* has run its course. Though the movie aspires to some significance about the rampant violence of contemporary society, Fleischer's camera peers through echoing corridors and misty windowpanes with the simple aim of producing goose bumps. Thanks to Mia's concentrated performance, he gets what he wants.

•

A day or so in the life of an ordinary New York married couple assumes the proportions of a nightmare in ***Desperate Characters,*** an uncompromisingly downbeat drama written, directed and produced for the screen by Frank D. Gilroy, author of *The Subject Was Roses.* Since utter despair is considered a highly unsalable commodity by the movie establishment, Gilroy had trouble financing his project until he snagged Shirley MacLaine for the principal feminine role—that of a Brooklyn Heights housewife with many reasons to be depressed. Her one extramarital love affair has ended unhappily, her husband's business partnership is breaking up with bad feeling on both sides, she is the victim of an obscene phone call and she may have to go to the hospital for rabies injections unless she can capture the stray cat that bit her hand while she was feeding it. Hunting for the accursed cat is the biggest event in *Desperate Characters'* fragmentary plot, but author-director Gilroy uses story merely as a peg on which to hang his bleak visions of American life. For a clincher, he sends his

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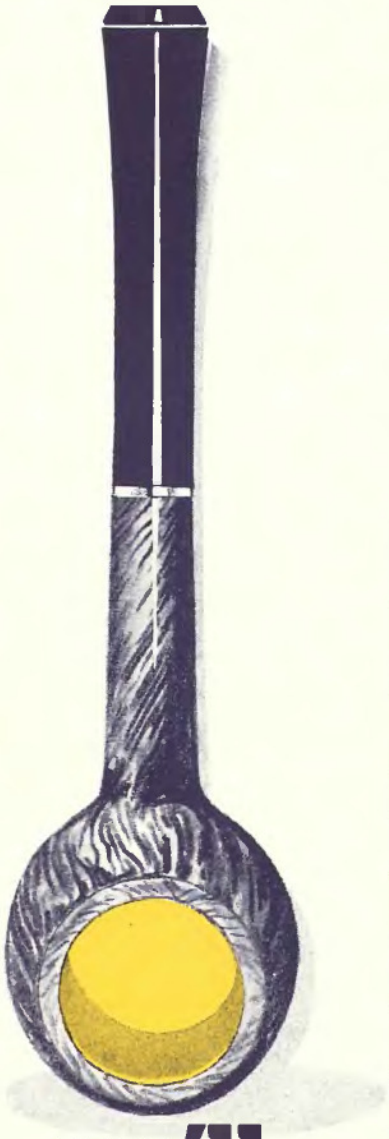

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married pair out to the country cottage, where they seek refuge from urban pressures—only to find that the house has been vandalized. By the time they get back to Fun City, the wife is afraid to cross her own doorstep. "You suppose they've been here, too?" she asks. "Not yet," her husband replies succinctly. While Gilroy scorns rosy optimism, he might have allowed a breath of humor into the claustrophobic city scenes and the gloomy dialog—mostly quietly boring conversation punctuated by little shellbursts of venom. A superb cast makes the film haunting despite its monochromatic emotional tone, with especially fine performances by Kenneth Mars as the bland husband and Sada Thompson as a relentlessly gay divorcee who devotes her life to bucking up the effete intellectual she had discarded years before. Shirley looks plumpish, prematurely aged—the old MacLaine pizzazz scraped away as if by cultural shock—and invests the pivotal role with total credibility.

•

Venice in winter overwhelms the other visible attractions of ***The Anonymous Venetian,*** a rather languid romantic drama about an estranged married couple who spend a day together discussing their relationship, having lunch, making love and touring the city. Mostly, they just walk, to the accompaniment of a lush musical score by Stelvio Cipriani, whose melodic ear produces something strikingly close to *Love Story* Italian style. Compared with that candy-coated blockbuster, however, *Anonymous Venetian* is an adult movie, very earnestly played by Brazilian-born Florinda Bolkan as the troubled wife and American actor Tony Musante as the embittered husband who finally tells her he is dying of a brain tumor. But first, he intends to record a concerto with a student group from the conservatory where he teaches. The dead, sinking city becomes a symbol of dead love, dead dreams. "Why should Venice escape? Everything dies sooner or later," quoth the hero, while writer-director Enrico Maria Salerno keeps an orchestra tuned up and ready to tap your tear ducts.

•

Watching ***Sunday Bloody Sunday*** is apt to leave the viewer with the impression that he has been had by a band of consummate professionals whose talents inflate the enterprise somewhat beyond its intrinsic worth. The drama's thinness is disguised by a kinky triangular plot concerning a young Mod Londoner (played with casual unisexual aplomb by movie newcomer Murray Head), an A.C./D.C. fellow who is into kinetic sculpture and into bed with either a middle-aged Jewish doctor (Peter Finch) or an articulate young divorcee (Glenda Jackson). Both are in love with him, each knows about his affair with the other, and from this odd situation *Sunday Bloody Sunday* generates quite a lot of emotional steam about the compromises accepted by people when they grow up enough to realize that they may need to settle for less than perfect love. Director John Schlesinger (of *Midnight Cowboy* and *Darling* fame), generally drawn to extraordinary types in circumstances too bizarre for your average Jane and Joe, here also chooses a flashy filmic style that draws attention to itself, with hyped-up editing and provocative compositions by ace cinematographer Billy Williams (who filmed *Women in Love*). Much can be read between the lines of acrid dialog penned by English author and film critic Penelope Gilliatt, whose brisk scenario devotes a lot of footage to the telephone—as if those miles of cable and eager hearts just missing each other through an answering service were a fair measure of the quality of human communication most of us achieve.

•

Baboons, flamingos, giraffes, cheetahs and dung beetles star in ***The African Elephant,*** a slapdash but fascinating travelog by director-photographer Simon Trevor, former safari guide and game warden, who spent more than a year filming the wild life of Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania. Trevor's title is misleading, for his interest extends to all species, and he is wont to cut away from elephant lore whenever he can work in telling glimpses of, say, waterbucks or gnus in their natural habitat. Unique close-ups of its fierce subjects make *The African Elephant* informative and intelligent, yet prone to outbreaks of anthropomorphic cuteness. Taking his cue from Disney, Trevor lets the flamingos fly to music that sounds like *Swan Lake*, and plunges headlong into hokum with the tricky narration by David Wayne, who has the unhappy task of telling baby elephants, "Someone is here—someone cares."

•

The racial question has inspired quite a number of movies, but seldom one as hilarious as ***Skin Game,*** a frankly commercial comedy that deserves the popularity it's going to get. James Garner, Susan Clark and black actor Lou Gossett play a trio of con artists traipsing from Kansas Territory to the heart of Dixie during the troubled period just before the Civil War. Slavery is the issue, and John Brown's fanatical raiders ride onto the scene at one crucial point, but only for laughs. While the subject would hardly appear to be a joking matter, Garner and Gossett prove the contrary as they beat the slave traders at their own game, town by town. Gossett stumbling onto the auction block to do his

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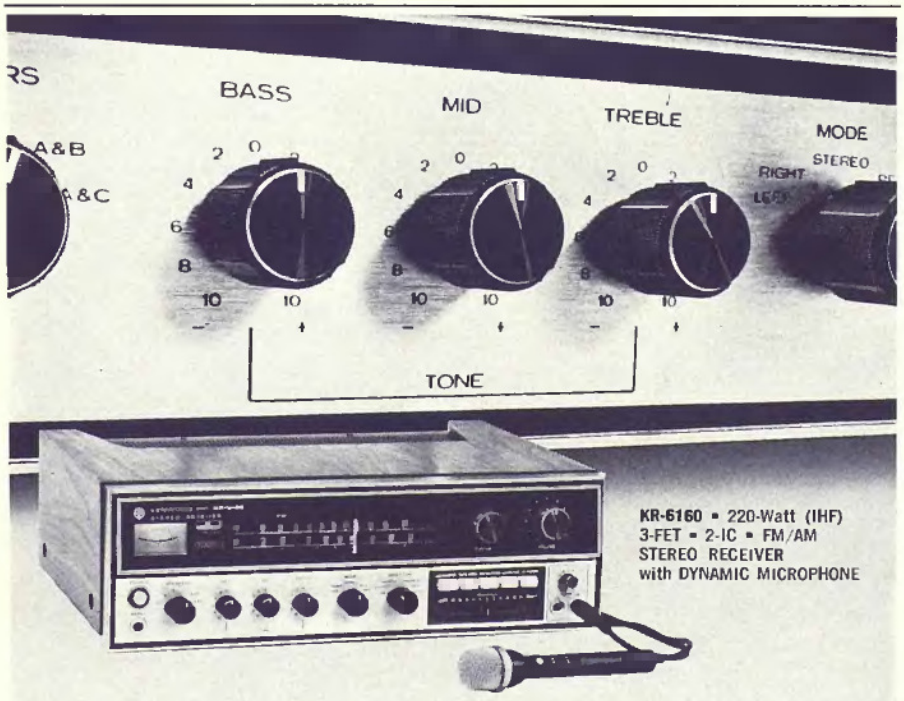


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oh-lawdy-massa act until Garner reluctantly sells him—after which the two pocket their take and beat a fast exit in search of another sucker. Spoofing the Western hero is Garner's specialty, but he bumbles better than ever in partnership with Gossett. As a lady crook with very few scruples to cramp her style, the statuesque Susan takes over a scene or two, finally accompanying Garner down South—both disguised as good Samaritans from a leper colony, by God—to free their colleague from servitude on an ole plantation. Good mean fun.

•

Exquisite Zohra Lampert, who looks like a Renaissance Madonna and talks like a manicurist from the Bronx, has the title role in ***Let's Scare Jessica to Death,*** a promising first feature by director John Hancock. A rustic hilltop homestead in Connecticut is the setting, with Zohra cast as a former mental patient who optimistically hopes to find peace in "the old Bishop place," which all the countryfolk openly regard with fear and hostility. The reasons become manifest soon after Jessica, her husband and their friend drive up to the house in a hearse —they just happen to have got a good buy on one—and meet a strange, aimless girl (deftly played by Mariclare Costello) who has been living there by herself. The ending leaves virtually every question unanswered, yet director Hancock invests this eerie tale of the supernatural with some nice modern-gothic touches and at times achieves the surreality of a very bad trip. Zohra almost single-handedly keeps the nightmare in focus but might do even better if she could clean up her slurred speech.

•

A company of earnest movie newcomers tries its luck, and achieves little more than high marks for effort, with ***Been Down So Long It Looks like Up to Me,*** based on the late Richard Fariña's Beat Generation novel in which the sexual revolution, the Cuban Revolution and the drug culture were phenomena prophetic of a world to come. Fariña, who died in a motorcycle accident in 1966 —just as his first and only book was being published—wrote about some cynical collegians of 1958 vintage. The hero of *Down So Long* (played in a studied manner by off-Broadway's Barry Primus) is a returning dropout—back to school from his futile search for self, and slated for a series of encounters with crewcut squares, drug users, a black would-be rebel and an alleged virgin who awards him a dose of clap. After which, somehow or other, he follows his black buddy to pre-Castro Cuba and begins tripping out on cocaine and peyote. While generating interest as a piece of early hipsterism, *Down So Long* is awkwardly paced and edited and suggests that freshman

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director Jeff Young (a 28-year-old alumnus of New York University's Institute of Film and Television), producer Robert M. Rosenthal and scenarist Robert Schlitt as yet lack the perspective to make a minor theme loom large.

•

***Sacco and Vanzetti,*** the immigrant Italian anarchists who were arrested for robbery and murder in May 1920 and executed in the summer of 1927, became two of the most famous working-class martyrs in American history. Strange that a film about them should be made by an Italian rather than an American, but director Giuliano Montaldo does a dogged, workmanlike job of re-creating events before, during and after the notorious trial that made a mockery of Massachusetts justice. The prisoners, played forcefully by Italy's Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte, were accused of being foreigners, anarchists and "low characters" as part of a then-popular campaign by the U. S. Attorney General's office to rid the nation of Italian Reds and other undesirables. It is a powerful story of political repression and, if fine acting and high purpose were enough, *Sacco and Vanzetti* would be quite a movie. Unhappily, the dramatization slants certain aspects of the case and oversimplifies others, predictably labeling good guys and bad guys but scarcely hinting at a profounder truth that might have transformed mere history into tragic art—the dark suspicion that factions of both left and right wanted Sacco and Vanzetti dead in order to prove a point.

•

***Believe in Me*** was inspired by a *New York* magazine article about some East Village kids freaking out on amphetamines. In the slick scenario by off-Broadway playwright Israel Horovitz, directed by Stuart Hagmann (the team responsible for *The Strawberry Statement*), the young fry have been replaced by Michael Sarrazin and Jacqueline Bisset, an offscreen romantic duo and two of Hollywood's top Beautiful People. Michael plays a bright young intern whose promising career in medicine is spoiled when he starts popping amphetamines to dull the anguish aroused in him by incurably sick children and helpless old folks. Jacqueline plays a beautiful editor of children's books who moves in with him and finds the would-be doctor oddly casual about destroying her life with drugs. Parts of *Believe in Me* are photographed in the gauzy style usually associated with shampoo commercials, while the rest resembles a limousine trip to Needle Park. We didn't believe a word of it, maybe because Horovitz' blah dialog provides insurmountable handicaps both for Sarrazin, as the dope-dealing

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doctor, and for gorgeous Jacqueline, whose radiance defeats the make-up department's most strenuous efforts to make her look ravaged and forlorn.

•

In ***The Steagle,*** Richard Benjamin plays the same snide, basically unattractive bastard he portrayed in *Diary of a Mad Housewife* and *The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker*. This time out, he is a liberal college professor, married (to Cloris Leachman) and so sensitive to earth-shaking current events that he comes unglued during the Cuban Missile Crisis of October 1962. For reasons never too clear in the scenario, based on Irvin Faust's novel (the Steagles were a football team, but never mind), the hero's apocalyptic daydreams jet-propel him to Chicago, Las Vegas and Hollywood, where he more or less fulfills his fantasies as if there were no tomorrow. When the goddamn Russians withdraw from Cuba, Harold (this character could be called nothing else) recovers from his psychological bender and returns tamely to Westchester. A dull solution, yet somehow appropriate, since Harold's hang-ups are pretty uninteresting in the first place.

•

Since he is moviedom's reigning king at the box office, Clint Eastwood wisely cast himself as the star of ***Play Misty for Me,*** which also marks his debut as a director. Behind the megaphone, Eastwood cannot resist shots of moon-kissed shores, sun-swept hilltops and all the other temptations a fledgling director is apt to encounter on California's superscenic Monterey Peninsula. In front of the camera, Clint acts characteristically sure of himself as a cool, horny deejay who complicates his life by going to bed with one of his fans, a psychotic sexpot (played with murderous conviction by Jessica Walter) whose favorite song is you-know-what. Blonde Donna Mills plays the girl Eastwood would like to keep, providing she survives her rival's homicidal tendencies. *Play Misty*'s climax comes at an isolated beach house in the middle of the night and works out according to an oft-tested formula, but directorially speaking, Clint manages the excitement pretty well.

•

Anti-cop sentiments are expressed without showbiz razzle-dazzle but with potent force and conviction in ***Murder-Go-Round.*** Suppressed by French authorities until several episodes dealing with police brutality were scissored out, co-writer-director Yves Boisset's original, uncut export version poses touchy questions about what happens to men who make a career of stamping out violence with violence. In *Murder-Go-Round*, the only good cop is an idealist (Bernard Fresson) whose dreams of an enlightened society are stopped by a killer's bullet when he stumbles onto a gangland assassination. Subsequently, while mobsters and lovers (John Garko, a Yank actor abroad, and Françoise Fabian, the piquant hostess of *My Night at Maud's*) fight it out on the wrong side of the law, a ruthless police inspector (Michel Bouquet) avenges the young officer's death by fair means and foul. He pummels suspects, compromises high police officials who are more corrupt than he is and commits two cold-blooded murders in the name of justice. Being a cop is so much *merde*, an "excremental function," according to the inspector, who explains succinctly: "Police work eliminates waste." The nuances of performance and pacing that mark a first-rate crime thriller are absent here, but the movie's intelligent despair comes through as deadly serious and unnervingly real.

•

The important new American director of this waning year is 31-year-old Peter Bogdanovich, a former critic whose admiration for such masters as Welles, Ford and Hitchcock showed up in his promising first feature, *Targets*, filmed in 1968. His latest film, ***The Last Picture Show,*** amounts to a promise kept, and then some. Based on a novel by Larry McMurtry, the movie is a rueful period piece about the agony of growing up in a no-account Texas town during the early Fifties. It's all here, going steady and heavy petting and small-minded small-town gossip, with nary a note of mood music on the sound track unless someone tunes in a radio or drops a coin in the jukebox to play, maybe, *Blue Velvet*. Call it *The Graduate* in jeans, or *Summer of '42* ten summers later, but sadder and truer by half. It is also pure nostalgia, boldly filmed in black and white (remember black and white?) by Academy Award–winning cinematographer Robert Surtees, a man old enough to know his way down Memory Lane. In a cast of splendid actors, the standouts are Ellen Burstyn as the earthy momma of the prettiest little tease in town (blonde cover girl Cybill Shepherd, making an impressive debut); Jeff Bridges as her beau; and veteran cowboy actor Ben Johnson, merely magnificent as Sam the Lion, owner of the town's café, pool hall and picture show —and a homely philosopher whose modest dreams of glory have been stifled by the social climate. Nominally cast as the hero, a sensitive teenager who finds the only real comfort he may ever know in the bed of a middle-aged married lady (Cloris Leachman, again), young Timothy Bottoms tops his poignant performance in the leading role of *Johnny Got His Gun*. Funny, pessimistic and deeply compassionate, *The Last Picture Show* sums itself up when the local movie-house, superseded by TV sets, closes


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## MUSIC

The Big Five are still the Big Five, no matter how you choose to rank them. Boston, Cleveland, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia boast the finest orchestras in the United States today. But because most of them have experienced recent changes of one sort or another, we can expect musical changes, too. The Boston Symphony is still a magnificent institution, but its music director, William Steinberg, is a most literal-minded conductor, sometimes plodding, sometimes pedantic. His young associate, Michael Tilson Thomas, is none of these things, and his recordings and concerts with the B. S. O. have been startling. Thomas has drive and precision, power and assurance far beyond his 27 years. He seems also to have identified himself with Ives, Debussy and other early modernists in a desire to get the orchestra out of the Beethoven-Brahms-Mozart repertoire that chokes the entire classical-music scene. The Boston hasn't sounded so good since the days of Koussevitzky. Since the death of George Szell last year, the Cleveland Orchestra has been beating the bushes for a new leader. Szell's great accomplishment was to mold his orchestra into an incomparably responsive instrument, so flexible that any conductor could get superb results. This, of course, took years as well as an intense concentration of amiable tyranny and classical technique. In his one-season role as musical advisor for the New York Philharmonic, Szell also gave that orchestra some direction and stability, but the Philharmonic's virtuoso musicians play brilliantly or stridently, depending on who's in charge. The probing formalism and intellectual rigor of Pierre Boulez, who has succeeded conductor laureate Leonard Bernstein as head of the Philharmonic, should give the orchestra the sense of equilibrium and purpose it needs. If New Yorkers can stand the heavy doses of post-Webern contemporary music of which Boulez is fond, his appointment could be a notable happening. In Chicago, where Georg Solti is firmly enthroned and Carlo Maria Giulini is principal guest conductor, audiences have been responding warmly to performances very different from the neat objectivity of Boulez. Solti stresses sweep, passion and texture, and the acoustically restored Orchestra Hall has not reverberated to such joyful noises since the time of Reiner. In Philadelphia, Eugene Ormandy, apparently indestructible, is into his 36th season with an orchestra that must be the most popular, if not the greatest, in the world. The Philadelphia has a uniquely gorgeous sound—big and rich, yet precise. Its leader, who has often been faulted for a lack of musical assertiveness, continues to make listenable music for everyone. On the heels of the Big Five, there are other contenders in the symphonic sweepstakes. Despite its somewhat obscure status and the acoustical problems of its new St. Paul auditorium, the Minnesota Orchestra, led by Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, is an outstanding, long-established ensemble. On the West Coast, two celebrated, if eccentric, young conductors are making their marks. Indian-born Zubin Mehta, leading the Los Angeles Philharmonic, travels constantly, likes to insult the New York Philharmonic and, a couple of years ago, got his orchestra involved in a horrendous rock concert. Manchurian-born Seiji Ozawa, somewhat more serious about his music than Mehta, now leads the San Francisco Symphony. He, too, travels a lot and, because of his electric way with a score, may be one of the two or three best conductors in the world. A question to muse upon: With the exception of Michael Tilson Thomas, where are tomorrow's American conductors?

## RECORDINGS

Ike and Tina Turner have been making it big for several years. But until ***What You Hear Is What You Get*** (United Artists), two discs of a Carnegie Hall concert, some of the supercharged vitality of their live performances has always seemed missing. Turner fans may now rejoice as Tina demonstrates how to turn on an audience. Her standards, *Ooh Poo Pah Doo*, *Proud Mary* and Otis Redding's *Respect*, are particularly instructive. Our only reservation is that Tina's frantic pace and pitch may wear a bit thin after a time: What works in concert doesn't always work on vinyl. Anyhow, the high point of the proceedings is reached in *I've Been Loving You Too Long*, her marvelous recitative duet with Ike, replete with orgiastic groans, slurping noises and some standout sexual comedy.

•

Having failed to solve the enigma of why her Columbia album is titled ***Barbra Joan Streisand*** on the front cover and *Barbara Joan Streisand* on the back, we'll have to be content with commenting on the sound within. Miss Streisand, having discovered a winning formula on *Stoney End*, continues her exploration of the current musical modes. There's a trio of songs by Carole King (*Where You Lead*, *Beautiful* and *You've Got a Friend*), a pair by John Lennon (*Love* and *Mother*) and a Bacharach-David medley (*One Less Bell to Answer* and *A*

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*House Is Not a Home*), among others. The arrangements are generally first-rate, as is the accompaniment. We'll have to take exception to the handling of *Since I Fell for You*, which seems one step backward into the strident Streisand bag. But you can't win 'em all, and wouldn't it be dull if you did?

•

Pete Townshend and The Who have put together a superb album, ***Who's Next*** (Decca), notable for three reasons. First, various kinds of synthesized sound are used interestingly, musically, even structurally in a way that most rock bands couldn't begin to achieve. Listen to the organ-synthesizer's role in *Baba O'Riley* and the tasteful backgrounds and key changes in *Song Is Over*. Second, Townshend has learned to integrate lyrics and music. *Behind Blue Eyes*, for instance, is operatic but without the excesses that often marred *Tommy*. Finally, the musicianship of John Entwistle, Roger Daltrey and Keith Moon is exemplary, and the recording is perfection.

•

Bob Thiele's Flying Dutchman label is a constant source of pleasant surprises, not the least of which is ***Afrique / Count Basie and His Orchestra Arranged and Conducted by Oliver Nelson***. The presence of Nelson is the clue that all will be right with the big-band world of Basie & Co. In addition to the title tune and four others by Oliver, there are numbers by the late Albert Ayler, Pharoah Sanders and Gabor Szabo. The stellar performer of the session is flutist Hubert Laws, who is rapidly becoming *numero uno* on his instrument. Also highly recommended—Buddy Lucas' harmonica on Nelson's *Hobo Flats*.

•

With ***Hubert Laws: The Rite of Spring*** (CTI), the nonpareil flutist continues to move farther afield from his jazz roots. Here he's occupied with Ravel's *Pavane*, Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* and Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3*. Laws treats them all with respect as he and the small group with him work off charts by Don Sebesky. There's been remarkable restraint in avoiding a jazzification of the classics; rather, an attempt has been made to meld as subtly as possible the two worlds and Laws is the perfect instrument to accomplish that melding.

•

The vast terra incognita of Handelian opera is gradually being opened up on records. Among the recent rediscoveries is ***Ariodante*** (RCA), which Handel composed for the newly built Covent Garden theater in 1734. As in all his operas, the plot is no great shakes and the cast is typically androgynous, two male parts being allotted to female singers. But the music makes up for any shortcomings in the libretto. It's enough just to luxuriate in the tide of Handel's ravishing arias. This made-in-Vienna recording features mezzo Sofia Steffan as the loveloru Ariodante and is knowledgeably, if rather tepidly, conducted by Stephen Simon.

•

The last days of the Fillmore East are coming to be documented in a series of records that bear witness to, among other things, Bill Graham's ability to provide the finest live rock music in America. The best of the bunch so far is ***The Allman Brothers Band at Fillmore East*** (Capricorn), two discs recorded in March that will stand you on your ear. No one plays better guitar today than Duane Allman, except maybe Dicky Betts. Their duets, as on *Done Somebody Wrong* and *In Memory of Elizabeth Reed*, are brilliant. The capabilities of the rest of this Georgia band, underscored by its two drummers, seem endless. Although most of the cuts are long (*You Don't Love Me* is 19 minutes of loping, driving, varied jam), the Allmans never run out of inventive steam. We're all in debt to Bill Graham, and to Tom Dowd of Atlantic Records, who produced it, for this one. Proper and fastidious folk may feel no such indebtedness for ***The Mothers—Fillmore East, June 1971*** (Bizarre/Reprise); but then, they don't dig rock music anyway. Frank Zappa's boys were always a hit on the Fillmore stage because their porno-scatological fantasies spoke to everybody in satirizing groupies (*What Kind of Girl Do You Think We Are?*), music and performers (*Happy Together*) and, in fact, the entire rock scene. One should not be too put off by the subtleties of such numbers as *Bwana Dik* or *Latex Solar Beef*, whose underchorus repeats "Talkin' 'bout your hem'roids, baby" to an insistent rhythm. The boys are just having a little fun.

•

The quintet headed by vibist Bobby Hutcherson and tenor man Harold Land has, over the years, produced jazz of a remarkably uniform high quality. ***San Francisco*** (Blue Note) is no exception. With pianist Joe Sample (of Crusaders fame), bassist John Williams and drummer Mickey Roker, Hutcherson and Land exchange a wealth of ideas as they weave quietly pervasive musical tapestries out of a half dozen jazz originals. An LP for the listener who wants think along with feel.

•

The title of the MC5's newest, ***High Time*** (Atlantic), has a double significance. Yes, it is high time to end the games of war, pollution and politics, as some of the lyrics suggest. And it is high time we got an album demonstrating the true capabilities of the MC5, as this one does. *Sister Anne* and *Baby Won't Ya* are the standouts here, done in the

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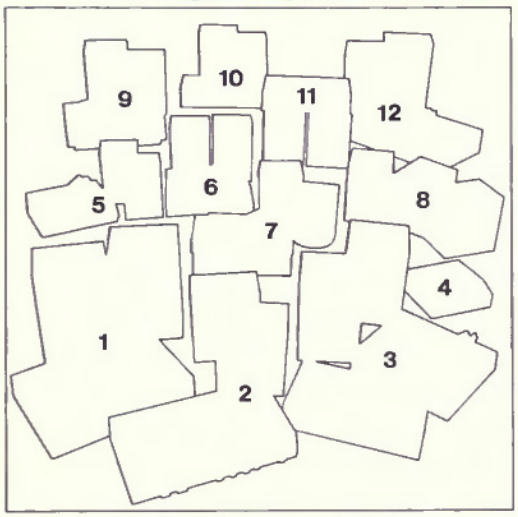


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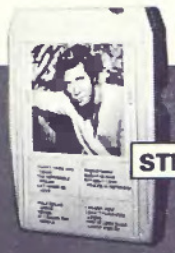

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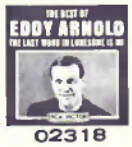

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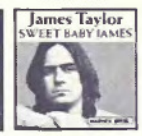

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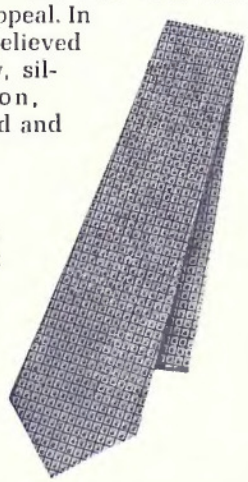

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early Sixties' hard-rock style of great pounding chords and frenzied guitar lines. But there is a schizoid quality about many of the tunes (which fail to hang together) and most of the lyrics (which take an ambivalent view of progress). Another group hung up in that fruitless search for the *heavy*, but this one is redeemed by its powerhouse style.

•

That fine guitarist John McLaughlin has come up with a new name and a wonderful new LP, ***My Goal's Beyond / Mahavishnu John McLaughlin*** (Douglas 9). The two-parter that fills side one (*Peace One* and *Peace Two*) is a group effort, employing such fine sidemen as percussionist Airto Moreira, bassist Charlie Haden, drummer Billy Cobham, reed man Dave Liebman and violinist Jerry Goodman. Side two is, for all intents and purposes, strictly McLaughlin's; the tunes run from his own through those of Charles Mingus, Chick Corea and Miles Davis, and they offer enough latitude for McLaughlin to demonstrate an artistry that continues to grow.

•

Several starts have been made at recording an integral edition of Haydn's 100-odd symphonies, but each attempt has petered out long before reaching the finish line. Now a new series is under way that enlists the services of conductor Antal Dorati and the exiled Philharmonia Hungarica orchestra. Two four-LP volumes of ***The Complete Symphonies of Haydn*** (London) have appeared so far, and the omens are good that this time the project will be carried through to completion. The 16 symphonies recorded to date (numbers 57–72) come from Haydn's middle years, when he functioned as composer in residence at Prince Esterházy's court. This is entertainment music of the highest caliber—sparkling, melodious, witty, eminently civilized—and Dorati performs it with an admirable blend of fire and finesse.

•

The Butterfield Blues Band sounds as tight and competent as ever on ***Sometimes I Just Feel Like Smilin'*** (Elektra), but something is missing. While Paul and company seem caught up in a rhythm-and-blues shouting style, best handled in *Play On*, there isn't a whole lot else, and what there is pales in comparison with their recent live album. This disc has its moments, but it often sounds like the very thing the Butterfield band has so far managed to avoid—quasi-hip, pseudo-funky, blackface blues.

•

We don't know why, but the fact is that Dizzy Gillespie's record output has been exceedingly slim of late. ***Portrait of Jenny*** (Perception) should be of some help in setting matters aright. The four tracks are all Gillespie originals, his backing consists of pianist Mike Longo, guitarist George Davis, bassist Andrew Gonzalez and a trio of Latin percussionists, and Dizzy has never sounded better. We've always felt that what Gillespie was playing was the only possible combination of notes, that Dizzy knew exactly what he was doing all the time. Nothing has changed. Pick up on this rare portrait of Dizzy.

•

If the music business sometimes seems inbred, well, it is, and that isn't necessarily bad. The members of Jo Mama came out of James Taylor's Flying Machine, the Fugs or Clear Light. (In the case of Danny Kootch, it was all three.) Bassist Charlie Larkey is married to Carole King, who sings and provides one of the songs on Jo Mama's ***J Is for Jump*** (Atlantic). One "D. Kortchmar" (Kootch, we presume) wrote the others and they are fine—most of them, like *Love Is Blind*, highlighting the strong, sinuous voice of Abigale Haness, who sings with suggestions of Laura Nyro. This is easy lightweight rock, very well played, and Jo Mama's lineage would seem to have promised a bright future. But the group has since broken up. *Sic transit gloria* Mama.

•

Poor Stephen Stills. Afflicted with the world-weary angst of the highly paid traveling musician, cursed with a prying public searching out his soul secrets, embittered by the bigotry in the land, he laments and reflects on these and other weighty matters on ***Stephen Stills 2*** (Atlantic). On the evidence presented here, Steve seems enamored not only of himself but of the most commonplace liberal views and the most commonplace musical ideas. Aside from *Change Partners* and one or two straightforward tunes such as *Singin' Call*, this recording offers little beyond what his first undistinguished solo outing gave us.

•

Country Joe McDonald has done an album based on the World War One poems of Robert Service. ***War War War*** (Vanguard) contains ballads of disillusionment and homesickness, of the power of war to draw men, of profiteering and treachery and peasant bravery—all finely rendered by Joe, who wrote the music. After Vietnam, it's hard to be moved by such sentimental and melodramatic poems as Service wrote. Yet Joe McDonald's artistry makes many of them quite moving. Beyond our common, growing revulsion to war, it may be the ever-present nostalgia for a time when the issues were simpler that makes the album work.

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What can I do about a girl who wants to remain totally passive during lovemaking? I have enjoyed a sexual relationship with her for the past two months, but now she has decided that she wants to experience an orgasm without any active participation whatsoever on her part, which she feels should be possible if I stimulate her sufficiently (orally, manually or otherwise). I have tried to discuss this with her patiently, but she remains insistent; now I'm beginning to wonder if what she wants is possible. Is it?—S. B., Sacramento, California.

*Anything's possible. But the real question is why your girl would want just to lie passively while you strive to bring her to climax. If she's just curious, or if she's trying to tell you something about her desire for more satisfying foreplay (a possibility not to be overlooked), that's one thing. But if the lady is establishing a pattern and wants to be liberated from all responsibility for reciprocating your attentions and enthusiasm, we can only wonder why you'd want to bother.*

During the holiday season, I hope to take a cruise to Bermuda. This will be my first one and I'd like to do it right. Can you tell me what my tips should amount to and to whom I should distribute them?—R. S., Boston, Massachusetts.

*On short cruises and extended sea voyages, your total tip should amount to 15 percent of your fare. The customary way of splitting it up is to give 40 percent to your room steward and/or stewardess and 40 percent to your dining steward. The remaining 20 percent is spread among the deck steward, bath steward, pool attendant, gym attendant, and so forth. For drinks and anything that is billed to you separately, tip 15 to 20 percent—at the time of service. Fifty percent of the tips should be distributed approximately halfway through the voyage, or tip a reasonable percentage at one-week intervals on an extended trip, so personnel have a chance to spend some of their income during their own periods ashore. The ship's officers, of course, are never tipped. If still in doubt about the proper procedures, stop by the purser's office—he'll probably have a list of what's expected.*

My wife has informed me that she would enjoy sharing our lovemaking with a third person, either male or female, or with another couple. I find the idea rather stimulating. We've been happily married for ten years, with a fine sexual relationship, so this desire for adventure does not stem from boredom nor weakness in our marriage. I am, however, not certain I would enjoy making love with just a third person—I'm more inclined to think another couple would be more satisfying. But mate swapping would seem to lack the intimacy of having just a third party join us. Your opinion would be appreciated.—E. L., Atlanta, Georgia.

*We don't have a ready-made opinion about group sex that fits everyone. Or, put another way, our opinion is "different strokes for different folks." As far as you're concerned, we think that if you have to ask someone else's advice about such a personal matter, you have a problem. In any case, if you are, in fact, convinced that a group grope is just what your marriage needs, why get hung up over the number of partners? Try a variety.*

Back in the Thirties, it was common for movie stars, for publicity purposes, to insure their legs for millions of dollars. As a young swinger about town, I wonder if it's possible to insure any other portion of the anatomy against disfigurement or possible loss of function. I also am curious about the cost.—T. C., St. Louis, Missouri.

*Yes, it's possible to insure portions of the anatomy, but how much it costs depends on the underwriters of the insurance company. Lloyd's of London, for example, has insured the ears of a composer and the nose of a whiskey distiller. And the members of a whiskers club in England recently insured their beards against fire and theft for a premium of $50 each. Or isn't this what you have in mind?*

A few weeks ago, my old lady quit me because I confessed that I smoke pot—this after four years of going together. I can understand her attitude to a certain extent, because her aunt was abandoned by a lazy husband who smoked grass and my girl thinks I might turn out the same, despite the fact that I've been a head for as long as I've known her and she's had no complaints until now. I would like to prove to her that smoking grass had nothing to do with her uncle's aversion to work. I'd also like to get back in her good graces. Any suggestions?—P. F., Lincoln, Nebraska.

*Is it the pot smoking that bothers her or the fact that you've managed to conceal your habit from her for so long—an indication that your relationship may not be so close as you say it is? There's plenty of evidence that pot does not cause laziness. A good book on the subject is Dr.*


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*Joel Fort's "The Pleasure Seekers." In any case, your own demonstrated ability to smoke without impairment should be sufficient to convince your girlfriend of your ability to handle the stuff. It's probably true, however, that some people use marijuana as an escape or a crutch, much as others use alcohol, eating or TV watching. If she has you pegged in this category, there isn't much you can do other than quit her or get off the pot.*

As a distiller, I was somewhat shocked by your answer in the September *Playboy Advisor*. Lightness has nothing to do with where a Scotch is bottled nor with its proof, which is simply a matter of alcoholic content. It is the taste, not the alcoholic content nor proof, that determines the lightness of whisky. J & B, Cutty Sark, Johnnie Walker Red and, of course, our own Dewar's White Label are the four largest selling Scotches in the United States, are all bottled in Scotland and are all more than 80 proof. We are proud to bring the consumer a whisky considered to be light and we're disappointed that you have explained lightness in completely different terms.—Ebb Cooper, Executive Vice-President, Schenley Imports Co., New York, New York.

*"The Playboy Advisor" stated that the difference between a light and a regular Scotch is primarily one of flavor. As to how a Scotch is made light, we are indebted for our information to the National Association of Alcoholic Beverage Importers.*

I'm in the market for a new stereo receiver but have been confused by the power ratings of the various models. Oddly enough, the less expensive sets seem to offer more power than those that cost more—which I know damn well can't be true. What advice can you offer so I'll know what I'm doing when it comes to buying a set?—N. L., San Francisco, California.

*Ignore all claims to dynamic power, peak power, instantaneous power, etc.—most of this hyperbole originates with the advertising agency and is reminiscent of the cigarette slogan "It's not how long you make it, it's how you make it long." There's only one significant figure to look for and that's RMS (root-mean-square, a mathematical expression) power per channel, the continuous power that the set puts out, not what it's capable of doing for a fraction of a second. There should also be the phrase added to the rating: "both channels operating," which is, after all, how you use the set—some firms measure one channel at a time in hopes of coming up with a higher figure. RMS power is usually the lowest rating that you'll see. It's also the most honest, which is why more expensive sets by reputable companies appear underpowered when compared with their less expensive competitors. Take care in reading the spec sheets—and more power to you!*

At work some time ago, I met a charming young lady who was friendly but who soon let me know she was married and that her husband was serving in Vietnam. I'm not the sort to try to exploit such a situation and our relationship was limited to an occasional chat over coffee. About two months ago, she was notified that her husband had been killed in action. Since then, we've talked a lot more. She's still rather upset and lonely and I don't necessarily interpret her enjoyment of my company as an invitation to a more serious relationship. I would, however, like to ask her out. Is it too soon after her husband's death? I know I must be gentle and tactful, but just how should I go about it? —G. A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

*Religion, custom and personal attitudes vary in their dictates for a proper mourning period. For some people, a year's time may be minimal, while for others, such enforced solitude can be disastrous. We suggest you proceed with appropriate sensitivity—but don't be overly cautious. Respect for her social needs can be as important as respect for her personal tragedy. Ask her for a date, but one without intimate overtones. She'll let you know her feelings, and from there, you can play it by ear.*

The recent proposal by the Nixon Administration that the country launch a ten-year program to convert to the metric system makes me wonder just how complicated a system it is. I doubt that I'll ever hear "Third down, two meters to go," but, on the other hand, I may someday be buying gasoline by the liter and potatoes by the kilo. Would you fill me in?—J. F., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*You'll be pleased to know that the metric system will be simplicity itself, if and when the country adopts it. It's a decimal system of weights and measures, based on the meter, which is equal to 39.37 inches. The kilometer, 1000 meters, is equivalent to .621 mile. At the other end of the scale is the centimeter, one hundredth of a meter; it takes 2.54 of them to make an inch. The centimeter is further subdivided into ten millimeters. The kilogram is equal to 2.2 pounds, while in liquid measure, the liter is equal to 1.1 quarts. The metric system, devised by French scientists and adopted by France in 1799, is the standard for science and industry throughout the world, with the United States the last major holdout; Great Britain, from whom we adopted our present system of weights and measures, began her ten-year change-over six years ago. Incidentally, the meter, originally 1/10,000,000 the distance from the North Pole to the*

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*equator, has since been more rigorously defined as 1,650,763.73 wave lengths of the orange-red light from the isotope krypton-86 measured in a vacuum. Got that?*

The other night, I spent the better part of a five-dollar bill on what I imagine is one of the longest, most expensive flicks the movie industry has ever turned out. All of which started me wondering: What is the record for length and for cost of a movie?—C. M., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

*The most expensive film ever made was the U. S. S. R.'s production of "War and Peace." Total cost: $96,000,000. The longest film was "The Human Condition," a Japanese-made film by Masaki Kobayashi that runs eight hours and 50 minutes, beating Andy Warhol's "Sleep" (a man snoozing for eight hours) and "Empire State Building" (filmed from nine* P.M. *to four* A.M., *with no shifts in camera position and no action except for the lights' going on and off).*

I am a young, attractive woman with sexual problems about which I have been seeing a psychiatrist. Recently, he suggested that therapy might proceed more rapidly if he were to join me on the couch, where we could confront my difficulties more directly than just by talking about them. I like him, have found him helpful in the past and am not opposed to the idea of a sexual relationship with him, but it bothers me when I think that his professed professional concern might be simply a rationalization of a desire to satisfy his own sexual needs. How can I know if he's being honest with me—and himself?—J. N., Chicago, Illinois.

*This question was debated at a meeting of the Association for Humanistic Psychology, during a discussion of sexual relationships between psychotherapists and their patients. As a test of his sincerity, you might ask him the question suggested by a doctor in the audience: Would he be "willing to go into a homosexual relationship with a male patient who really needed it—or a woman who was old or ugly or fat or had only one breast"? If he can say yes—and you believe him—then your decision is somewhat simplified.*

---

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

### A CASE OF MANSLAUGHTER

I was arrested and convicted on a charge of manslaughter in Florida because I had an abortion: I am now out on bail while my case is being appealed. I could be imprisoned for up to 20 years for the crime of choosing not to bear a child because it was dangerous to my health, we couldn't afford it and for many other reasons. After my arrest, I was held in jail for four days before I was able to make bail. I was then convicted after a trial lasting two days. To the best of my knowledge, I am the only woman in the state of Florida to be prosecuted for obtaining an abortion and certainly the only woman to be convicted of manslaughter for that reason.

Shirley Wheeler
Daytona Beach, Florida

*A section of the Florida abortion statute declares that anyone who causes the death of a "quick child" (a fetus that has begun to move) is guilty of manslaughter. Not only is Shirley Wheeler the only woman in Florida to be prosecuted under this century-old law, she is one of the very few women ever prosecuted anywhere in the U. S. for obtaining an abortion, and the only woman in American history ever found guilty of manslaughter for undergoing this operation. During this bizarre trial, the Florida supreme court noted that the constitutionality of the state's abortion law—which permits this operation only to save the life of the mother—is open to serious question. Nevertheless, Shirley Wheeler was dragged through humiliating court proceedings in De Land, Florida. We are outraged at this act of sadistically vindictive moralism and we have pledged Playboy Foundation assistance to Mrs. Wheeler for as long as her case is in the courts.*

### PROTECTING HUMAN LIFE

Your report on abortion, "The Abortion Backlash" (*The Playboy Forum*, September), is full of tired old fallacies. You speak of "the anguish of millions of women and . . . the enormous problems created by unwanted pregnancies." Now, an unwanted pregnancy is by definition unpleasant, but an unpleasant experience needn't hurt a woman psychologically, although her attitude toward it may. It is true that pregnant women can be injured when they obtain illegal abortions under unsafe conditions, but such women are guilty of taking lives, while the unborn infants themselves are innocent.

You quote Florynce Kennedy: "The legislature should get its hairy fist out of women's private matters." But questions of ethics are the concern of all society. The moment of conception is the beginning of a developing human being, and human life must be protected.

Dennis M. Sullivan
Haworth, New Jersey

### THE QUALITY OF LIFE

I am presently a senior medical student at The Abraham Lincoln School of Medicine. I chose medicine as a career because I wish to help raise the quality of American life, if only in a small way. It is in this regard that I write this letter.

In the pediatric clinic at a Chicago medical center, it is not uncommon to find pregnant girls under the age of 15. Several hundred such pregnancies occurred last year. I believe, as do most of my colleagues, that such pregnancies should be terminated. These girls should be allowed to return to grade school and not be left with the mental scars and social disgrace that often accompany illegitimacy.

I entered medical school with a different opinion about abortion, but seeing those confused, pregnant girls and watching an autopsy on a woman who died from a septic abortion done by herself have changed my mind. Illinois law should be changed to allow an abortion for any woman who desires one. Why not leave this decision up to the individual?

I cannot argue that a fetus is not living tissue, but to me, it is not a human being until it is a living being separate from its mother. I believe our abortion laws are meant as a punishment for a woman's sexual behavior, rather than for the protection of fetal life.

William Agger
Oak Park, Illinois

### NO ABORTION ISSUE

Bravo to PLAYBOY and its informative report "The Abortion Backlash." While it may be true that liberalized abortion laws are under assault, it is also true that some 165,000 legal abortions were performed in New York alone during the

first year of its legalization of abortion. Also, every New York hospital surveyed reported a sudden drop in criminal or incomplete abortions. New York has witnessed a similar drop in maternal mortality, which is directly linked to restrictive laws that force women to submit to less than adequate service from the nearest lay abortionists.

The available data indicates that there may be no abortion issue at all. The fact is that women historically have sought abortions as a means of controlling their reproductive lives and will continue to do so regardless of the prevailing legislative or medical atmosphere. The only choice the rest of society has concerns the conditions under which women will have their abortions.

Good medical care for women seeking abortions has little to do with religion or morality. Proper and easily accessible medical care for those women seeking abortions will, however, eliminate many premature deaths, ease much of the agony of women, decrease the orphaning of children and cripple those organizations that profit from the practice of illegal abortions.

Gene Vadies
College Program Director
Planned Parenthood
World Population
New York, New York

### NEEDED: MORE UNWANTED KIDS

I was startled to hear on a news program that a North Carolina adoption agency has declared, "The number of children available for adoption in the state has decreased, and legal abortions are to blame for this." The agency also stated: "The number of unwanted children has dropped so low that only one half of the people wanting to adopt children will be accommodated."

How about it, North Carolina? Let's toughen up those abortion laws, so that the supply of unwanted children can keep up with the demand!

Fred Mertz
Jacksonville, North Carolina

### LICENSED REPRODUCTION

When cancer cells multiply wildly, the host organism dies. By analogy, might not a war against overpopulation be just as holy as the right-to-life organizations' holy war to protect the fetus? If we were to insist on licensing for reproduction, then legalization of abortion would be a logical part of a reproductive ethic conceived from a broader perspective than the traditional increase-and-multiply ethic. Potential parents should be genetically and sociologically screened. In addition, the fetus should be genetically screened by an early analysis of the amniotic fluid.

The fetus has a right to life primarily if it is wanted and is reasonably normal.

## *FORUM NEWSFRONT*

*a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

### THE PROUD AND THE PRUDISH

MALDON, ENGLAND—*The mothers of Maldon are in a snit because the winner of their local baby beauty contest turned out to be illegitimate. When they learned the "bonniest baby in town" was the child of a happily unmarried woman, several demanded that the mother return the trophy, but she replied, "I'm not handing it back and that's it. I'm proud of my baby and plan to enter him again next year." The contest officials let the decision stand. One said, "We were running a baby show, not judging people's morals."*

### THE DOCTOR IS OUT

SALEM, OREGON—*A Marion County health officer is quitting his job rather than administer two new state laws that he believes will "result in social disorder and chaos." One of the laws permits persons 15 and over to obtain medical treatment without parental consent; the other authorizes health and welfare officers to offer free family-planning and birth-control services to all low-income persons, including teenagers. The 45-year-old health officer said he would not be party to counseling young girls on how to avoid pregnancy and predicted a dramatic upsurge in teenage sexual activity.*

### SWINGERS CAN'T TEACH

LOS ANGELES—*An elementary school teacher has lost her bid for reinstatement by the state board of education after she had been fired for belonging to a mate-swapping club. Elizabeth Pettit, 52, argued that her membership in a swingers club was a private matter unrelated to her teaching competence, but Judge Charles H. Church disagreed and dismissed her suit with the assertion that "the intimate and delicate relationship between teachers and students requires that teachers be held to standards of morality in their private lives that may not be required of others."*

### THE PRICE OF MARITAL BLISS

LOS ANGELES—*A sociological study of 208 marriages has convinced a minister that religious fundamentalists with rigid, puritanical views on sex adjust to marriage more easily than couples with more liberal sexual and religious beliefs. The Reverend Allan G. Snider, in a doctoral dissertation accepted by the University of Southern California, found that the fundamentalists' strict and literal interpretation of the Bible "leads to a firm assignment of roles in a marriage." By contrast, adjustment appears to be more difficult among liberal, equalitarian church populations in which "the husband-wife roles are less clearly defined and are changing."*

### FOOLING MOTHER NATURE

*Women seeking to enlarge their breasts by means of silicone injections have been warned by the American Medical Association that the procedure is dangerous. Serious side effects have been reported, including the absorption of silicone material into the blood stream, which can carry it to the brain or lungs, as well as the development of "massive abscesses, necessitating surgical removal of the breast."*

### ROTTEN TO THE CORPS

SAN DIEGO—*The Marine Corps has court-martialed, convicted and sentenced to two years at hard labor a decorated Vietnam veteran for sexually abusing recruits while serving as a drill instructor at a San Diego Marine training camp. The 22-year-old Marine sergeant pleaded guilty to forcing recruits to engage in mass sexual acts while showering, to simulate intercourse in their beds and to perform other sexual maneuvers that the Corps found inconsistent with either military discipline or regular combat training.*

### CELIBACY RENOUNCED

ROME—*A world-wide survey conducted by the Vatican predicts that some 20,700 Roman Catholic priests will abandon the priesthood during the next five years, chiefly over the issue of mandatory celibacy. The survey reported a steady rise in the number leaving the priesthood and a sharp drop in the number of ordinations at a time when the world's Roman Catholic population is increasing.*

### FLORIDA FETUS FIGHT

*Defenders of the fetus seem unusually active in the state of Florida.*

• *In Tallahassee, three anti-abortion physicians asked a Federal court to appoint them legal guardians of the fetus of a pregnant woman in order to protect the rights of the unborn. The woman and her husband, joined by two other couples and two ministers, had sued to stop the state's attorney from preventing abortion counseling under the state's 1868 abortion law, when the physicians intervened on behalf of the fetus. The three doctors were refused guardianship by the court and the woman underwent a legal abortion in New York. The clergymen are testing the*

*constitutionality of prosecutions under the 103-year-old law, which still prohibits not only abortions, but also abortion counseling and soliciting to obtain an abortion.*

*• The state abortion law has also been challenged by the publisher of the newspaper* Cocoa Today *after the paper's "Help" column printed information on obtaining legal abortions and the Brevard County attorney threatened to prosecute. The publisher's suit contends that the law is vague, unreasonable and violates freedom of speech and of the press.*

*• A young Daytona Beach woman has been convicted of manslaughter and faces a possible 20-year prison sentence for inducing the miscarriage of her 23-week-old fetus. Legal experts believe this is the first time in U. S. history that a woman has been found guilty of abortional homicide.* *(See letter entitled "A Case of Manslaughter," page 77.)*

### TOPLESS BUST

THE RIVIERA—*Young Frenchwomen are expected to bare their bosoms in confrontation with conservative officials along the Riviera this summer. In the past, the girls had been ordered to cover up by French riot police; however, they claim they have the right to doff their tops and cite the implicit blessing of a senior police officer, who reportedly declared: "This is not the Victorian age. Why shouldn't women have bare breasts on the beaches, if they practically have them already in the ballroom?"*

### FLAG FLAP

*One of the more interesting incidents in the continuing controversy over the use and abuse of Old Glory involves a policeman in East Peoria, Illinois, who has been suspended from duty for refusing to wear an American-flag patch on his uniform. Patrolman Woodrow Slocum appealed the suspension, arguing that a police officer must be a neutral member of society, that the flag presently has strong political connotations and that to wear it on his uniform would place him on one side of an ideological dispute, in violation of his own freedom of speech. A judge rejected his appeal, saying that no constitution required Slocum to become a policeman and no law requires him to remain one.*

### THIRTY YEARS FOR A JOINT

NEW ORLEANS—*A Federal court of appeals has denied a new hearing to a second offender serving 30 years in a Texas prison for possession of a single marijuana cigarette. In dismissing his claim that 30 years for one joint was unconstitutionally severe, the court ruled that "a sentence within the statutory limits set by a legislature is not to be considered cruel or unusual."*

### FIFTH COMMANDMENT UPHELD

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*A state appeals-court judge has dismissed charges of marijuana possession against a man who was turned in to the police by his 12-year-old son. The boy reportedly found pot in his father's dresser drawer and called the police, who then sent him back into the house to secure a sample. Using this, they obtained a search warrant, seized the marijuana and arrested 32-year-old Charles Raymond, a state rehabilitation officer. The judge ruled the warrant was invalid and the evidence was obtained illegally. In his opinion he noted that the police violated the Fourth Amendment and the boy violated the Fifth Commandment—honor thy father and thy mother.*

### IF THIS BE TREASON

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI—*Eleven black separatists have been charged with treason under an 1818 law that carries the death penalty for committing an act of war against the state of Mississippi. The treason charges, plus charges of murder and attempted murder, were filed against members of the Republic of New Africa after a gun fight at the organization's headquarters resulted in the death of one policeman and the wounding of two other officers.*

### TEENAGER ON DEATH ROW

DE WITT, ARKANSAS—*An Arkansas jury has found a 15-year-old boy guilty of first-degree murder and has sentenced him to death in the electric chair. The prosecution did not contend that Joey Newton Kagebien actually fired the shotgun that killed a 27-year-old rice farmer, but Kagebien was involved in the fight that ended in the shooting and, therefore, under state law, is equally responsible. The defense sought to establish that the fight followed the victim's homosexual advances toward Kagebien and three companions; they cited the fact that the victim's body was found clad only in cowboy boots, women's panties and nightgown, and said they had witnesses, including a city marshal, who would testify to the victim's homosexual inclinations. The judge refused to accept the defense witnesses. One of the state's prosecutors explained to a* Kansas City Times *reporter how they decided the victim was not homosexual: "We talked to people who hunted and fished with him. Homos don't do much hunting and fishing, you know. They're not outdoor types. We watched movies of him walking . . . but hell, he didn't walk like a homo. He was a Mason, a Shriner, a hard-working man and a father." The other boys charged with the murder are still awaiting trial.*

Many fetuses, had they the understanding, might not even want to enter the world. They might consider being born an abrogation of their right to nonexistence and, later, might even sue those who spewed them forth into a hostile environment without their consent.

Emanuel M. Greenberg, M. D.,
President
Birth of a Baby Foundation, Inc.
New York, New York

*In a well-informed society in which contraception and abortion were available to all, individual initiative could be trusted to take care of the population problem. We are firmly opposed to any scheme that would violate individual freedom by imposing contraception or abortion at the pleasure of the state.*

### USEFUL INFORMATION

We at Zero Population Growth thought you would be interested to hear of the huge response we received after being listed among the free abortion-referral services in *The Playboy Forum* report "The Abortion Backlash." We have had calls from as far as Honduras and as near as around the corner. Innumerable people have told us that your report was a godsend.

We would like to suggest that PLAYBOY publish a special monthly list of phone numbers that might be important to some of your many readers. These might include sources of information on V. D., abortions, contraceptives, drugs and on many other problems. What a fantastic public service that would be!

Elizabeth Poons
Zero Population Growth
Abortion Referral Service
New York, New York

*The Playboy Foundation is financing a Chicago referral-and-consultation service, which works with a coalition of youth-oriented service groups in this area. By dialing 929-5150, a person in the Greater Chicago area can speak to a trained volunteer counselor and get help with a problem of any sort, including drug abuse, abortion, birth control, suicidal feelings, legal difficulties and the troubles of runaways. Paralleling this project, "The Playboy Forum" plans a regularly appearing subsection in the near future that will list phone numbers and addresses of organizations that can assist people with various kinds of questions.*

### WOMEN DOCTORS

In spite of the well-known shortage of doctors in this country, most medical schools remain hostile to female students. In a study performed by myself and some colleagues, all the medical schools in the U. S. and Canada were polled, and replies were received from 95 percent. Many outstanding medical educators expressed disinterest or overt hostility to women in medicine; one

dean wrote bluntly, "I just don't like women—as people or doctors—they belong at home cooking or cleaning." Another: "I have enough trouble understanding my wife and daughter—I certainly don't want such people as medical students." These attitudes are typical of our culture, where only seven percent of all doctors are women (as contrasted with 75 percent in Russia, 30 percent in England and 26 percent in France).

The rationalization for discriminating against women in medicine is usually that most of them get married and pregnant, and cannot continue with their work. This is just not true. I have worked with Dr. Alfred M. Freedman in developing a program for female medical students at New York Medical College, in which we made special provisions for those who became pregnant during training. This was funded by the National Institute of Mental Health, and we now have trained 54 women doctors, with not a single dropout. These physician mothers have proved to be excellent, dedicated, intelligent and hard-working doctors: They often have been elected chief residents by their male counterparts.

This is, I believe, a foreshadow of things to come. Existing prejudices cannot turn back the tide: Common sense, common decency, fair play, the women's liberation movement and the physician shortage all guarantee that medical schools are going to have to admit more women. Ten years from now, I predict, nearly half of our doctors will be female.

Harold I. Kaplan, M. D.
Professor of Psychiatry
Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals
New York, New York

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

I sincerely and enthusiastically support the efforts of Ms. Bella Abzug to eliminate the sexist and discriminatory titles Miss and Mrs. from the language.

When a man asks me if I am Miss or Mrs., he is, in effect, asking if the government has given me a license to have sexual intercourse and to bear children. Now, really, what business is this of his? How would he like to go through life being identified as bachelor or benedict, with abbreviated titles to match?

Just as many people who are neither black nor gay nor poor actively support attempts to achieve justice for those who are, so should fair-minded men (to wit: PLAYBOY's readers) support a nondiscriminatory title for women and, more important, stop using the sexist titles themselves.

Ms. Trudy Drucker
Newark, New Jersey

*If you want to be addressed as Mizz and referred to by an abbreviation—Ms. —that, as far as we can tell, doesn't stand for anything, feel free. But if you're really upset by sexism in titles, why not eliminate Mr. as well as Mrs. and Miss and refer to everyone as Hb. (human being) or Pn. (person)? Indeed, why not campaign to eliminate the sexism inherent in the obvious difference between masculine and feminine given names—and begin by changing yours to Ralph?*

### SEX OBJECTS

I am in disagreement with women's lib, since I feel that women *should* be sexual objects. Unfortunately, the media have done a great deal to contribute to the notion that only a young, slender woman can be sexy. I believe sexiness can exist in all women, no matter what their age. I'm in my early 30s and in good shape and I like to be considered attractive and sexy. It was great blossoming into a young woman, but why shouldn't I feel the same happiness about some of the changes my body is going through now—the fuller hips, the knowledgeable wrinkles, the more assured manner?

If we would stop worshiping youth and start appreciating the mellow and mature woman, there would be a lot more happy people around. Young people, who now fear aging, would be happier, too.

Eileen Schaffner
Woodland Hills, California

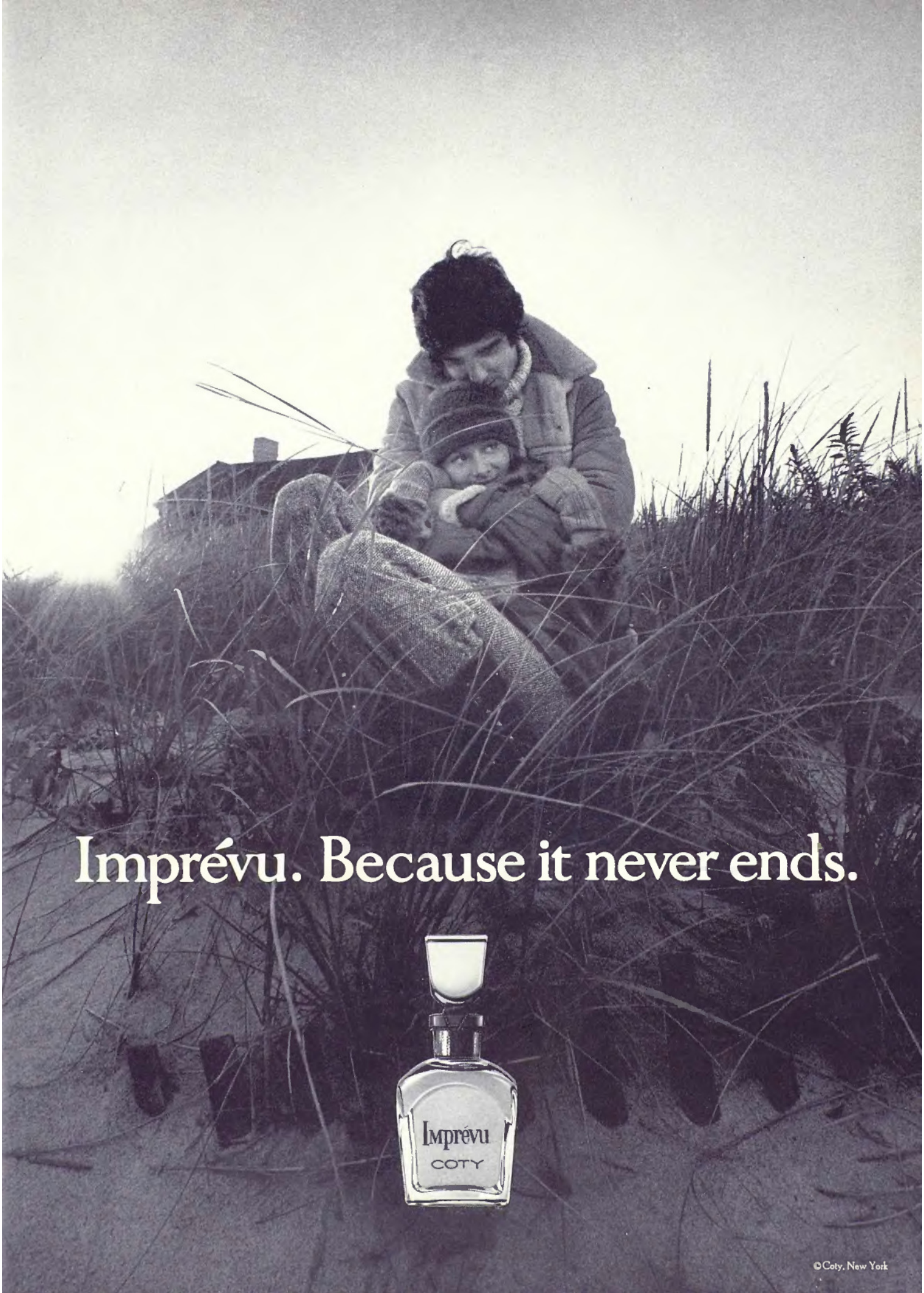
### THE NEW WOMAN

Doubtless, few people give much thought to the fact that making love and making war have many common denominators, to wit: (1) Both require more than one person. (2) One person seeks to invade the other, sensing that he cannot find peace and creativity within himself without efforts to involve himself with others peacefully or contentiously. (3) Both consume more time, energy and money than needed to achieve their purpose. (4) Both begin with high hopes of achieving better lives for the people who initiate action. (5) Each side inflicts wounds on the other, some of them irreparable. (6) The victor never feels his gains are worth rejoicing over more than momentarily or intermittently. (7) People die in war and, though they rarely die in love, they frequently sincerely wish that they would. (8) Both pursuits have a long, glorious, honored tradition. The devotion, integrity, courage, generosity, self-sacrifice, honor, altruism and high-mindedness of both the warrior and the lover have been extolled in myths and stories throughout history. (9) During the latter part of the 20th Century, both images have suffered tarnishment. Many see the warrior as a homicidal robot and the lover as a self-centered, hedonistic, promiscuous seeker of sex thrills.

We've hoped that an end to war would be found in our time, but it hasn't happened yet. Neither has any formula brought peace to the love front; if people aren't alienated when they begin to interact with each other, they soon find some way to bring this alienation about. Many people are now expressing the hope that the liberation of women will lead to more productive and creative love relationships, putting an end to the war between the sexes.

Women today say they wish to become liberated women, but I think the term "new woman" calls to mind a broader and more inclusive image. It invites a woman to consider that she not only is striking a blow to free herself from past handicaps but that she must enlarge, broaden and apply her expanded potentialities in new directions. In formulating a new picture of themselves, women should not forget that men have always needed beauty. Hence, if women wish to have a healthy effect on the world they inhabit, and if this world includes men, then they should give thought to the cultivation of beauty in all its forms. Few women today are making the most of their potentialities in this realm. If they undertook more in this area, their presence would arrest the attention of those about them and they would be in a position to exercise their best influence. Accompanying beauty, the cultivation of warmth, responsiveness and a sensitive concern for the feelings of others adds to the value of a personality and makes any dealings and involvements with other people easier, requiring less thought and expenditure of energy. Women who notice and care about others tend to cause things to happen.

The attractive, dynamic and valuable woman gives herself as fully as possible to whatever she is doing. Rather than being afraid that involvement will wound her in some way, she knows she can usually make good use of involvement. Yet, if it impinges painfully upon her, she can move away from it and enter a zone of safety without embarrassment. She can be comfortable if ignored for a period of time, for she is sure she won't be ignored for long, since she knows she is needed by others. Every encounter is repeatedly telling her this and consequently validating her worth. The mature woman likes men, respects them, admires them and is not afraid of doing so ungrudgingly. Moreover, she does not feel compelled to do so because of some dictum from some vague authority, past or present. She does it because it makes her feel more of a human being to do so. She invites the expression of self from other people; she has enough of self that she can be devoted to others and not fear that she is giving self away, so to speak, and may be personally impoverished. With this inner awareness, she can entertain herself for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long periods of time because she knows she doesn't face a vast desert of painful loneliness, but can summon interesting people to her side or move to their sides.

The new woman should be free enough and full enough to lead others out of the obscure corners where everybody is prone to keep the greater part of himself. Most people resemble icebergs, particularly in the sense that they keep nine tenths of themselves hidden, regardless of how much warmth or impact is directed toward them. So, the more a woman is gentle in her judgments and soothing and gracious in her capacity to comfort, the more she will carry others along with her to congenial and creative experiences. Nor need she be yielding in nature. She never need relinquish her right to give a constructive, orderly contour to the environment she inhabits. The new woman will probably become her best self when she takes a new look at the emotional needs that have existed in human beings around her throughout history. When she is equal to meeting those needs, her lover, her husband and her children will rise up and call her blessed.

O. Spurgeon English, M. D.
Narberth, Pennsylvania

*Dr. English was chairman of the psychiatry department at Temple University Medical School for 26 years and still continues as a professor of psychiatry.*

### THE RISKS OF ADULTERY

The Texas courts confronted a rather knotty legal question in the following case: Mr. A was having intercourse with Mrs. B, when the unfortunate appearance of Mr. B with a gun in his hand led to Mr. A dying of a bullet in the head. This is hardly unprecedented, of course, but when the widow of Mr. A attempted to collect his insurance, the insurance company ruled that his death was not accidental, on the ground that a man who seduces another man's wife is taking unnecessary risks. The court of civil appeals pondered the question involved here and rendered the following judgment:

> It seems to be the well-settled law in this state that death by gunshot, or by any form of homicide, at the hands of a third person is deemed to be an "accident," even though death was intended by the person doing the shooting. This rule, however, is not without exception. If the deceased, prior to death, engaged in some conduct toward his assailant for which he did know, or should have known, the assailant would kill him by violent means, then the death is deemed not to be an "accident." . . .
>
> Other than the act of adultery, the deceased did nothing, except take a few steps toward his assailant, to provoke the deadly assault. He made no threats or threatening gesture and his assailant admitted he could see that he was unarmed. . . . There is nothing in the crime of adultery, although a violation of the law of the land and a great moral wrong, which in its essence is calculated to produce the death of the adulterer. Under some circumstances it may be the occasion of the death of the adulterer, but his death is not the natural and legitimate consequence of the adultery itself. . . . Ordinarily most husbands do not undertake to vindicate such wrongs by homicide but, rather, lay their problem in the lap of the divorce courts. Therefore, we do not believe it can be said that the deceased should have reasonably anticipated such violent consequence by reason of his conduct.

The widow collected.

(Name withheld by request)
San Antonio, Texas

### THE SEXUAL REALITIES

In the July *Playboy Forum*, George Brooks quoted Dr. Frederick Lemere as follows: "Fortunately for men, most women can take sex or leave it alone and are often glad to do the latter. . . . Women have a much greater capacity to adjust to the sexual realities of life than do men, and a man should not equate a woman's needs with his own." I should like to take this opportunity to state that Dr. Lemere is full of bull. Cultural conditioning is not the same as lack of interest in sex. Most women have learned to lie, even to themselves, about their sexual desires—because they have been taught that it is not nice or feminine to express sexual feelings.

It may take many years for a woman to overcome this miseducation, and when she does, the poor male, led to believe that she really doesn't have desires as strong as his, feels overwhelmed. If he is intelligent and understanding, he joyfully accepts this wonderful bonus to his pleasure; if not, he may feel threatened and even taper off his own sexual activity. Actually, women's sexuality should in no way rob the male of his masculinity; rather, it should enhance his pride in himself, since he is able to give so much pleasure to his partner.

(Name withheld by request)
Chenoa, Illinois

### DOING IT IN THE ROAD

I was going to berate *The Playboy Forum* for publishing Harry Celine's letter in the August issue without any critical comment, but I decided that the title you gave it, "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?" is criticism enough.

Celine is arguing that no amount of public nudity, open performances of sexual acts on the stage and the screen, streams of pornographic writing leaving no detail to the imagination, and the like, can take the joy out of sex. He compares sex with golf and indicates that those who practice vigorously and constantly and who are most promiscuous, public and obsessive will get the most out of it. True, golf is played with balls, a long, rodlike object and holes. At all other points, however, Celine's absurd analogy breaks down. His problem seems to be that he is confusing technique and prowess with the enjoyment of sex. He argues that the mass production of books has not made writers more jaded. Here he is confusing quantity with quality.

Sex should not be approached with the compulsiveness of a golf pro nor the mechanical routine of a hack writer. Celine's observations of life must be exceedingly narrow and superficial if he is unaware that some human activities flourish best when pursued spontaneously and in private.

Franklin J. C. Hiller
Rochester, New York

### RELENTLESS

Under the headline "MAN'S RELENTLESS DRIVE," the *Chicago Daily News* published a science article that said in part:

> Men up to age 35 have a sexual thought an average of every ten minutes; from ages 35 to 50, every 25 minutes; and from 50 on, once an hour.
>
> Dr. Joseph B. Trainer, professor of medicine at the University of Oregon, cited these figures, compiled by other researchers, to support his thesis that man, unlike other animals, is impelled toward sex almost continually.
>
> "Sex is usually thought of as an activity which can be turned on and off at will." Trainer told the Illinois State Medical Society. . . . "Our studies have shown that, instead, it is an automatic, unconscious, repetitive activity."

I feel that if more people understood this, there would be less preaching of puritanical and impossible sexual codes.

Mark Stevens
Evanston, Illinois

### HANG-UPS OF THE FREE

New York, like most big cities today, has a large number of singles bars where men and women who are, for the most part, affluent, young, attractive and unattached drop in with the idea of striking up an acquaintance with others who may be suitable bed partners. Anyone not familiar with these hangouts may imagine them to be lively energy centers in which free spirits take adventurous advantage of the new mores developed

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You'd want to start with a really powerful solid-state stereo receiver. One with maybe 200 watts of peak music power (for the "purist," 75 watts I.H.F. at less than 1% distortion). One with a tuning meter, field effect transistors, and plenty of slide and pushbutton controls.

One like that Sylvania CR280 over on the right.

Then you'd need a turntable. With a good changer. Say a Dual 1215. And a Pickering magnetic cartridge with a diamond stylus. Plus anti-skate and cueing controls.

Just like the Sylvania T250 in the picture.

Speakers would be next. You'd want big ones. Air-suspension types. Because they sound as good as standard speakers two sizes larger. And you'd want at least three in each cabinet—a 12" bass woofer, a dome mid-range, and a dome tweeter.

The same as those Sylvania AS125's over there.

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But it'll cost about $240 more.

*Based on manufacturer's suggested list pricing for components described.

GTE SYLVANIA

by the sexual revolution. As a bachelor who has spent a great deal of time prowling the singles bars that dot First and Second avenues, I'm sorry to report that reality doesn't live up to that exciting picture.

Every night, young people in this neighborhood climb into their best threads, drop in for a drink at a few places and end up at their favorite bar for a nightcap. At midnight, you can find them still out looking, leaning against the bar, perched on a stool or sprawled at a table, with darting eyes, poised cigarettes, Hollywood glances and half-filled glasses. Somehow, they never make that essential contact. When time, money or the selection runs out, the great majority go home alone.

We supposedly liberated young men and women of America, who have inherited the benefits of the long struggle to overthrow puritanism, choose to sleep alone night after night. Why do so many pass up the chance to share a brief, intimate moment of life with another person, no strings attached?

I can conclude only that sexual freedom, like any other kind of liberation, is not something someone can hand you as a gift. To exercise freedom, you have to be willing to take risks and liberate yourself. Many of us young people have a long way to go.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

## RAISING EXPECTATIONS

In the August *Atlantic Monthly*, a columnist named L. E. Sissman sets out to "deplore in the most scathing terms" the fact that portrayals of sex in our entertainment media are becoming increasingly explicit. Sissman says that until recently we could hope to achieve an adjustment in our lives permitting partial fulfillment of our sexual expectations and freeing our energies for other activities. Now, however, overwhelmed by erotic imagery, we are led "to preoccupy ourselves with our own sexual betterment" (presumably to the detriment of more worthwhile concerns). Guess who is first on Sissman's list of malefactors:

> PLAYBOY is the protovillain in all of this, the first mass pusher of the drug of sex to the sensually disadvantaged of all ages, the first mass packager of denatured (and dehumanized) female flesh, the first mass marketer of measured doses of addictive sexual sensation. . . . PLAYBOY went about its dirty work of prettifying, trivializing and making palatably cute (for example, "Bunny" for paid temptress) a part of the human condition within certain well-defined limits of "decency." Thus it is not alone because of postal regulations that PLAYBOY has not, until very recently (and then very timidly), admitted pictorially the existence of pubic hair; it is also partly because PLAYBOY needs desperately to be accepted by reader and advertiser alike as an unsubversive, overground publication that is part of the system, and partly because PLAYBOY's sick male-chauvinist *"Philosophy"* cannot admit the existence of a woman's sexual power, as signified visibly by pubic hair.

Sissman moves on from PLAYBOY to attack frank sexual portrayals in movies and novels, the latest crop of sex manuals and "unhousebroken bathroom references" on late-night TV talk shows. He states that, unlike Irving Kristol, who argued for "liberal censorship" in *The New York Times Magazine* (*The Playboy Forum*, September), he is opposed to censorship. Instead, he proposes to combat sexually explicit material by means of consumer protest and:

> Second, those of us who are writers, teachers, community leaders, makers of opinion can bury our outmoded, liberal, laissez-faire ideas about freedom of expression at any cost—and help to cramp and cripple the mass appeal of pornography by making it *démodé*, by pointing out its kitschy insipidity, by exposing its infantilism, by laughing it to scorn.

I am curious as to what PLAYBOY's reaction might be to Sissman's opinions.

Robert Gordon
Boston, Massachusetts

*Sissman's main point seems to be that the sex drive makes impossible demands on people and is brought under control with difficulty. Just when a person has tamed the beast within, along comes a magazine, book or movie that restimulates this appetite to the great discomfort of its possessor. This hypothesis has two big holes in it: First, as was demonstrated in studies of the effects of pornography sponsored by the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, the more extensive one's exposure to sexually explicit material, the less intense the response it provokes. Second, the sexual urge seems limitless only to the frustrated; those who have an opportunity to satisfy their needs find that they reach satiety long before the point at which they might have to give up eating, sleeping, working or reading the* Atlantic Monthly.

*We learn much about Sissman's attitude toward sex when he calls sex a "drug," identifies* PLAYBOY *as the "pusher" of "addictive sexual sensation" and describes Bunnies as "paid temptresses." (By the same token, Sissman, who presumably earns money by expressing these opinions, might be termed a "paid propagandist.") It is quite true that* PLAYBOY *wants to be accepted by both readers and advertisers (we're more confident than desperate about this), and what of it? We admit to being an "unsubversive, overground publication that is part of the system," and again, what of it? We've never claimed to be the voice of the Weathermen, even though we oppose many Government policies. The magazine Sissman writes for is also unsubversive and part of the system—and anyone who accepts assignments from it is hardly in a position to sneer at other publications for being insufficiently revolutionary. The idea that pubic hair signifies "power" is the kind of laughable image likely to arise in the mind of one who views sex as a dangerous, overwhelming, somewhat magical force. It is not a view we share. And, indeed, as any regular reader knows, "pubic power" has been appearing for some time in* PLAYBOY.

*Certainly, much pornography is kitschy, insipid, infantile and silly, but we doubt that the public will be educated to that fact by "makers of opinion" such as Sissman who consider excessive sexual arousal a menace to civilization.*

## HETEROSEXUAL SODOMY

Since *The Playboy Forum* has repeatedly condemned laws forbidding people from privately engaging in certain kinds of sex acts, I'm sure you'll be interested in a case that occurred in Denver. A man and a woman in a car parked in an apartment-house carport were spied on and arrested by two policemen. They were charged with unnatural carnal copulation, a felony. Although they denied the charge, a jury found them guilty and the judge gave them one- to two-year suspended sentences. Their lawyers appealed to the supreme court of Colorado on the ground that the cops had trespassed on private property to see what the couple was doing, but the appeal was denied. End of case, as far as I know.

According to local gossip, the police were out to get this man because he is a well-known gambler, and perhaps this is borne out by the fact that after the arrest, but before the trial, he was convicted on a gambling charge and is now in prison. If it's true that this man was prosecuted for his sexual behavior only because the police were interested in him for other reasons, this makes the sodomy conviction all the more unjust.

It disgusts me to think that my tax money is helping to pay policemen to engage in sordid Peeping Tom activities and that the law gives courts the right to sit in judgment on people's private sexual behavior.

Robert Harris
Denver, Colorado

*The act in question was cunnilingus, which is, to be sure, a form of carnal copulation but is about as unnatural as the Rocky Mountains. Why this particular instance of oral sex was singled out for*

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*prosecution is unclear. The trial transcript doesn't say anything about the male defendant's being targeted by the police because of his gambling activities, but the only reason the arresting officers could give for following the couple was the rather flimsy one that the woman "looked like a prostitute" (she wasn't). Subsequently, when questioned by the defense attorney, one officer described in detail how he and his partner went about observing the couple. After stating that he saw the male defendant's tongue in the female defendant's vaginal area, he was asked:*

Q.: *You could see that from being a foot and a half away from the——*
A.: *No, sir, at the time I saw that, I was a lot closer.*
Q.: *Where was your head?*
A.: *Looking in that window.*
Q.: *You had to get over her back to do that, didn't you?*
A.: *No, as I recall, she had her eyes closed.*
Q.: *She had her eyes closed?*
A.: *That's when she opened up her eyes and saw us; that's when we made the arrest.*
Q.: *And it wasn't until she opened up her eyes that you made the arrest, right?*
A.: *Right.*
Q.: *What were you waiting for?*
A.: *I had a new man with me.*
Q.: *Oh, training, on-the-job training?*
A.: *Yes, sir.*

*One reason why foolish laws, such as this one making oral copulation illegal, have been kept on the books is that they make possible the persecution of individuals who have earned the displeasure of the local establishment agents but against whom no crime can be proved. This is unjust in itself and, furthermore, it makes criminals of all citizens whose sexual behavior includes this commonplace act. A new Colorado penal code is due to go into effect in July 1972, making legal all private consensual sex acts between adults. Envisioning the sorry spectacle of two men creeping up to a car parked in a private area and observing a couple's sexual activity, then arresting them under an obsolescent law, we feel that law-enforcement practices in Denver should have been put on trial, not the couple who were arrested.*

### *SCREW* AND THE A. C. L. U.

The September *Playboy Forum* published a letter from Al Goldstein, executive editor of *Screw*, in which he recounts the legal harassment of *Screw* and then states, "we have not had one iota of help from the American Civil Liberties Union. In fact, they have even refused to file an *amicus curiae* brief because, as one of their lawyers told me, we 'give freedom of speech a bad name.'"

I have no idea which A. C. L. U. lawyer Goldstein is quoting. There is no way I can deny that anyone said anything like that to Goldstein, because there are thousands of attorneys throughout the country who handle our cases and I can't check with all of them. I can say that Goldstein never spoke to our legal director or to the director of the New York Civil Liberties Union or to me. If anybody did turn Goldstein down on the grounds he alleges, that person did not properly represent the A. C. L. U.

As a matter of fact, I recall a couple of years ago when New York news dealers selling *Screw* were being harassed, the New York Civil Liberties Union took action on behalf of *Screw* to end that harassment. One of the forms of harassment Goldstein says he suffered recently has been ended: As a result of a New York C. L. U. suit, the New York City Police Department has stopped sending notices to landlords about the alleged crimes of their tenants.

Aryeh Neier, Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

### PUBLICATION FOR PRISONERS

I was in Iowa City, Iowa, recently and met *Penal Digest International*'s editor, Wes Graham, and publisher, Joe Grant. I learned from them that *P. D. I.* is published with the help of a grant from the Playboy Foundation. Much needs to be done to reform the penal system, and PLAYBOY's generosity and concern have given me much more respect for your publication.

Merrily Meglitsch
Evanston, Illinois

Penal Digest International *is devoted to news for prisoners written by prisoners and to advocacy of law and prison reforms. The publisher has started gathering funds to provide a college scholarship program for prison inmates.* P. D. I. *is currently filing suit against the state of Ohio for declaring the publication contraband. Any prisoner who is not allowed to receive* P. D. I. *should notify the publisher (P. O. Box 89, Iowa City, Iowa 52240), so that a suit can be filed against the warden responsible.*

### SLAVES OF THE WEED

Our local county attorney gave a speech about marijuana this past spring, and it was right out of the Thirties. The following are some actual quotes:

> This country is experiencing an epidemic of drug-related burglaries, larcenies and robberies. . . .
>
> The user becomes a slave to that dreadful weed; his energies are diverted from wholesome pursuits so that he can maintain his supply of "grass." . . .
>
> The evidence that marijuana *is* harmful is clear and convincing. Marijuana is the source, the fountainhead of the entire problem. . . .
>
> I am not unmindful of the need for rehabilitation of the criminal. But I cannot in good conscience take the position that rehabilitation should come before punishment or in lieu of punishment.

Meanwhile, the police department has acquired a large German shepherd dog, an unmarked police car and plainclothesmen who snoop around the beach with cameras and tape recorders.

I don't know how many potheads we've got around here—I'm a 48-year-old Navy veteran and not part of the youth culture—but they've never been a problem.

John R. Pope
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

### POT AND STARVATION

I offer you this article from the "Wheeler Air Force Base Bulletin":

> *Drug Abuse:* Today we may be noting more and more publicity as to the harmlessness of marijuana or pot. Bumper stickers state POT IS INNOCENT. Advertisements in our newspapers appeal for the "humanization of pot." We may also see from time to time an appeal for aid to the starving people of some underdeveloped country. Did you know that the use of "hash-hish" in some of these countries is widespread, in fact commonplace? Please ask yourself—does the use of this drug have any bearing upon the life style and thus the poverty of these starving people. We may not have very much background on the effects of marijuana! But there is one fact that has been thoroughly proven. It is that "grass" does tend to create a "carefree" life style in the habitual user even when not under its direct influence. Though young children are not yet starving "in mass" in this great country of ours, it could happen. No! Not tomorrow, for I'm sure the starvation, and death of innocent victims did not come overnight in these drug-ravaged countries. Let us look to these countries who have legalized, or should we say humanized, hash-hish and other drugs. Is poverty starvation and death of innocent victims what you would call "humanization"? Think about it!
>
> (Name withheld by request)
> Wheeler AFB, Hawaii

*We offer the following comment to the "Wheeler Air Force Base Bulletin."*

*Today we are hearing more and more about the nutritional value of rice. We may also see from time to time an*

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*appeal for aid to the starving people of some underdeveloped country. Did you know that the use of rice in some of these countries is widespread, in fact commonplace? Please ask yourself—does the use of this food have any bearing upon the life style and thus the poverty of these starving people. We may not have very much background on the effects of rice! But there is one fact that has been thoroughly proved. It is that rice does tend to create a "carefree" life style in the habitual user even when not under its direct influence. Though young children are not yet starving "in mass" in this great country of ours (outside the ghettos), it could happen. No! Not tomorrow, for I'm sure the starvation, and death of innocent victims did not come overnight in these rice-ravaged countries. Think about it!*

**THE BIG DRUGSTORE**

In the avalanche of books, articles and public discussions of the drug problem in the United States, there is little awareness of the direct and striking connection between the increase in the prescription of legal drugs and the steady and corresponding increase in the use and abuse of illegal drugs.

The per capita consumption of legal psychoactive drugs has been escalating, year by year, since the early Fifties. More and more people use sedatives, sleeping pills, tranquilizers, energizers and stimulants (not to mention alcohol). In 1970, there were 225,000,000 prescriptions for psychoactive drugs written by physicians; other such drugs are available without prescription and are advertised aggressively on television.

Since the early Fifties, there has also been a notable increase in the use of illegal drugs, including heroin. There has been much written and spoken about this problem, but virtually nobody has called attention to the source of the drug pollution of our inner and outer environments. That source is the legal-drug mystique—the idea that drugs are capable of producing virtual miracles. Young and old alike have been told that drugs can make us calm and content, can exert instant dramatic changes and can relieve us of the unhappiness that used to be thought an inevitable part of life. This message has been promoted by the drug industry, the mass media and, finally, by the apostles of the youth culture such as Timothy Leary.

It seems to me that things will get worse before they get better. The medical profession, in whose ranks are many who have been offenders in overprescription of drugs, is now promoting the drug methadone as a panacea for heroin addiction. We should remember that heroin itself was once advocated by physicians as a cure for morphine addiction (and doctors once recommended opium in the treatment of alcoholism). Though, in 1968, there were only 3000 carefully selected addicts being treated by methadone, by the end of 1971, there may well be more than 50,000; meanwhile, methadone is becoming widely available on the streets of New York and other cities as the result of its widespread medical distribution.

Unless we begin to see the interrelationship between the legal-drug culture and the illegal-drug culture, we will continue to drift toward a disaster that might be comparable to the havoc caused by the overuse of DDT. Though there were unquestionable benefits of DDT in the eradication of malaria, its continued indiscriminate use is now threatening an ecological disaster.

We should also remember that the early warning of German physicians regarding the potential dangers of thalidomide were ignored until thousands of children had been crippled.

It is crucial, therefore, that we now seriously consider the unintended but inevitable consequences of the ever increasing use of psychoactive drugs.

Henry L. Lennard, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Medical Sociology (Psychiatry)
University of California
San Francisco, California

*Dr. Lennard is senior author of the recently published book "Mystification and Drug Misuse."*

**POPULAR INITIATIVE ON POT**

I am delighted to see the recurring discussion of marijuana-law reform in *The Playboy Forum*. I think that we of BLOSSOM (Basic Liberation of Smokers and Sympathizers of Marijuana) have something useful to add: A method for accomplishing the task of legalization.

After discovering the futility of trying to remove legal restrictions on pot use through legislation (it is too hot an issue for legislators to touch), we decided that the next most logical approach is that of the popular initiative. This simply requires obtaining the signatures of a certain percentage of a state's population—the percent varies from state to state—on initiative petitions. Once this is done, the question is submitted to a referendum at the next state-wide election. Use of this procedure relieves legislators of the responsibility of dealing with an issue that still is regarded as political suicide in most places.

During the past six months, we have contacted several thousand people in the state of Washington, in person, by mail and through the media, and the response has been encouraging; we think that we will have the question on the ballot in November 1972. I thought I would pass the idea along to any other functioning legalization groups that might want to take advantage of it.

S. Thomsen Abbott, Editor
*From the BLOSSOM Patch*
Olympia, Washington

**CONSERVE OR DESTROY**

PLAYBOY has done much to promote the cause of environmental protection, but I feel that you and your readers are neglecting one area of conservation that deserves a good deal more attention. I refer to the need to preserve wildlife *before* a particular species is so decimated that it earns a place on the "endangered" list. Two of the major threats to wild animals are habitat disturbance, caused chiefly by the encroachments of population, agriculture and industry, and certain types of hunting, including that done for the pet industry, which supplies the growing market for exotic or unusual animals. To some extent, the destruction of animal life is unavoidable, or at least unpreventable, given our present set of economic priorities. But it means that a great many presently abundant species will vanish. Today's children may even reach adulthood wondering what happened to the garter snakes that used to be so common.

Unfortunately, too many people assume that the country's zoos and naturalists are working on this problem, when, in fact, they're part of it. Lacking funds and enough experienced, dedicated personnel, many zoos choose to simply display animals until they die, because they're difficult to keep in captivity and it's cheaper to replace them than spend money on special care.

An even greater threat to wildlife is the pet industry, which has always been content to peddle animals of any salable kind to novelty-seeking customers on a cash-and-carry basis. Most of these animals die for lack of proper care, sustaining a certain market demand that leads dealers merely to continue their policy of depleting the natural supply with no thought of replenishment.

Wildlife extinction is of special concern to me because my associates and I supply unusual animals to zoos and the pet industry and we want to be part of the solution instead of part of the problem. We are promoting a new approach that we hope will catch on among other animal dealers: Our animals are now sold chiefly in pairs (which means to a more serious and conscientious class of customer), and the customer is encouraged to breed them. After purchase, we provide, at no additional cost, any needed advice and information, and we have a standing offer to buy any offspring as a means of replenishing our own supply. For us, this system is working nicely; in the past six months, our customers have bred over 600 reptiles and a number of primates. If other dealers would adopt

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such a policy, at least one threat to wildlife survival soon would be reduced and, eventually, eliminated.

Michael D. Jacobson, Zoologist
Wild Kingdom
Evanston, Illinois

### BIRD-BRAINED SLOGAN

I noted with amusement the letter in the September *Playboy Forum* referring to the bumper sticker that describes the peace symbol as THE FOOTPRINT OF THE AMERICAN CHICKEN. In one of my favorite bars, there is a men's room graffito depicting a swastika and captioned TRACK OF THE AMERICAN HAWK.

Ken Harris
St. Louis, Missouri

### MORE MORAL THAN THOU

In the September *Playboy Forum*, George Brown asserts that oppressed people, such as the American Indians, are neither more nor less moral than those who oppress them. In saying that it is fashionable to lament "alleged injustices done to the American Indian," Brown gives it away that his game is to try to salvage the bankrupt reputation of white Western civilization.

The Indians were content to live a simple life and were satisfied to mind their own business, not forcing their life style on anyone. The European settlers and their armies pushed the Indians to the verge of extinction; this is a fact, not an allegation. Simply because awareness of this fact is now widespread (or fashionable, if Brown prefers) does not make it less true.

Brown ends his letter by wondering if the people he calls revolutionary are any more moral than those who are in power now. If growing concern and love for one's fellow man, recognition of true equality and calling for an end to white man's injustice and intolerance are moral, then the answer must be yes. The young generation today realizes as never before that we must embrace, trust and love our fellow man and find ways to live without oppressing one another. If this is what Brown means by "revolutionary morality," then I'm all for it.

Bill Barney
Fort Worth, Texas

### THE WINTER SOLDIER

I share John Forbes Kerry's concern about war crimes and his abhorrence of the general public's apathy toward them ("The Voice of the Winter Soldier," *The Playboy Forum*, August). But he missed the mark when he stated, "These were not isolated incidents but crimes committed on a day-to-day basis with the full awareness of officers at all levels of command."

These war crimes occur, not as a matter of policy, as Kerry implies, but as a result of the American superiority complex that leads us to believe that there is something sacred about an American life, while the lives and welfare of the Vietnamese are of no importance. The true winter soldiers are those who have the moral courage to intervene at the time of an incident or to report it and offer testimony in court. Those who prefer to remain silent while in the Service and then later don the cloak of pious rectitude are tin soldiers, and they certainly should throw their medals away.

Capt. William K. Gregory, Jr.
APO San Francisco, California

### THE GOOD GERMANS

In the August *Playboy Forum*, while discussing the incidents at My Lai and Kent State, you remarked that "a minority of massacre-applauders do not make the U.S. into a latter-day Nazi Germany." Is that really so? Have you forgotten the so-called good Germans who supposedly disliked Hitler and the Nazis and yet refused to defy them and who continued to do business as usual? Just because 73 percent of the American people want the troops out of Vietnam by the end of 1971 doesn't mean they are willing to do something about it. In another 30 years, perhaps parents will be telling their children about the good Americans who were afraid to say anything really rebellious and who continued doing business as usual.

Dan Harnish
Hamilton, Indiana

*Any claim that conditions in the U.S. today are as bad as they were in Germany under Hitler is a rhetorical excess that only makes it harder for people to deal intelligently with current problems. To draw one small case in point from that same August issue, consider "The Voice of the Winter Soldier," John Forbes Kerry's antiwar testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, that was published in "The Playboy Forum," and then try to imagine that in Nazi-dominated Germany a group of veterans could have demonstrated in the streets of the national capital, testified against atrocities and war in the nation's highest legislative body and had that testimony published in a mass-circulation magazine.*

### MURDER AT KENT STATE

Over 15 months after a fusillade of military gunfire felled 13 Kent State University students, killing four, Attorney General John N. Mitchell announced there were no grounds to warrant convening a grand jury to investigate the shootings. Although he said, "The facts available to me support the conclusion reached by the President's Commission [on Campus Unrest] that the rifle fire was, in the words of the commission, 'unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable,'" Mitchell went on to claim that "there is no credible evidence of a conspiracy among National Guardsmen to shoot students on the campus and that there is no likelihood of successful prosecutions of individual Guardsmen."

In June of this year, my 227-page report—the result of many months' research and conversations with witnesses—on the conduct of the Ohio National Guard at Kent State was submitted to Justice Department officials, including Mitchell. It was released by the Department of Law, Justice and Community Relations of the Board of Christian Social Concerns of The United Methodist Church. In the report, I contend that the Justice Department summary of the FBI investigation and other public documents point to but one explanation for the shootings: a conspiracy on the part of several Guardsmen, mostly sergeants, to shoot at specific students. Congressman William Moorhead of Pennsylvania told the House of Representatives that my report made a prima-facie case that murder was committed at Kent State.

Mitchell has copped out by deciding to deny witnesses in the Kent State case the protection of the immunity statutes, which only a Federal grand jury can utilize and that would prevent subsequent prosecution on the basis of their testimony. This is the very instrument the Attorney General was so quick to use in investigating the alleged Berrigan conspiracy, the leaking of the Pentagon papers and the bombing of the U.S. Capitol.

A letter to the editor in the *Akron Beacon Journal* stated, "As a Guardsman who was present at Kent State, I cannot wholly dismiss the possibilities of a deadly collusion. Just as I know many fellow Guardsmen who were appalled by the murders, I know others who welcomed the deadly confrontation." Mitchell's decision has denied witnesses such as this the judicial forum in which they could reveal all they know. He has barred us from discovering the truth. The contempt thus shown for the victims' families and for the Constitution is as inexcusable as are the shootings. This is nothing short of obstruction of justice. In the final analysis, the people must decide whether or not justice has been served in this national tragedy.

Peter Davies
New York, New York

*"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROMAN POLANSKI

## *a candid conversation with the brash, brilliant director of "knife in the water," "rosemary's baby" and "macbeth"*

*There was virtually no action, and the plot was starkly simple: A successful middle-aged Polish journalist, his restless wife and a young hitchhiker they have picked up spend a weekend on a yacht, with subtle, potentially murderous psychosexual tensions developing among them. But "Knife in the Water," Roman Polanski's first feature film (which he co-authored), won an Academy Award nomination for best foreign film of 1963 and made its director internationally famous at the age of 30.*

*All the violence in "Knife" was in the characters' minds, but Polanski's next two films (which he also co-authored) revealed what some began to consider a morbid fascination with scenes of gruesome death. In "Repulsion," the frenzied insanity of a beautiful young Belgian girl (Catherine Deneuve) drives her to murder her suitor, and "Cul-de-Sac" told a black-humor tale of two criminals who take refuge in the isolated island home of a weak transvestite and his tarty bride. Polanski kept some of his allies among the critics who had heaped praise on "Knife," but others couldn't stomach his taste for the macabre.* Time *saw "Cul-de-Sac" as "a jittery, tittery comedy of terrors. . . . In frame after frame, the danger lurks just out of sight until the onlooker feels like a man cooped up with a cobra he can't really see." But Judith Crist complained that the film was entertaining only "for those who can laugh while fighting off nausea."*

*After a mildly amusing side step in "The Fearless Vampire Killers," a harmless parody of old horror movies, Polanski pushed on to somewhere near the outer limits of suspense with "Rosemary's Baby," his adaptation of Ira Levin's best-selling novel about a modern-day witchcraft cult in Manhattan. Starring Mia Farrow and John Cassavetes, the film was a spectacular success both with the critics and at the box office.*

*Polanski's personal brushes with suspense and brutality in life began at an early age. When he was eight, his mother died in a Nazi concentration camp and not long after, he escaped from the infamous Jewish ghetto in Kraków and survived the war by shunting among various families willing to take him in. One day, he had to dash for cover as a German soldier decided on some casual target practice and whizzed a bullet over Polanski's head. Then, when he was 16, a thug nearly beat him to death.*

*After he was graduated from Poland's superlative State School of Filming in Lodz, Polanski scrabbled to make a living in Paris for a couple of years before the Polish government finally gave him a budget for his screenplay of "Knife in the Water" and sent him on his way up in the world. He quickly established a reputation as one of the celebrity circuit's most successful bachelors; and in 1968 he married Sharon Tate, a beautiful young American actress. Moving at a fast pace between film sets and their homes in London and Los Angeles, they were known as a jet-set couple until the night of August 9, 1969, when Sharon and three friends—Voyteck Frykowski, men's hair stylist Jay Sebring and coffee heiress Abigail Folger—plus an 18-year-old boy who was visiting the caretaker, were sadistically murdered at Polanski's rented house in Los Angeles. The press gave the case saturation publicity and made it one of the most sensational mass murders in the country's history.*

*For months, the popular theory was that the murders were committed by someone from the "rich hippie" crowd in which Miss Tate and Polanski were such popular figures. Eventually, the theory proved false, when police apprehended Charles Manson and his*

*"I'm a megalomaniac. You have to be one to make a good film. You have to believe that whatever decision you make, you're right. Even if I'm wrong, I'm right! Because it's my film. The decision has to be mine."*

*"The reporting about Sharon and the murders was virtually criminal. Reading the papers, I could not believe my eyes. I could not believe my eyes! They blamed the victims for their own murders."*

*"I have a very firm theory about male and female intelligence. It causes an absolute outrage if you say that women on the average are less intelligent than men, but it happens to be true."*

*bizarre "family" of young men and runaway girls who were living at an abandoned ranch a few miles outside L.A. After a long and widely reported trial, Manson and two of his followers were sentenced to death for the murders and Polanski's name dropped out of the news and the gossip columns. Now, three years after "Rosemary's Baby" and two years after the murders, he has completed the filming of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," adapted for the screen by Polanski and British author-critic (and Contributing Editor) Kenneth Tynan and produced by Playboy Productions. To explore Polanski's vision of himself, his films and his life today,* PLAYBOY *sent free-lance writer Larry DuBois to London for the first interview he's granted in more than two years. DuBois writes of his experiences:*

*"Roman Polanski inspires strong, and often conflicting, feelings in people; and after you've been around his pals, women and professional associates for a while, you get used to a frustrating ambivalence about him that is most often expressed in remarks that go something like: 'God, how I like that little bastard.' I couldn't say it any better myself. During the extended course of this interview, there were moments when I'd have fought for Polanski, moments when I only wanted to fight with him—or with the editor responsible for the assignment—and moments when I passionately wished I'd never met either one of them. After most of two and a half months chasing Polanski to wrench from him the 20-odd hours of taped conversation I finally acquired, I see that my own ambivalence fits neatly into four stages, which assumed an almost perfect symmetry as my affection and my irritation deepened simultaneously.*

*"Stage one: You enjoy him as a gloriously colorful figure, with a keen sense of humor, who takes great pleasure in entertaining whoever happens to be around him with anecdotes—vigorously re-enacted—or a showman's monolog that can go on for an hour or more. But his ego is as unbending as a natural law, and he has a fierce suspicion of anyone, especially a journalist, whose goal is to penetrate the wall of emotional invulnerability he has constructed around himself. So you soon begin to feel this interview is going to be difficult.*

*"Stage two: Endlessly following him around as he works, you begin to perceive his large talent and his tenacious determination to have any project he is concerned with done his way. I felt quite a sympathy for the technicians at Shepperton Studios who had to cope with Polanski's relentless drive to get every frame of 'Macbeth' absolutely perfect for maximum dramatic effect. I also felt quite a sympathy for myself when Polanski either ended one of our sessions abruptly because he didn't feel in top form or ordered me to 'turn that fucking recorder off' while he paced, pulled at his hair, yelled, told jokes or whatever else he felt like doing while he searched for exactly the word or thought to express what he meant. His Polish accent is thick and his grammar isn't perfect, but his vocabulary and his feel for the nuances of English are simply astonishing for someone who learned it only a few years ago. This talent, and his striving for perfection, makes him an artist to admire. But, as I now realized with a sinking heart, they make an interview even more difficult than I had feared.*

*"Stage three: Traveling with him, and staying for a week at the lovely 19th Century farmhouse he rents in the countryside a few kilometers from St.-Tropez, you discover that he is a superb companion. He likes to go there to relax in privacy, but he also zooms through the resort's cafés, yachts,* discothèques, *penny arcades and dinner parties, and gradually a body of empirical evidence accumulates to indicate that he is more than just a talented eccentric. Behind the charm is a remarkable grace, and he turns out to be a generous, considerate, even sentimental man, with real warmth for his friends and even many of his casual acquaintances. By now, however, it is apparent that he is not difficult at all but nearly impossible to interview, being beyond reason about such niceties as schedules, deadlines and questions he can't get excited about.*

*"Stage four: Unbelievably, you finish. And the sense of accomplishment and relief can only be described as pure joy, because almost without realizing it, you've come to agree with Polanski's friends, who have the same high opinion of his worth that he does; but, as you explain to your editor, you would rather spend the next several months interviewing, say, an insurance salesman about actuarial charts for men over 50 than ask Polanski one more question. Ever.*

*"My memory barely extends as far back as the beginning of this assignment, but I recall that from his films and the press after the murders of his wife and friends, I had the image of Polanski as a flaky, perhaps even macabre character. On the contrary. He is as cavalier about his work as an ambitious executive and about as macabre as a California beach boy. His disposition is cheery and optimistic. He is straightforward to the point of discomfiting bluntness. He tends to surround himself with intelligent, serious people and gets bored quickly with what he calls 'the aimless, futile individuals' he sometimes encounters in St.-Tropez.*

*"His only genuine indulgence is women, which is what he does with most of whatever free time he has in St.-Tropez and elsewhere; and in that, he lives up to his image. At least superficially, his seductive style is roughly that of a wily street urchin (he's 5'5") faced with rich tourists, disarming them with a kind of youthful enthusiasm and naïveté. It works. In his other personal habits, he is almost depressingly disciplined. He exercises diligently. His diet includes wheat germ, yoghurt and other health foods. He rarely drinks more than a glass of wine or beer and he is not above lecturing his friends about the evils of cigarette smoking.*

*"Now that the interview is over, only one of our many differences still bothers me: He is a most terrifying driver of automobiles. I find nothing endearing about having rocketed with him in an XK-E through the French holiday traffic around St.-Tropez at 110–120 miles per hour. When I tried to explain my own concept of personal safety, he just said, 'You must understand: What seems like a risk to you may not seem like a risk to me.' The uninitiated might read all sorts of meanings into that about his background, and some hidden fatalism. But I dropped the subject, because I knew that, as usual, he meant exactly what he said and no more. He is, quite simply, so goddamn arrogant about his abilities that it's never occurred to him that such speeds might confront him with a situation he can't handle. And as for those who may be unhappy with his pace, well, they're completely free to take a taxi.*

*"Finally, I should note that there is one section of this interview that didn't require a struggle to extract. One Sunday evening, we sat on the porch of his farmhouse with nothing around for miles but the silent French countryside, and I hesitantly brought up the subject of Sharon and the murders. For two straight hours, without any further coaxing, he told his story, simply and with none of his usual interruptions. He obviously wanted to go through it all once, let it all out; and when he was finished, I think he felt better. For myself, I was unspeakably depressed. It was a couple of days before either of us mentioned the interview again. The transition from that subject to another was a difficult one then, as it is now. So just one last thing: All along, Polanski kept telling me, when the tape recorder was off, that it would be impossible to translate his personality onto paper, since he expresses so much of his irresistibly high-spirited and playful nature through antics rather than words. He's like a movie, he said; he has to be seen to be appreciated. I think he was wrong. I think readers will be able to develop their own affectionate ambivalence about him."*

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**PLAYBOY:** Your films have earned you a reputation as a master of the macabre. How do you explain your fascination with it?

**POLANSKI:** I don't know why I like it. Why

King Size, 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Long Size, 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 70.

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do some people like boxing, or writing? I'm a film maker; I make pictures. I don't like to talk about them and I don't think about why I make them. You're asking me to psychoanalyze myself and this is not something that interests me at all.

**PLAYBOY:** We're not really asking you to psychoanalyze yourself—just to tell us about the personal vision you convey in your films.

**POLANSKI:** All right. I'm not preoccupied with the macabre—I'm rather more interested in the behavior of people under stress, when they are no longer in comfortable, everyday situations where they can afford to respect the conventional rules and morals of society. You can really learn something about a person when he's put into circumstances in which civilized values place his own identity, even his very being, in jeopardy. In a way, *Knife in the Water* was my minute example of this. I took three people and put them in a situation that subjected them to stress, due to their confinement on the yacht and the competition between the two males. In a way, *Cul-de-Sac* was the same situation, where the people could not react the way they were accustomed to. Before the death of my wife, I was working on a film about the Donner Pass group, which got stranded in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in 1847. It's an extremely interesting story, because besides being symptomatic of the problems the pioneers faced in the beginning of that country, it shows civilized people reduced to circumstances where they have to decide on the most drastic moral issues, like eating each other, in order to survive. I don't know what I would do in that situation. But I don't think I would eat your flesh. I think I would rather die. Not because I would think there was something morally wrong with eating you after you were dead. I simply don't think I would be willing to swallow your flesh. Would you swallow mine?

**PLAYBOY:** Who knows? Our cultural aversion to the idea would probably make us throw up, anyway.

**POLANSKI:** Only in the beginning, my friend.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you film characters under stress in order to find answers you're seeking for yourself or to force the audience to confront problems you think you already understand?

**POLANSKI:** Neither. It simply fascinates me. When something fascinates you, you talk about it, and making films is my way of talking about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why are you more fascinated by characters under stress than by those who aren't?

**POLANSKI:** I sometimes surprise myself that I don't ask myself these questions, but I don't. Perhaps if I did, I would know the answers, but I don't feel any need for that. That's the way I am. Perhaps it's because as a child I had plenty of opportunities to see how people behave under stress. I often think: How would a friend with whom you've drunk a lot of vodka and had a lot of fun respond when one morning you plant yourself on his doorstep and say, "Hide me. I'm being chased by the Nazis." And now he has to decide whether or not to risk his life for your friendship. But it's difficult for me to judge how much part the war plays in what I create. I don't think I'm obsessed by what I lived through. I was a child during the war, and children are resilient. Whatever you create, it's an accumulation of millions of things in you, of what you go through as a boy, as a young man, of what you read, of what you see in the cinema, of the people you know. All these have affected my emotional life. I remember, for instance, that one of the profound experiences of my youth was seeing *Of Mice and Men*. That has stayed with me. I couldn't stop thinking about this big, lovely man and his friend, and their friendship, and I thought that if I were ever a film maker, I would certainly try to do something along those lines, something against injustice and intolerance and prejudice and superstition. And I have. These elements are weaved through my films.

**PLAYBOY:** Why, then, did you decide to make *Rosemary's Baby*, which could be said to have celebrated, or at least popularized, superstition?

**POLANSKI:** You don't have to be superstitious to enjoy a fantasy. If you are around me for long, you will see that I have no belief at all in the supernatural of any kind. It's just a fashionable distraction for people seeking easy explanations to certain phenomena they are otherwise incapable of understanding. Myself, I am down to earth in my philosophy of life, very rationally and materialistically oriented, with no interest in the occult. The only obsession that compelled me to make that film was my liking for good cinema. When Bob Evans, the head of production for Paramount, called me and asked me to read the galleys of the book before it was published, I found it fascinating material for a film, with a terrifically suspenseful plot.

**PLAYBOY:** Suspense is another of the hallmarks of your films. What makes it so important to you?

**POLANSKI:** I'm in the drama business, and suspense is the essence of drama. In my films, I'm concerned with the unexpected and with making what is unbelievable believable. *Life* is like that to me. We can never control what will happen out there. I don't live my life suspensefully, but in cinema I like the constant unexpected because that's what makes a story interesting. The essential is not to allow the audience to be able to anticipate what is going to happen next.

I remember when I was six, some friends and I made this skull out of clay and put these pieces of glass in it for eyes and hung it on the wall, thinking that anyone who walked by would be scared of it. I also remember making a mask of the Devil with a red tongue made out of a candy wrapper, then putting a flashlight behind it. These are the things that intrigued me—but not for any supernatural or bizarre reasons, only because I already liked the show-business aspect of this mask making. My fondness for the dramatic and the unexpected has always been so obvious to me that I never stopped to ask why. I must have been born with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Your past films have been contemporary suspense stories. Now you've chosen to direct a medieval Shakespearean tragedy. Why?

**POLANSKI:** After the murders, everything I was considering seemed futile to me. I couldn't think of a subject that seemed worth while or dignified enough to spend a year or more on it, in view of what happened to me. That may sound extremely pompous, but I couldn't make another suspense story. And I certainly couldn't make a comedy: I couldn't make a casual film. In the state of mind I found myself, this type of project seemed most acceptable. As a kid, I loved Shakespeare, and when I was a teenager I saw Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet* 20 times. I always had this great desire to make a Shakespearean movie someday, and when I finally decided I must go back to work, I thought to myself: "That's something I could do, that's something I could give myself to. That's worth the effort."

**PLAYBOY:** From all of Shakespeare's plays, what made you choose *Macbeth*?

**POLANSKI:** *Macbeth* was the most seductive because there are a lot of lines and descriptions that are verbal but can be easily translated into great action scenes, and because there is a great character in Macbeth, who can be developed and shown a new way on the screen.

**PLAYBOY:** *Macbeth* is also a tragedy full of violence and murder. In view of your personal memories, wasn't it difficult for you to film those scenes?

**POLANSKI:** No. When you're actually staging such scenes, it's amusing. It has nothing to do with reality. You never even associate it with reality. It's all artifice, special effects. A knife is not a knife and blood is not blood. You can play with it, and we all laughed and behaved like children doing those scenes. It's only when you put it together later and show it to an audience that you realize there's something horrific in it. But certainly not during the actual filming.

**PLAYBOY:** Some critics and moviegoers may feel that you chose *Macbeth* as a kind of catharsis, to purge yourself of the kind of violence you had so recently

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experienced in your own life. What would you say to them?

**POLANSKI:** I would say they are full of shit, because it's not so. I've told you why I decided to make this film, and once I decided to do it, I had to do it according to my own standards. If you make a film about a murder, you have to *show* the murder, or do a film about something else. If you use the screen as a medium, then what you tell has to be told by visual means. Of course, you could put a guy in front of a camera and have him read the play and the same story would be told to your audience in a different, perhaps more gentle way. I happen to think it would also be a very boring way. When you're telling a story about a man who kills a head of state to take his place, you are absolutely obligated to show the act that is the culmination of the whole play.

**PLAYBOY:** There's still the question of taste and finesse. Some critics have said that you've indulged in excessive violence on the screen.

**POLANSKI:** The way I've done it *is* with finesse. Others do it euphemistically. They are afraid to show what is essential to the story. I will never forget a growing tension in the churchyard scene of *Zorba the Greek*, which culminates with a throat cutting that unfortunately happens just below the bottom edge of the screen. That was the end of the movie for me, because the director had copped out. He showed his cowardice. If you tell a joke that requires the use of four-letter words, then you have to *say* them. It's not good to say, "He grabbed her and . . . dot, dot, dot, dot." It's better to tell another story. Showing the violence is an analogous situation, isn't it?

**PLAYBOY:** But critics might argue that the graphic portrayal of violence is analogous to pornography, not only with no redeeming social value but with harmful effects on those who see it.

**POLANSKI:** These people delude themselves that violence can be caused by what is on the screen. They should ask little children on the street what causes violence and they would become more enlightened. For me, when I see something violent happening on the screen, I react *against* it; I think this is most people's reaction. If there is violence on the screen that *can* make people act violently in their lives, it's the sterilized Hollywood conception of violence. It's the Western where the bad guy aggravates you so much for 90 minutes that finally, when the good guy gets rid of him in a tidy way, you feel relieved and happy. So what develops in young minds is that when somebody is bad enough, you can get rid of him—and without a mess. This is murder committed the "clean" way, murder that can be endorsed by movie-rating authorities who miss its real meaning. To me, *this* is immorality.

But if you show killing in an agonizing, realistic way, with the spurting of blood and people dying slowly and horribly, that is reality, because very rarely does a man die instantly, and to witness that on the screen can do nothing but repel you from engaging in it in real life. Look at literature. The Bible is enough to make you faint. And when Sholokhov tells you about the atrocities in Russia in *And Quiet Flows the Don*, he describes them with utmost detail and nobody would ever think of criticizing it, because that's how literature evolved, whereas cinema is something young, something much more commercial, and boundaries were forced upon it, at least in the Anglo-Saxon countries, so it couldn't evolve in the proper way. Instead, the cinema has tended to draw hypocritical, gilded pictures of life and death.

But even if *Macbeth* weren't a play about murder, the critics would be asking why I chose to make it after Sharon's death. What if I had made a scene with Macbeth, dagger in hand, going to the king's chambers, and then . . . dot, dot, dot, dot? They would say, "After what happened to him, he lost his balls." Or what if I had decided to make a comedy? They would say, "After the murders, he has the bad taste to do a comedy."

**PLAYBOY:** For the past two years, you've remained silent about the murder of your wife and friends, despite the enormous and lurid exposure it has received in the press. Are you willing to tell your side of the story now?

**POLANSKI:** It's not something I talk about with friends, but I would like to go through it once from beginning to end. I have terrific difficulty in trying to reconstruct that period, but I have some definite things to say about it. I lost something most precious to me, and I'm sure that the people who were close to us feel the same way. But when it happened, the press said in unison, "Yes, of course, that's the way he lived, that's what he created in his films, and here is the result." That was the first outburst. *Time* magazine said, "It was a scene as grisly as anything in Polanski's film explorations of the dark and melancholy side of the human character." I was baffled, to say the least, by the cheapness and platitude of such writing. I remember their headline: "NOTHING BUT BODIES." It was sickening, the way the press sensationalized something that was already sensational.

This was a subject I knew more about than anybody else, a subject very near to my heart. I had long known that it was impossible for a journalist to convey 100 percent of the truth, but I didn't realize to what extent the truth is distorted, both by the intentions of the journalist and by neglect. I don't mean just the interpretations of what happened; I also mean the facts. The reporting about Sharon and the murders was virtually criminal. Reading the papers, I could not believe my eyes. *I could not believe my eyes!* They blamed the victims for their own murders. I really *despise* the press. I didn't always. The press made me despise it.

Some of those articles! From *Pageant*: "Those Sharon Tate Orgies: Sex, Sadism, Celebrities." Incredible! Particularly in view of the fact that a woman eight and a half months pregnant has limited desires for orgies. It was like the press suddenly had a new dictionary, with words like masochism, sadism, sodomy, suicide, witchcraft, rituals, drug abuse and necrophilia. They put in everything they could imagine. One magazine ran a photograph of Sharon with the four other victims floating around behind her like champagne bubbles while she is dancing. God*damn* them! The victims were assassinated two times: once by the murderers, the second time by the press.

**PLAYBOY:** Why, do you think?

**POLANSKI:** I don't know. I really don't know. I think because of some resentment, some bitterness, some jealousy; and let me tell you, a lot of journalists and nonjournalists who wrote "personal" accounts of what they claimed to know made a lot of money off the case. I wonder to myself: Were the people who wrote those slanderous articles any better than the murderers? I don't think so. They just use different forms of expression. Tell me, what makes the press so fucking vituperative?

**PLAYBOY:** There's no question that certain elements of the press had a field day exploiting the murders, but the legitimate press made a more serious and responsible effort to find out if there was some connection between the victims and the murderers. Wasn't that both logical and understandable?

**POLANSKI:** Yes, I suppose. But they all groped for the "irony" in the murders, which was nonsense, and then turned my films into a metaphor for the murders. And they all believed there had to be a logical motive, so they slandered us with articles about "the wild parties that led to the massacre"—which is an exact title of one newspaper story—and the connections of Jay Sebring and Voyteck with certain anonymous drug dealers. These articles remind me of the story about the guy who says to his friend, "Imagine, *Pâté de foie gras*, two-inch steak, with spinach and French fries, chocolate pudding and coffee, all for twenty-five cents," and his friend says, "That's impossible. Where?" And he answers, "I didn't say where. I said, 'Imagine.' "

There is a couple who live in Hollywood, Joe Hyams and Elke Sommer. He's supposed to be a writer and she's supposed to be an actress, yet they were both out there peddling articles saying

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that they knew the way we lived and the people we hung around with, and so they knew that tragedy would happen to us sooner or later. Astonishing! I met them once in my life. Once! But there is something magical about the printed word, so the average reader says, "Well, if they print it, it must be true," and the press was booming about this sort of thing so often and with such assurance that even some of our friends were affected by it. They would read something and say, "We didn't know about that." And I would say, "I didn't either."

What people read about us after the murders would make them ask one question: When did they have the time to work, between their orgies and rituals and drug taking? How did I have time to make four films in three and a half years? How did Sharon have the time to make even more? How did Jay Sebring run a business? Abigail Folger was a social worker who got up at six in the morning to go to Watts to work, then to a speed-reading class after work, and she would come back at 11 at night, utterly exhausted and hardly able to perform rituals and orgies before getting up at six again the next morning. And Voyteck was desperately trying to get something together in films. I had promised him a job on a film about dolphins I was preparing, and he was very excited about that and doing his own research on the subject. *Time* magazine said he had "sinister connections to which even the tolerant Polanski objected." Where do they get this stuff? I ask you. Where do they get it?

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps from the reputation you and many of your friends had around Los Angeles for being sort of "rich hippies" whose life style revolved around parties, drugs, casual sex and the like.

**POLANSKI:** All us sinful hedonists, eh? Should that have made the tragedy seem understandable to people? How could the press accept that as the explanation? These were all very good people, and this was a happy, blameless period of my life. There were lots of parties at people's houses, on the beach or in the mountains, and often Sharon would make dinner, and there was this magnificent group of friends who would come to our house, and we would sit outside where it was warm, with the sky full of stars, and listen to music or talk for hours —films, sex, politics or whatever. We all tried to help each other, we were all happy at each other's successes, and it was beautiful, and so new to me. I never knew life could be a luxury. It had always been hotel rooms and struggle, and now I loved this life. I loved the place, I loved the people, I loved my work. I was paying my maid over $200 a week, which is probably what a Polish worker earns in six months. I could not believe such affluence and comfort. Sharon and I had great prospects. We wanted to settle for good in Los Angeles. We had big plans. It seemed to be a kind of peculiar, happy dream. But there was nothing freaked out, sinister or immoral about it.

**PLAYBOY:** There were stories that Sebring and Frykowski were into a drug-dealing scene.

**POLANSKI:** Those stories were nonsense. The most they would ever do was buy pot from someone for their own use.

**PLAYBOY:** At the time, the press stressed that Frykowski and Abigail Folger had been living in your house for several months, even while you were away, and that Sebring always seemed to be around. The implication was that this was evidence of bizarre goings on.

**POLANSKI:** Jay was a frequent visitor, but he *never* stayed at the house. It seemed reasonable to have Voyteck and Gibby stay there to watch the house while we were gone, and when Sharon returned from London to Los Angeles before I did, we both felt better that she would have someone there with her. So it could hardly be considered some bizarre scene. You've seen how people come and go from my house in St.-Tropez. You've also seen that it's pretty innocent, in a college-fraternity sort of way.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the occult rituals that stories said were taking place—stories that gained momentum from the fact that you had directed *Rosemary's Baby*?

**POLANSKI:** Do you want me to be rude with you? As I said before, not only do I not endorse the occult but it is something so foreign to my rational, materialistic philosophy of life that I protest against those implications. And Sharon—it was *fantastic* what they were attributing to her. In death, they made a monster out of her. A monster out of the sweetest, most innocent, lovable human being. She was kindness itself to everybody and everything around her—people, animals, everything. She just didn't have a bad bone in her body. She was a unique person. It's difficult to describe her character. She was just utterly good, the kindest human being I've ever met, with an extreme patience. To live with me was proof of her patience, because to be near me must be an ordeal. She never had a bad temper, she was never moody. She enjoyed being a wife. The press and the public knew of her physical beauty, but she also had a beautiful soul, and this is something that only her friends knew about. Before I met Sharon in 1966, my love life, as opposed to my sex life, had been unsuccessful and painful, and I guarded my freedom. My first marriage had been a very traumatic experience.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way?

**POLANSKI:** After I left Poland and was wandering around Paris in circles, young and full of enthusiasm, I was married briefly to a Polish actress—but I really hate talking about it for some reason. Not because it's painful to talk about but because it's so futile. So let's not talk about it. OK?

**PLAYBOY:** OK. You were saying you met Sharon in 1966.

**POLANSKI:** While filming *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, in which she had a role, I was living what *you* would call the life of a playboy, and marriage was the last thing in my mind. Except for the few months of my first marriage, I had lived all my life like a nomad. I grew up sitting on suitcases in the midst of war. My mother was taken to the concentration camp when I was eight and my father was taken a few months later. I felt that any type of family tie, anything that means nest, ends in tragedy. But seeing Sharon more and more often, I knew a sentimental relationship was developing. At the beginning, I was afraid of this. But she was so extremely understanding, tactful and clever. Being around me, she still made me feel absolutely free, and she made it clear that she was not going to engulf me. I remember once her words, "I am not one of those ladies who swallow a man." And it was true. Finally, she moved to my house in London and we began to live together, and a new emotional adventure started. After two years, I realized that she would like to get married. She never asked me, never said a word about it. So finally I said, "I'm sure you would like to get married," and she said she would. So I said, "We'll get married, then," and we did. By that time, I wasn't nervous about it at all.

Sharon was the first woman in my life who really made me feel happy. I mean literally aware of being happy. That's a very rare state. Strangely enough, about a week or two before her death, I remember an instant when I was thinking of it, and I was actually thinking: "I am a happy man!" And it was a sentiment that I hadn't known before, because there had always been something missing from my happiness, some little thing that always needed adjusting. I also remember thinking—and here is my middle-European background, probably—I remember thinking: "This cannot possibly last. It's impossible to last." And I suddenly got scared. I was thinking that you can't maintain such a status quo. I didn't have anything tragic in mind, but I was afraid, being quite a realist, that such a state cannot last indefinitely.

**PLAYBOY:** How did the news of the murders come to you?

**POLANSKI:** I was in our house in London, working on a script for *The Day of the Dolphin*, with my friends Andy Braunsberg and Michael Brown. I was walking around the room talking about one scene and the phone rang. It was my agent in Los Angeles. He said, "Roman, there was a disaster in a house." I said, "Which house?" "Your house," and then

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quickly, in one go, he said, "Sharon is dead, and Voyteck and Jay and Abigail."

**PLAYBOY:** What then?

**POLANSKI:** I just kept saying, "No, no, no, no." My first reaction was that there must have been a hill slide, with the mountains sliding down or something. I said, "How?" He said, "I don't know, I don't know." He was crying on the other end of the line, and I was crying, and I just kept saying it was insane, and finally he told me they had been murdered. A little while later, another friend came to our house and we went out and walked the streets for a while. When we came back, they called a doctor, who gave me a shot, and I slept.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you happen to be in London just then, when Sharon was eight and a half months pregnant, rather than with her?

**POLANSKI:** I had been working on that script for several months, while Sharon was doing a film in London. She was quite pregnant but working until the last possible moment. We were planning that I could finish the script and we would return to Los Angeles together, but the script kept dragging on. By this time, Sharon couldn't fly anymore, because the airlines don't allow you to after a certain period of pregnancy, so she decided to take the boat home. I couldn't take the boat, because it took so long, so I was supposed to take a plane as soon as I finished the script, and this was to be just days after she arrived in Los Angeles.

When she left London, I took Sharon to the boat, the Q.E. II, and we had lunch. When they asked visitors to leave the boat came the moment when we had to say goodbye to each other—the saddest moment of my life, because we were seeing each other for the last time and didn't know it. I remember I called her on the ship later that afternoon. She was telling me the news about our new dog, named Prudence. She told me the dog was very happy on the boat because her rubber ball never stopped rolling around the cabin. After that, we talked daily on the phone. The bill was astronomical. On the last call, just ten hours before it happened—it was a Friday—she told me that they had found a wild kitten and they were trying to feed it with an eyedropper, and they were keeping him in the bathtub because he was absolutely wild, jumping on people, etc. Funny how life is weaved out of these little banal moments that make it worth while. At the end of that call, I said, "I'm coming Monday." I was annoyed that I had to say Monday, because she couldn't wait for me to come, and I couldn't wait to leave, but the goddamn script kept dragging on. So I told her, "I'm coming Monday, whether I'm through or not." That was our last conversation.

**PLAYBOY:** How long did it take you to accept the fact of her death?

**POLANSKI:** A long time. At first the reaction is panic. Completely disjointed, you can't concentrate, you can't put things together to realize what has actually happened. You can't believe. You can't conceive of the fact that she and the others are no longer alive. I could not grasp this very thin moment that separated their existence from nothingness. After that came a period of utter grief that lasted as long as the investigation. Somehow, those two things were parallel. For months, I thought of nothing else and then, all at once, when the crime was solved, my obsession stopped. Then came the period of dismissal, of withdrawal. I moved to Switzerland and started skiing myself silly with a bunch of friends, hedonists you would call them. They were wonderful to me. Kind and gentle and tactful, but I was able to do it all only for the dismissal.

And after the period of extensive skiing and social life, I decided to go back to work. Right after the murders, everyone kept patting me on the shoulder and saying I must go back to work, and work would make me forget, make my life worth while. But I couldn't even have tried to pull myself together at that point, and I remember talking to Stanley Kubrick and he said, "I'm sure that everybody tells you to work. You can't work in this state of mind, but there will come a moment when you feel suddenly, 'I have to go out and work.' " And that is exactly what happened after the period in Switzerland. I have worked for over a year on *Macbeth* and now, two years after it happened, you talk to me, ask me questions, and it seems as though it all happened two weeks ago. So it's a kind of trial for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you want to go through with it?

**POLANSKI:** Absolutely.

**PLAYBOY:** When your period of grief set in, how did you feel about not having been there that night?

**POLANSKI:** I had, and still have, a tremendous feeling of guilt, a feeling that if I had been there, it wouldn't have happened, contrary to what our friends thought. They thought if I had been there, I wouldn't be here now.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you could have defended Sharon and the others from the murderers?

**POLANSKI:** I think I would have been able to prevent it. I don't think I would let myself be intimidated or overcome by anybody. I think I could have prevented it.

**PLAYBOY:** During the investigation of the murders, were you questioned by the police?

**POLANSKI:** Extensively. I stayed in Los Angeles because I thought my presence could be useful to them. As a matter of fact, along with our friends, the cops were the best people of all in this situation. Unlike the press, the police were realistic, but human and with genuine feeling. They were devoted to their job and I had occasion to see all sides of their personalities and their own personal problems. They were great people. I think of them with a lot of sentiment.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you think you might be useful to them?

**POLANSKI:** I thought maybe there would be some minute clue they had overlooked. And I thought I could think of people, people who had come to our house, for instance, who wouldn't occur to the police. The press was writing so much about Jay and Voyteck being the probable motives, or essential persons, that I finally started to believe there could be someone I didn't know about. So I tried to establish step by step what everybody who knew us was doing at the time. It was quite difficult without seeming too obvious, and I didn't want anyone to know I was in constant touch with the police. I never believed it was some drug supplier of Jay's. I thought it was the work of some insane person, terribly jealous of one of us for some reason, but I couldn't give myself any plausible answer. I just kept listening and looking.

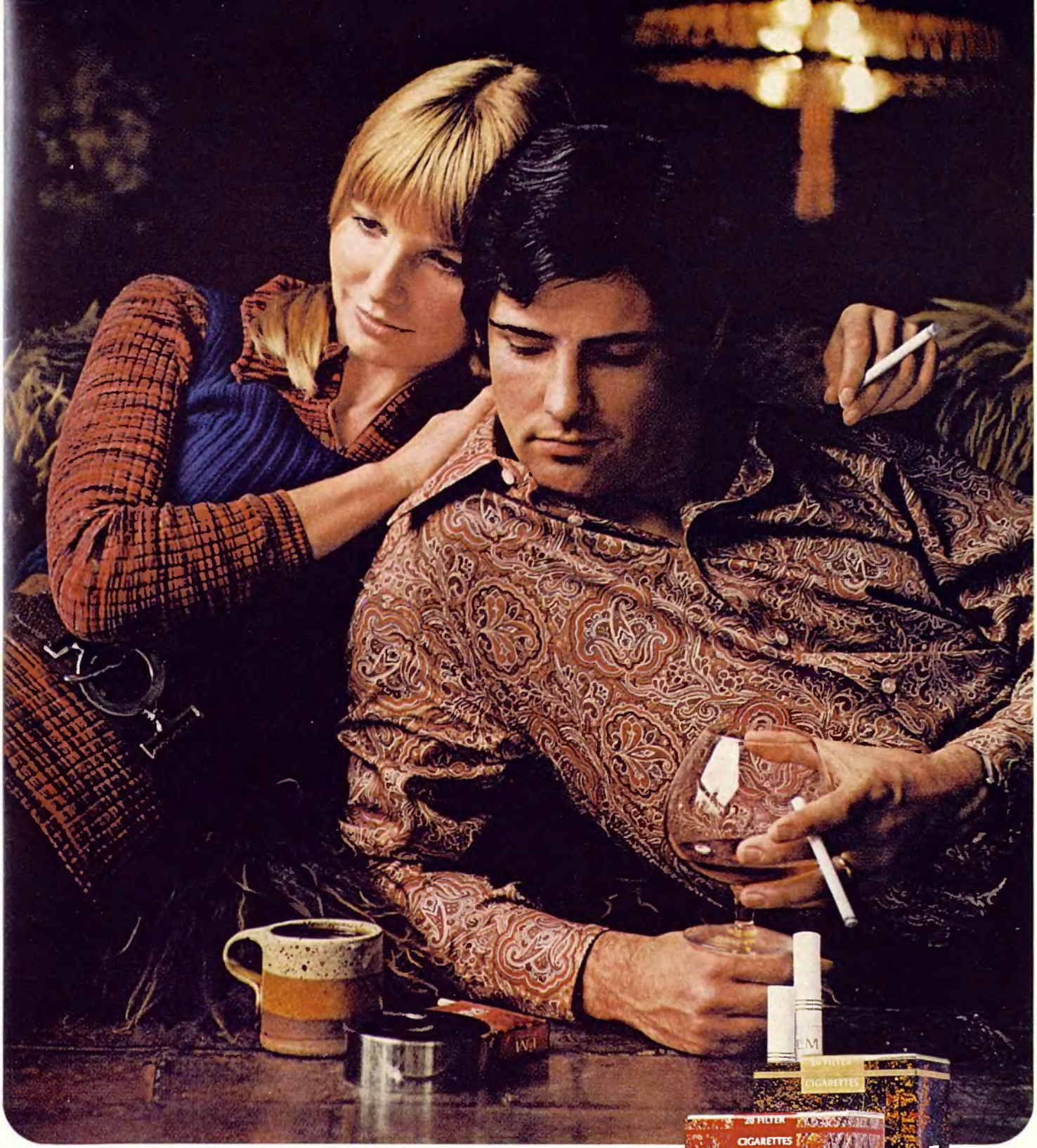
It's very difficult for me to talk about it. There are things I'm not sure we should even talk about. I was under this tremendous illusion that by solving the crime, it would be easier on me, somehow. Only after months did I understand that I was just chasing rabbits, running around in circles, that finding the murderers wouldn't bring her back. And I had to explain this to Sharon's parents, who I felt were under the same illusion. Colonel Tate, Sharon's father, was also seeing the police every day, for the same reasons I was. Thank God, Sharon's parents never allowed themselves to believe the trash the press was printing about us.

**PLAYBOY:** You never felt the Tates somehow blamed you?

**POLANSKI:** No. They were with me all the time. They knew the people who were our friends and they knew the press was lying about the way we lived.

**PLAYBOY:** As it turned out, did you do anything during the investigation that now seems to have been helpful?

**POLANSKI:** How could I? No one I knew had anything to do with it. I remember, at the very beginning, Lieutenant Bob Helder told me about this group of hippies living at that ranch with this guy they called Jesus Christ. Bob said they were suspected of being involved in the killing of some musician and writing a note on his body, and there was a possibility that these people had something to do with it. I said, "Come on, Bob, you're prejudiced against hippies." And I remember his words: "You should suspect everyone. Don't dismiss it so easily." But I didn't think much about it, because I could see *no* connection



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and I had nothing instinctively against them as hippies. The hippies, with their "Make love, not war" philosophy, were sympathetic figures to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Before you knew who was guilty, didn't you fear for your own life?

**POLANSKI:** In such a state, you don't give a damn for your own life. I was *hoping* that he, or they, would show up. I was living on the beach with a dear friend of mine, Dick Sylbert, the art director of *Rosemary's Baby*. He was mother and father and brother—I won't say wife—to me for three months, with me being constantly preoccupied. Poor guy. The neighbors were all up in arms about me being there. They believed what they read in the papers and thought they might have a scandal, or a murder, in their neighborhood. But I was prepared to defend myself if anything happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you carrying a gun?

**POLANSKI:** I asked the police and they said I shouldn't, because if something happened and I used a weapon, there would be all sorts of trouble. I didn't really want a gun anyway. I felt I could take care of myself; and anyway, it didn't matter, because I was obsessed with finding who was responsible. Then suddenly, when the police announced to the press that they had the murderers, the press had to somehow pretend they had known it was something like this all along, something totally unconnected with us and with my films, and I remember the policemen laughing sarcastically about how the press had now decided that the victims were not actually the guilty ones after all. Suddenly, it was obvious to them that it had been a bunch of crazy hippies, and people like Mr. Elke Sommer promptly forgot that he "saw the murder coming." The victims were now dismissed within 24 hours and new things started appearing—phony interviews with me and quotes that I was "overjoyed" at the news. That word hardly describes my emotions. But at that moment, a strange thing happened to me: I was relieved. I lost all interest in what was going to happen.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**POLANSKI:** I finally realized that the only way to get over it was to dismiss it completely, and also I knew I couldn't change anything. It's like the only way to cope with the stress was to dismiss everything, to erase that part of the tape from my memory bank. It just disappeared in my head. I had no reason to follow what the press said about Manson, because I had no reason to believe they would be any more accurate about him than they were about Sharon and me, so I didn't read at all about him. All that I do know about Manson I knew from the police in those days before they broke the news to the press. For my own good, I completely ignored him and that trial, particularly because the press made a real circus out of it. The way they handled it was as deplorable as the way they handled the reporting of the murders. Before you ask how I know if I didn't read about it, I'll tell you: There are headlines you can't avoid, and the radio. You can't *escape* knowing certain things. I can't reconstruct the trial period for you at all, but I suspect that the ritualistic element of the crazy sect was grossly exaggerated by the press and that the assassins willingly capitalized on that, being aware that this aura would give him more chance of publicity, which would render the trial more complicated.

**PLAYBOY:** What makes you suspect that?

**POLANSKI:** One of the policemen told me about one of Manson's friends being in jail—this was before the murders—and Manson was trying to get the money somewhere to bail him out, and they went to Terry Melcher, who had been renting the house before we moved in. I don't know the details and I don't even know if this was ever brought up at the trial, but in any case, I think they were after money that night, and Manson was clever enough to know that if money came to be viewed as the motive, he wouldn't seem such a mystifying figure, because materialistic motives are always regarded as more easily understandable, and therefore dismissed, than any kind of ideological motives. Even if the ideological motives are pure evil, people will pay much more attention to them than to robbery by an ordinary criminal, because then they have to contest the *ideology*. Manson knew if he was seen as a false god, not only would he get more attention but he would even force the middle-class hypocrites he hated so much to look at him more closely and compare his values with theirs. But his ideological, ritualistic motives for the murders were tremendously exaggerated.

**PLAYBOY:** From what you know of him, how would you analyze a man like Charles Manson?

**POLANSKI:** In any hippie area, you see sometimes an older guy, maybe even middle-aged, maybe with a fat stomach, who without the cover of hippiedom would only be a fat, perhaps pathetic man. But here he is with the long hair and wearing flowery shirts, and he seems to be an entirely different individual, and he enjoys the promiscuity of this type of life, and he becomes an attractive person to the hippies, who may be very naïve and ignorant. Now, this guy is basically the same as he was in straight society, with all the same impulses and motivations he had developed there, whatever those may be, but he becomes a part of the hippies and masquerades as one of them. Christ, it's so difficult to explain what I mean. I'm not a verbalist. I express myself every way better than with words. I want to tell you a story that will perhaps explain what I mean.

**PLAYBOY:** Go ahead.

**POLANSKI:** When I was 16 in Poland, and tremendously interested in bicycle racing, I met a guy in his 20s, and I hung around with him a little bit and kind of liked him. He was what you would call now a groovy guy. He offered to sell me a racing bicycle for a very cheap price and I got greedy. I had this appointment to meet him in an old German bunker near the park, and I went down to meet him and he got me alone and hit me on the head with a stone five times. I still have the scars on my scalp. I lost consciousness for a few seconds, and then I saw him standing above me asking where the money was. He took it and my watch and ran away. I couldn't understand why he had done that. A few minutes later, he was caught by some truck drivers, and a week later, the detectives came to the hospital to ask me for details. I said, "Will he get a long sentence?" They laughed at me. "He's going to be hanged," one of them said. "He killed three people before this."

It was the first time I was acquainted with this type of individual. People seem to dismiss the fact that Manson had a criminal track record, too. He spent a great deal of his life in prison. He had a record long before he tried to be a hippie. This man who hit me with the stone was another Manson, only Manson was lucky to live in a period when certain attributes are considered virtues: He could wear long hair and a beard for his hippie masquerade, while preaching a philosophy that was basically criminal. This other guy, who was trying to murder me, he was just a murderer, and no one would view him as anything but a criminal. No one would have mistaken *him* for a Jesus.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned earlier that the hippies were sympathetic figures for you. Are they still?

**POLANSKI:** Remember the first be-ins in Central Park, when they would throw flowers at the policemen? How blameless. I think these people were sincere at that time. But the hippies don't really exist anymore. The hippie movement has degenerated, but the degeneration came from the top, not from the bottom. When the kids began preaching new values, the Government tried to beat their ideas out of them. The reaction, from Berkeley on, was only what you could expect: violence.

**PLAYBOY:** Critics feel that drugs were an integral part of the hippie philosophy and a principal reason for the psychological degeneration of some of them, including the girls who carried out Manson's orders.

**POLANSKI:** I don't have a professional knowledge about drugs to say anything really sound about it, but I do know that marijuana and the other hallucinogenic drugs are rather a source of indolence. They are dropout drugs. They

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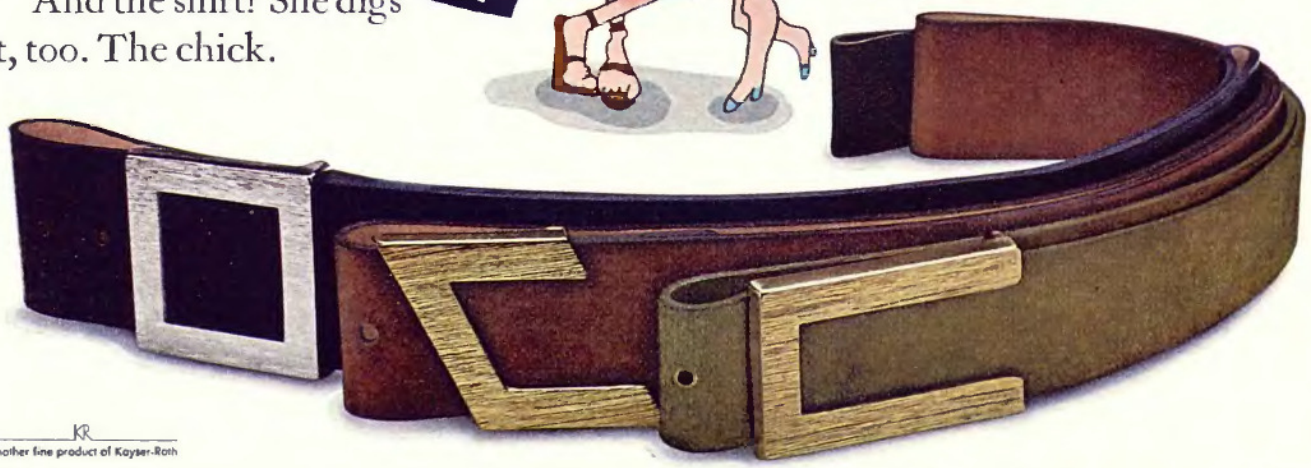

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make people passive. In this respect, you could say that these drugs make people more easily influenced; but, on the other hand, they would not incite you to take any action, any active enterprise, and they are certainly not murderous drugs. You know what marijuana does to people: They want to lay about and do nothing, smile and listen to music. So you have to decide which way you want it. You can't blame these drugs for making people indolent and also for inciting them to violent crime.

**PLAYBOY:** But weren't hallucinogenic drugs a part of the whole pathology that turned Manson from a common criminal into a Jesus Christ figure in the eyes of his followers—a pathology that would require a certain passivity on the part of those being manipulated?

**POLANSKI:** I think definitely that the people who are submitted to this kind of life are more vulnerable than regular members of society; but whatever the drugs do, they don't make you lose the ability to distinguish between right and wrong. Do you think you could commit a murder under the influence of drugs?

**PLAYBOY:** No. But we're talking now about those emotionally crippled young girls who, without exposure to a cult of mind-bending drugs, slavelike promiscuity and the rituals of a would-be Jesus Christ, would almost certainly never have been galvanized into committing murder.

**POLANSKI:** Don't forget that certain individuals have a talent to draw masses behind them. Hitler did the same thing with normal, straight, square German society.

**PLAYBOY:** Even given the historical fact of Hitler, aren't you willing to admit that drugs, which you accept or at least defend, played some role in what happened?

**POLANSKI:** No. Which drugs? I think there is nothing wrong with marijuana. There are millions of people smoking pot, but there is no parallel of Manson's story within any other group of people that I could speak of. I can think of more similarities between Manson and *In Cold Blood* than with the pot smokers of this world. People are just looking for an easy excuse, an easy explanation for the murders. Personally, I don't think it had anything to do with smoking marijuana.

**PLAYBOY:** What about LSD?

**POLANSKI:** I have never endorsed LSD. I took about three trips on acid several years ago, and they were all bad and I swore off. But that's still an answer that's too easy. How about those people in West Pakistan, who maybe in their ordinary lives were just quiet peasants or office clerks before they were sent off with the army on its binges of murder? How about the German soldier committing atrocities during the war, who might have been an ordinary man with a family and children? Were these people under the influence of LSD? How about Charles Whitman and Richard Speck? How about Lieutenant Calley? He seems to me a very straight person by conventional standards. I just think that certain people need very little excuse to commit criminal acts, and maybe the drugs were an excuse for Manson and these girls to vent their murderous instincts.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you react to the death sentences they received?

**POLANSKI:** In principle, I'm against capital punishment. I think the world would be a better place if it were abolished. I don't think capital punishment is moral, because we should not presume to terminate somebody's life.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you oppose the sentences?

**POLANSKI:** You're asking a very difficult question. A very difficult question. Because I really don't know. I feel very often a need for revenge. I suspect revenge may be one of the most important motives in human progress and in seeking justice. But it remains to be determined how the revenge should be performed. If the criminal kills eight people and is captured and tried, is it moral or immoral to take his life? I think it's immoral. Capital punishment is just another brutalizing aspect of modern life.

I don't know if I'm being clear. If you ask me should there be capital punishment, I say no. But if you ask me about a particular case of someone who engineered a murder—and remember, my emotional state is involved—in a jurisdiction where capital punishment exists within the system in which he was judged, then I would say to give him anything less than the maximum that exists is immoral. Who should be given more? I think Manson did the utmost, and within the set of rules that exists, he should be given the utmost sentence. He committed his crime while capital punishment was still the maximum sentence that could be handed out in California. At one point, I was asked to make the gesture of asking for clemency for him and I said I wouldn't do that. I think that would be an act of hypocrisy on my part; but I do ask for abolition of capital punishment for everyone, not just for Manson.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it an act of hypocrisy for Ted Kennedy to ask clemency for Sirhan Sirhan?

**POLANSKI:** Yes, I think so. That's precisely what I was thinking of when I said I wouldn't be willing to do that. I wouldn't be against siding with Ted Kennedy, saying that we are against capital punishment as part of the system of law. But I think it's phony nobility to go to bat, as it were, for your "pet" murderer, the one who caused *you* so much suffering.

**PLAYBOY:** You said earlier that your experiences during the war had taught you that family ties end in tragedy. After a little more than two years since the murders, do you feel they were yet another lesson that one's happiness will always be snatched away?

**POLANSKI:** You mention the word lesson. Unfortunately, there is no lesson to be taken. There is just nothing. It's absolutely senseless, stupid, cruel and insane. I'm not sure it's even worth talking about. Sharon and the others are dead. I can't restore what was.

**PLAYBOY:** But has the experience changed your vision of life?

**POLANSKI:** I don't know. I wouldn't call myself a fatalist, because those are people who just sit and wait for whatever will happen to them, and I'm not like that. I have always been sentimental and not a cynic, and that hasn't changed, but these are wounds that don't leave you without scars. I think I was probably a better human being before. It's difficult to define, but I think I was more gentle with people before. I don't think my emotional state now would permit me to develop serious new emotional ties with anybody.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you appear to have feeling for, and ties with, those around you.

**POLANSKI:** You don't change your character drastically. It's only a note that changes. There was more youth in my feeling for people, more naïveté. I don't even know if the change is visible to my friends. I think it is.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you give the impression of having adjusted. You seem a happy enough man.

**POLANSKI:** How could you even suspect me of such a thing? How could I be happy? There must be something that *makes* you happy.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem to enjoy your friends, and your women, and your work.

**POLANSKI:** These are things that give me pleasure, even make me content. But there's nothing that really makes me *happy*. Not anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Then what keeps you going?

**POLANSKI:** I'm asking myself that question. What is it in the human being that makes him overcome practically everything and keep going? I don't know. There are endless people with tragedies more atrocious than mine, and they keep plowing away, too. After a period of mourning, they somehow restore their way of life. But I tell you, I know myself and I feel there's something gone. I don't have the same desires, the same dreams I used to have. I don't know why. It's something that's troubled me for quite some time now. It must be connected somehow with the death of Sharon, but also I think it's partly the fact that I have already achieved what I always dreamed of.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean that having achieved major success as a film maker, you're not as driven as you once were?

**POLANSKI:** Precisely. Throughout the years, my basic engine was the desire to make films. I dreamed of doing

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films, and somehow I don't feel this overpowering urge anymore. I first noticed the symptoms of my loss of enthusiasm when I went to Hollywood to make *Rosemary's Baby*. The first day I went onstage with 70 people waiting for me, I remembered the day I had first gone on location to shoot *Knife in the Water*. Then, I'd had butterflies in my stomach and that incredible feeling of anticipation that prevents you from going to sleep the whole night before. Now, here I was in Hollywood, in the place that belonged more to my dreams than to my reality, at the threshold of where everything would be handed to me, and I felt absolutely no thrill. I felt I was just going to work for the day—work I loved doing, but there was no *thrill* in it. Do you understand?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes. But how, then, did you turn in your best work? Or did you?

**POLANSKI:** I did a good job, but not my best work. Maybe it's just pride in craft. Maybe that is the way to achieve the maximum in what you do. I care about what I make. It's a dear thing to me and I think it remains so because it's a part of human nature to want to do something durable. Who was the Pharaoh who built the biggest of the pyramids? He must have been quite persistent, making these people put one stone on top of another for years in order to create something that would last. I'm quite persistent myself, only lately I am asking myself sometimes: "Why bother?" Maybe it's just that I am more sure of myself and my abilities. Maybe that's it. Or maybe I'm just more relaxed. But, on the other hand, a cow is relaxed. Maybe I should ask some maharishi. Maybe he would tell me that I have become wiser. I would hate to become wiser, but I think that, in a way, that's what has happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you resist wisdom?

**POLANSKI:** Because wise people are boring and they usually lack the enthusiasm and spontaneity to make things come together. I'm afraid it's inevitable that the more experience you acquire, the more you lose your desires, your dreams, your fantasies. It's the same thing in sex. I just don't enjoy it as much as I used to. It's getting a bit repetitious. It's very much like making films: your wisdom and security and experience bring your craft up to a high standard, but you get less thrill out of it as an individual.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe your ordained role is to serve as a craftsman, bringing pleasure to moviegoers and women.

**POLANSKI:** I like that idea. I wish it were true. They say that happiness is seeking the fulfillment of our desires, and usually people spend their lives seeking that fulfillment. But I am at a stage where I'm seeking the *desires*. Have you got any ideas? Help me. Tell me what is the problem here. If not for the sake of the interview, then at least maybe I'll get something out of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps you're just suffering from the onset of middle age.

**POLANSKI:** I do start feeling that now, and I'm very surprised, because I thought it would never happen. Being a born optimist, who never thinks he's going to fail in anything he undertakes, I'm caught off guard by it. But I don't think it's going to last long. It's just a passing stage that will go away as I grow younger.

**PLAYBOY:** In the meantime, you seem to be doing a successful, if not inspired, job of living the life of what you would call a hedonist.

**POLANSKI:** I don't know whether I'm a hedonist. It's just my reputation. If I am, I work harder than any other hedonist I've ever met. I'm quite spartan in some ways. I get up early, I exercise to keep myself in shape; I rather like the boy scout, sportive way of life. Yet I do love everything life has to offer; so I don't reject luxury if I can afford it, and I don't reject any source of joy that you can acquaint yourself with in your lifetime—particularly sex.

**PLAYBOY:** Would one be correct to attribute your refusal to deny yourself any of life's luxuries or pleasures to your childhood during the war, when you were deprived of them?

**POLANSKI:** No. What if I had had a marvelous childhood with rows of lackeys and nannies bringing me hot chocolate and chauffeurs driving me to the cinema? Then you would say I am this way because I *had* such a luxurious childhood. The truth is I am just this way. Period. But I will tell you, I did have sexual problems as a youth.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind?

**POLANSKI:** I had an absolute patent on masturbation when I was 12. I thought I invented it. But it made me feel terrifically guilty, and each time I was doing it, I was promising myself it was the last time, definitely the last time I was touching it. Until the next morning. I didn't make it with a chick until I was 17½, which I think is very late.

**PLAYBOY:** According to the press, you've certainly made up for lost time ever since.

**POLANSKI:** I found out I like sex. How about that? I like fucking. You remember Kafka's story about the man who fasts professionally in a circus? He was breaking his own records, fasting longer and longer, and finally he fasts so long that everybody forgets all about him. They even forget to mark on his little blackboard the number of days of his fast, which already was incredible. Finally, a cleaning man comes and finds him agonizing under a pile of straw, and he leans down and asks, "Why did you do it? Why?" And with his dry lips and his fading voice, the faster says, "I hated food!" It's beautiful. There was no other reason for fasting. I'm the opposite. I screw because I like screwing. That's all there is to it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you concern yourself with the moral issues involved with sex?

**POLANSKI:** Of course. I don't want to sound pompous, but in a way, I'm actually a moralist. I cherish certain qualities of a civilized mind, qualities that are very difficult to measure or describe, because they have quite flimsy names like nobility, loyalty, etc. This applies, for instance, to my friends. Friendship to me is a very Sicilian thing. It's a matter of life and death. I would do absolutely anything for my friends, and I demand the same in return. Because friendship is a form of love. I separate love from sex. For many people, fornication is immoral. Strangely enough, it seems supremely moral to me to have sex with a girl I've met in the harbor at St.-Tropez. Sex is beautiful. No one gets hurt. Just the opposite. It's simple, isn't it? So if it's true that I'm a playboy, it's only in this respect. The rest of being a playboy doesn't have much attraction for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it ever bother you that some people are more interested in your image as a playboy than in your films?

**POLANSKI:** I think it's great.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't you rather be known as a film director whose personal life is of little curiosity?

**POLANSKI:** Do you mean like Walt Disney? My only disappointment is that people created this conception of me as a decadent man of excess without my active participation. In the beginning, I resented it, but finally I thought, so what? People never know the truth about an individual, anyway. Among all the movies I've seen, I like *Citizen Kane* the most, not only for the way it's done but for what it says. It says that you never know the real truth about anyone. So who cares? This image of a hard worker laboring all day doesn't go well with me. It doesn't help me in my social life. People would get bored with me if I told them, "Hey, listen, guys, I really work very hard. I get up at seven in the morning and I rush from one place to another on business and I don't have a spare minute to take a holiday." I only tell people I'm a busy man when I want to get rid of them. Like a PLAYBOY interviewer, you understand? Otherwise, I prefer to seem frivolous, a guy who socializes all the time. For one thing, I realized that this reputation helps me in my relations with women. I've noticed that as my reputation grows worse, my success with women increases.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you account for this?

**POLANSKI:** When I meet a new girl, she's already prejudiced against me. She's put off by my image and she thinks, "I'll never make it with *him*!" She wants to prove something to herself. She doesn't want to lower herself to the level of, let's say, her predecessors. But she's intrigued and she wants to know me as an

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individual, and underneath there is something difficult to describe—a kind of curiosity about me. People are intrigued by the Devil and attracted when they discover that on top of having horns and a tail, he's also charming. So you see, she meets me and she's tremendously surprised that I'm not at all the way she thought I was, and already she begins to switch her attitude. She's thrown off guard. I know all this talk about women sounds pretentious and arrogant and megalomaniac. Jesus, it begins to sound that way even to *me*.

**PLAYBOY:** *Are* you a megalomaniac?

**POLANSKI:** Of course. Haven't you noticed? But I do have some good qualities.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as?

**POLANSKI:** I don't smoke tobacco. In fact, I am more admirable than our friend Doug Rader, the Houston Astros' third baseman, who says he is better at smoking than anything else. "I smoke good and I smoke consistent," he says.

**PLAYBOY:** What have you got against smokers?

**POLANSKI:** They don't bother me if they want to ruin their own health. It's their problem, and I'm not one to force the issue, but what bothers me is that they stick their cigarette butts *everywhere*. You find them in the washbasin, in the toilet, all over the house, in the back yard, burns in the curtains, the smell of smoke in your own hair. They take some perverted pleasure in uglifying their own closest surroundings by sticking these butts even into their food—into eggshells, in the cucumbers, in the mashed potatoes, in the half-empty bottle of beer, everywhere. Sometimes I'm afraid to screw.

**PLAYBOY:** Sorry we asked. So much for smokers. Let's get back to women. Kenneth Tynan, your friend and co-writer of the screenplay for *Macbeth*, implied in a recent article that your attitude toward women approaches the feudalistic.

**POLANSKI:** Ken, who is a good friend, knows absolutely nothing about my emotional-sexual relationships with women. He is a left-wing intellectual who feels he must support liberation movements, including the one by women, so I very often tease him by saying something about how reactionary I am on the subject. This causes complete outrage on his part, so you shouldn't treat seriously what Ken says about my feelings toward women.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way are you reactionary about them?

**POLANSKI:** Well, you must admit that most women one meets do not have the brain of Einstein. I have a very firm theory about male and female intelligence. It causes an absolute outrage if you say that women on the average are less intelligent than men, but it happens to be true. Since society is becoming more and more democratic about these things, though, we'd better not mention that.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a highly debatable allegation, but in any case, Tynan wrote that you also dislike *bright* women. His exact words, as we recall, were that Polanski feels the only two acceptable positions for a woman are sitting down and lying down.

**POLANSKI:** That's a marvelous line, but it's complete crap. First of all, my wife, although people may not know it, was an extremely bright person. But she would never be pushy about her intelligence in order to show people how clever she was. She knew it's feminine to not try to *compete* with men and seem dominating. But I must admit that I rarely find an intelligent female companion with whom I can get along, for the reason that most women who are smart try to compete with the man, and I can't stand the competition of a female.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**POLANSKI:** Because that brings our relationship onto the wrong level. It becomes like between a man and a man, a masculine relationship. I'm too sensitive about a woman's behavior, and there are too many things that can put me off. Sometimes the most beautiful woman can put me off completely by doing something ungraceful. I'm certain, by the way, that a sensitive woman feels the same toward men. I think even more so. Sometimes I'm charmed by the fact that there are women with whom you can discuss the molecular theory of light all evening and at the end, they will ask you what is your birth sign. But there is nothing more enjoyable than a genuinely brilliant female companion who doesn't turn the relationship into a contest of ego.

**PLAYBOY:** In short, you simply prefer to dominate them.

**POLANSKI:** I *do* dominate them. And they like it! I know, I know, this is regarded today as a Neanderthal attitude. But I know one women's lib leader who, friends tell me, is a great cocksucker. By the way, what exactly is the women's lib position on fellatio? That it's OK, but only on an equal-time basis? And why do women sometimes use words like, "He's a *real* man"? It doesn't mean that he knits well or that he looks after the kids well. It has always meant a man who is more creative, more aggressive than a woman, because these are the qualities that have always been essential for the survival of our kind.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there anything about women's lib with which you would agree?

**POLANSKI:** Anyone with a civilized mind endorsed the concept of equal pay for equal results long before women's lib, and I endorse that concept. The problem is that women's lib wants equal pay for equal *work*. What if the results are not the same? What if the man is better at the job? He should be paid more. And vice versa. On abortion, however, I agree absolutely with women's lib. They *should* have control of their own bodies. That's obvious. But I have noticed that many of these women who want to control their own bodies don't even *like* their bodies. They are women who don't like being women. Or at least they don't like being feminine.

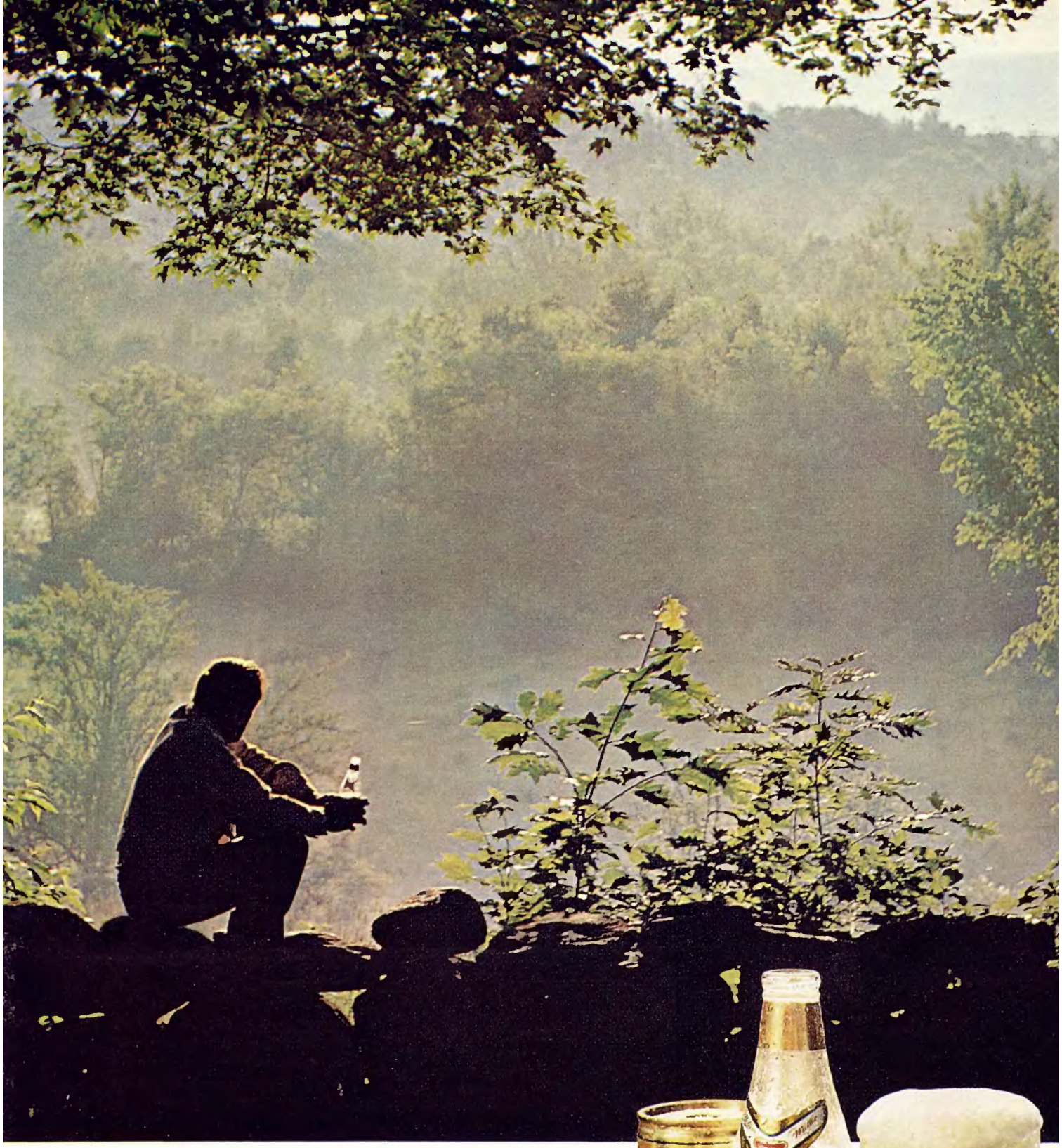
The basic premise of women's liberation is that they are in some kind of slavery or subservient position. Even the name of the movement implies they are enslaved. Well, this premise sounds quite absurd to me, because sex isn't a social class; it divides humanity horizontally, not vertically. A woman proletarian can become a woman capitalist, but a proletarian woman cannot become a proletarian man. The women's libbers argue that they weren't given equal opportunities, but what I want to know is what were they doing when the opportunities were given? Were they just passed out one fine day? Or did it happen that men have dominated women for centuries because they were superior in the areas necessary to dominate the other sex? It isn't by accident that we are called Homo sapiens. If you look at the history of our species through science, you realize that in order to survive, we had to divide into two parts, one that brings the offspring, the other that brings the means of survival. And once the functions were divided, it was inevitable that the abilities would come to be divided, and I see this as the source of the differences.

**PLAYBOY:** Women's lib theorists would maintain that the social structure of prehistoric man is hardly relevant anymore, since times and sex roles have changed along with the nature of society.

**POLANSKI:** I think men and women are still and will always be fundamentally different, even though they belong to the same species. Just *look* at men and women: They are physically different, their organs are different, their muscles are different, their behavior—even as infants—is different. How can their brains also not be different? If you saw another species in which the female role was one of strong dependence, you wouldn't say that something was wrong with the species, would you? If you observed the female spider eat the male after copulation, you wouldn't say there was something fundamentally unjust about that species. That's the nature of some spiders. You wouldn't try to "improve" their relationship. Somewhere along the line, it became necessary for their survival to evolve this way. It is a built-in characteristic.

**PLAYBOY:** Some readers may be concluding that Tynan was right about your feudalism on the subject.

**POLANSKI:** Listen, in many ways, I'm more progressive than a lot of liberal



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intellectuals. I give women complete freedom to come and go as they please, and I don't make them do anything they don't want to do. I want it to be clear that even though I don't say all the things I know I'm supposed to about this subject, I'm in some ways a greater admirer of women than those who do. I love women! I really *love* them. As people, I hasten to add, not as playthings.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it frustrate you, or offend your male ego, when you meet a woman you want who seems to take no interest in you? Or has that ever happened?

**POLANSKI:** Once, I think, it happened, many years ago. No, it doesn't bother me at all, as long as she doesn't try to play games with me.

**PLAYBOY:** For example.

**POLANSKI:** To give examples, for me, is more or less like the effort of writing a screenplay. I have to sit and think, but if I were doing a screenplay, people would pay me for it.

**PLAYBOY:** No deal. You were talking about games people play.

**POLANSKI:** Let's say I meet a girl and she tries to give me the impression that she desires to go to bed with me that same evening, although I can sense immediately that it's not her intention. That's what I call games, and it lasts about ten minutes. Then I simply lose interest. I don't mind if she doesn't want to have sexual relations with me. Here you must believe me, because most males say that. But I really *don't* mind as long as she states it clearly by her behavior.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you see yourself as different from most males in that regard?

**POLANSKI:** Because I can't demand every female to want me. I'm just being realistic about it. Or maybe it's because enough of them *do* want me that I don't feel rejected in general.

**PLAYBOY:** When you tell people things like that, do they consider it arrogant?

**POLANSKI:** Certainly. But it's really just a kind of optimism, a belief in yourself, which in itself seems an arrogance to many people because of this code of behavior in our society that demands you to be humble. Boasting about your abilities makes you regarded as an arrogant individual, like Cassius Clay, when he was running and screaming, "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," and saying that he was the greatest, the fastest, etc. But this is essential to success, at least in certain endeavors, like film making or seduction. It's like a war. It's necessary when you attack to be convinced that you're going to take the town, to be convinced that you're superior to the foe and that food and drink and women are in the town. It's inconceivable to take the town when your commanding officer tells you that you *may* take it, but then again, you may not, and even if you do, you may have to go on to the next town before you find something to eat. So, especially when I'm making a film, I have to prepare myself for victory.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you do that?

**POLANSKI:** I run around shouting, "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee." Unfortunately, I end up different not only to the people I work with but to my friends as well. I don't think I could do it any other way. I go through a complete state of mental preparation. It's not a deliberate thing, as though I said, "OK, now I change myself." It's automatic, and the moment I start a film, I develop this certainty in myself. I boost my ego, I warm myself up by telling myself that I'm the best, the most talented, the genius of film making. I believe the film is going to be a success, and this changes my attitude toward people. I ask of them things I would never ask otherwise. It projects to all areas of my life—"Do this, give me that." And I've learned that it must be said without the slightest hesitation in your attitude, or they won't put up with it. They'll tell you, "Go fuck yourself."

The problem with this is that it's impossible to shift gears twice a day, at eight-thirty A.M. and at seven-thirty in the evening, when you leave the set, so it's an attitude I must live with for a year or more at a time, and when I finish a film and I have to become normal again, the withdrawal symptoms are painful, and I'm undergoing them right now. People are starting to hate me by this time. Toward the end of the film, I have so many enemies that I consider whether I should flee the country. But this ballsiness that everybody is accusing you of is necessary to deflect all the vicious attacks that people will make on your film, from its start to its finish. If you're in a normal state of mind, you may find yourself yielding, so you have to make yourself psychologically invulnerable. If I've learned one thing about film making, it's that it requires not only talent but the stamina to resist all these attackers.

**PLAYBOY:** Who are all these attackers?

**POLANSKI:** Everybody. The actors have their own ideas of what their parts are about, the prop man has his own problems, the producers have their financial statements to worry about. Then comes the interviewer, who wants you to sit around and answer questions like this, and you're in the middle of these vicious, inhuman attacks, sometimes for a year. They all say that you're a stubborn, narrow-minded bastard who doesn't accept any criticism. They're right. I already told you I'm a megalomaniac. You have to be one to make a good film, because you have to believe that whatever decision you make, you're right. Even if I'm wrong, I'm right! Because it's *my* film. And the decision has to be mine. When a painter is painting a picture, whatever he does, it's *his* picture. You can like it or not, but you can't stand behind him saying, "No, you shouldn't make this stroke like that. Make it a little more to the left and put some red in it."

You must understand: You have a certain goal when you make a movie. The goal is to materialize your idea of the film, which is somewhere visualized in your mind. At that moment, it's the cinema of one person, and I'm the only one who knows how to bring this vision into reality. If you allow yourself to be vulnerable to what these people suggest, the movie will end up as a mongrel, or you'll simply abandon it and drop out with an ulcer. Both these solutions are not in my character. I'm afraid I have rather a shark's character in that sense. When it grabs something, there ain't no going back. Incidentally, the shark is one of the oldest species on earth and most perfectly suited to survival: all teeth and no brains. That's why, when all of these people transform themselves into obstacles, I don't let them interfere with the route I'm taking. I can't.

**PLAYBOY:** But surely some of these people have good ideas, perhaps worth listening to and incorporating into the film.

**POLANSKI:** It's very difficult to be so narrow-minded as to stick to your own ideas and at the same time to be an objective critic of your own work. This doesn't mean that I don't accept criticism. Often I listen to somebody and it occurs to me that he's right, and I accept the criticism, but I accept it because *I* think it's right, because his criticism improves the film by *my* standards, not by anybody else's.

I really think that people seriously suspect there is an element of malice in the way I insist on everything being done exactly the way I want it; but if there were malice, I can assure you, it would be an acute case of masochism, because nobody suffers more than the director in his struggle to get what he wants. Often you know that something is not as it should be. You can't put your finger on it; you just know there is something missing in a scene, often a tiny detail, but you know it's wrong and won't fit with the entirety of the movie. Yet the people around you can't understand why you keep repeating a scene, making more and more takes. Sometimes, at the 15th take, they start getting a bit irritated and nervous. I don't want to tell you what happens when you get to 55 takes.

**PLAYBOY:** When did that happen?

**POLANSKI:** It's happened to me on, well, I think several occasions. It's not that I'm cavalier at other people's expense. The reason for it is that some scenes turn out with better potential than I had anticipated, and that causes them to be more expensive. Say you need to film a brief insert of a cigarette held between a man's fingers. Some directors would stick

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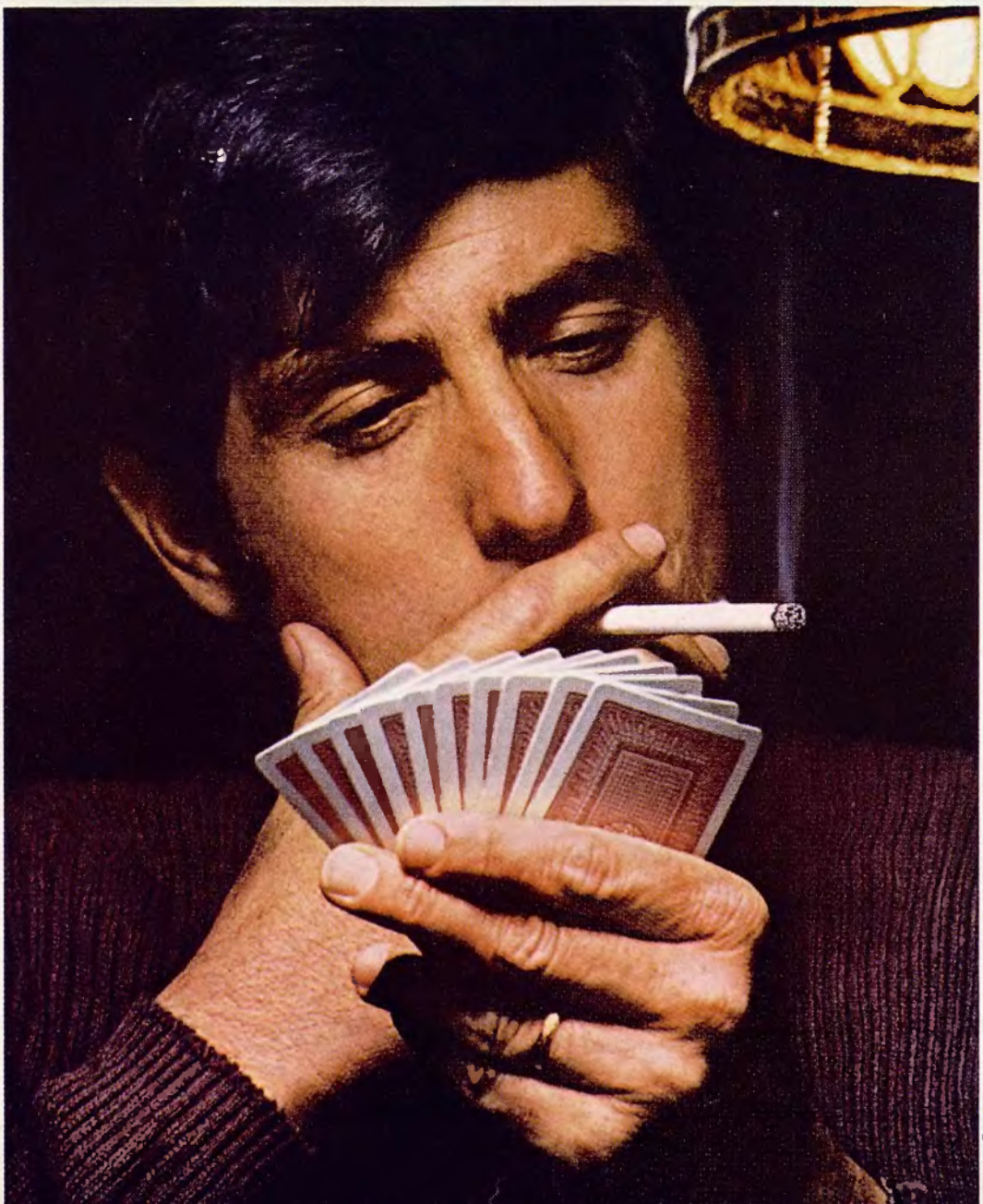

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71.

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a cigarette between a man's fingers and film it, and that would be that, and this would take a few minutes. But maybe the shot could be made more interesting if the cigarette had a long piece of ash that fell at the right moment, and you could see the smoke better if you lit the scene differently, and maybe there is a table in the background, and maybe you could get something to happen at that table—a woman's hand toying with a glass—and maybe there is a piece of floor visible behind that hand, with maybe a dog playing on it. Both these things, the woman's hand and the dog, the goddamn dog, may be connected with the rest of the action and make it more interesting. You can increase the tension by having all these things happen within the one second, or one and a half feet of film, of that insert. But the odds are that these will not all coincide on the first 50 takes, so the scene is much more involved and time-consuming. And who foots the tab? Hefner! Everyone says what a perfectionist I am, but I'm not a perfectionist. I just demand the minimum. You know what I mean?

**PLAYBOY:** This minimalism of yours always seems to take you unnervingly over budget.

**POLANSKI:** Billy Wilder once said, "Did you ever hear of someone saying, 'Let's go to the Roxy. They're playing a movie that was made within its schedule.'?" The Polish proverb is: "The better you make your bed, the longer you sleep." There's something in my character that appears to all my financiers as something bad—which is that I *care*. Whereas some other directors, the ones who give up and yield to these attacks, do not care. The other guys who make good films, as God is my witness, go over budget as much as I do. Only they don't feel bad about it. With me, it's a trauma. I don't sleep, I'm sick, I'm tired, I'm a nervous wreck. You should ask my friends, because what I'm saying is maybe not plausible, as I have a reputation as a nut case, anyway, but ask people who work with me. I wish I could say I *don't* give a damn, but I can't. I just refuse to maim my films. The pressure I had on *Rosemary's Baby* was so tremendous that I had my usual dilemma about whether to get it over with and produce something mediocre or to withstand the pressure and produce something very good.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us about it.

**POLANSKI:** Bob Evans, the creative head of Paramount, and Bernie Donnenfeld, who ran the business end of their productions, were receiving unbelievable heat from New York, where they were all panicky. In corporate headquarters, they didn't know what was going on and they couldn't understand what the film was all about, anyway. Already, they were up to their tonsils in bills, and then suddenly they realized it was getting up to their eyeballs, so they had Bob and Bernie meet with me. Bernie said, "Listen, Roman, we can't take it any longer. The rushes are terrific, we couldn't be more pleased, Mia is doing a fantastic job, it's going to be a great film —but what can we do to go faster?" And I said, "You think *you* can't take it? I can't either. Let's not talk about it anymore. You want me to go faster? OK, I go faster. I know how to finish the last fourth of the script in about three days. If you go onto the back lot, they're shooting a television series, and if you watch for just fifteen minutes, you'll realize how easy it is to go fast. I know how they do it. They say, 'OK, guys. Set it up. Lights. Act fast. One take. In the can.' We can do a whole bunch of scenes every day that way. Then what do you do with it when it's finished?" At that point, Bob turned to Bernie and said, "We're masturbating." He said, "Roman, why don't you go back onstage and do what you've been doing? Just make a good movie." And that was the last time we talked about it. He stuck his neck out for me and showed himself to have quite a courage. You know, when they all scream "Faster, faster," it reminds me of the story about the guy who comes to a resort for a weekend and wants to seduce this girl he's dancing with. He says, "Miss, I don't have much time. I only came for the weekend." And she says, "Well, I'm dancing as fast as I can."

**PLAYBOY:** As Tynan tells the story, you brazened out an episode during the filming of *Macbeth* when the English insurance company was ready to jerk you for being so slow. What would you have done if they had shut you down?

**POLANSKI:** I would go home. I thought you were going to ask me what if the picture had not been good as a result.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, what if it hadn't been good, as a result?

**POLANSKI:** It's as if you were asking Christopher Columbus what if there hadn't been land after flogging and starving all those seamen who were afraid of falling off the end of the world. What kind of question is this?

**PLAYBOY:** You make up your own question, put it in our mouth and then complain because we ask it.

**POLANSKI:** You know how to do an interview. I don't. To express my ideas about life is not my profession. I'm a dilettante at it, so it's not easy for me. I've never given a good interview in my life, although I did literally hundreds of them before I learned how simple it is to say no to most of them. As I told you before—but you won't listen—I'm not a verbalist. I never was and never will be. I never tried to develop my speech, and the way I communicate is rather by suggesting something, some atmosphere, some feeling. I've always had rather visual and graphic talents, and it was these that I developed. I don't speak well, although when I'm with friends and there is an animated conversation, I have no difficulty in conveying my argument, you know, by gestures and mimicry.

But you asked what would I do if they had thrown me off *Macbeth*. I would have made another movie. There are people who know how to run corporations and others who know how to make films. I am one of the latter. If they took a film away from me, I wouldn't be crushed, because I believe I could do dozens of others just as well or better, because when I do something good, it isn't a fluke. I don't think most people have any idea how much work and effort are being put into a film. You go to the cinema and see a film like *Macbeth* set in medieval times and you just assume that certain things were there all along. You're not aware that every single thing you see on that screen has been devised, starting with the actions of the characters, going through the costumes they wear, the set where they move about, the lights with which they're lit, the sound they produce, the music, the wind that whispers in the trees. Even the titles. And it's not just one long scene but hundreds of pieces stuck together and then printed in color.

Some directors, people with rather documentary or *Nouvelle Vague* or underground backgrounds, resent all these crews and equipment. I don't. I know how to deal with it. It's like one of those big yellow machines larger than bulldozers that look like gigantic insects and have this sort of claw that can fumble through tons of earth and pick up two little stones. When you watch one of those, you understand about film making. I wouldn't know where is the end and the beginning of such a piece of machinery, but when you watch the operator who sits behind all those levers and with the utmost virtuosity and speed picks up these two little stones from tons of earth, you know how I feel running a movie machine. I know how to use this machinery to transform a vision of my own into a film. I know how to deal with the technical problems.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us about them.

**POLANSKI:** More examples? All right: One of my favorite ones was that I always had great difficulties getting onto film exactly what I had seen through my view finder before the camera has been set up. I always had these problems with my camera operators. All directors who have firm visual, graphic views have these problems, but I had it especially bad. Besides explaining exactly what I had in mind and trying to convey it to the operator and get our ideas conformed, there was always something

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missing, and I couldn't find out what it was. Finally, on *Rosemary's Baby*, it was working very well and I realized this important detail: Besides this cameraman's willingness to understand me and follow my ideas, he was hardly any taller than I am. And then I understood: He was on the same altitude above sea level as I am. It's important that his camera sees exactly what I see. On *Macbeth*, you can know that I have a camera operator exactly my size, and that works wonders, because it means he sees the world the way I see the world.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any larger, metaphorical point to that?

**POLANSKI:** I don't think of any, but you're a journalist, so I'm sure you would be able to make one.

**PLAYBOY:** Now why do you have to say that?

**POLANSKI:** Just a wisecrack, because people who write are usually inspired to think of metaphors on their own terms, not on the terms of the person telling the story. The fact that you asked if there is a metaphor implies that there is a strong possibility you will be inspired to find one.

**PLAYBOY:** All right, let's ask the question a different way. Is there anything of the Napoleonic about you—of the short man proving himself?

**POLANSKI:** My height must have some effect on me, but again, I don't psychoanalyze myself to discover it. I actually look smaller than I am. How tall do you think I am?

**PLAYBOY:** Five feet, six?

**POLANSKI:** Incredible! You are the first *ever* to give me extra height. I am five feet, five, which is a good size for a female. Maybe I should have been born a girl. Newsmen usually describe me as even shorter than I am. I barely reach four feet in these articles they write. Little do they know that from my point of view, it doesn't seem that I'm small. In fact, it seems to me as if I'm a giant. The terrible thing is that if people didn't tell me I was short, I would never notice. I once had this Yorkshire terrier, a wonderful little dog, and an Irish wolfhound—the largest dog in captivity—and the Yorkshire absolutely terrorized the wolfhound. I'm quite sure the terrier didn't realize he was smaller.

**PLAYBOY:** You're also something of a physical-fitness nut, with your exercises and karate kicks, and wheat germ and yoghurt. How did that begin?

**POLANSKI:** One day when I was 14, I looked at myself in the mirror and I said to myself, "Jesus, what is this?" So I took a pillowcase and went down to where they were building a road and filled it up with cobblestones and started exercising. I wanted to make something of myself, so I wanted to be strong. At the same time, I started bicycle racing and skiing. Any kind of individual competition. I was totally uninterested in any kind of team effort like football. I like the drama and the glory of racers. They are individuals, and dreamers. To me, an appealing character is Jackie Stewart, because he has a lust for glory and he fulfills it.

You see sometimes men in their 20s who have let their bodies deteriorate, and they look like they're 40, and they look extremely tired and bored. These are the people who probably never had dreams they believed could be fulfilled. As a representative of a capitalist society, you must forgive me for quoting Lenin, but he said that the essential quality of a revolutionary is to be able to fantasize. To create revolution, you must be able to imagine its success. The same is true of films, and I was always dreaming of making great films.

**PLAYBOY:** When you were a boy, you mean?

**POLANSKI:** Yes. Even as a child, I always loved cinema and was thrilled when my parents would take me before the war. Then we were put into the ghetto in Kraków and there was no cinema, but the Germans often showed newsreels to the people outside the ghetto, on a screen in the market place. And there was one particular corner where you could see the screen through the barbed wire. I remember watching with fascination, although all they were showing was the German army and German tanks, with occasional anti-Jewish slogans inserted on cards. When I escaped from the ghetto, the first thing I looked forward to was the cinema. It was very cheap, since the Germans wanted people to go see German films, and I made the ticket money selling newspapers. It was regarded as something very low to go to the cinema, and the audience was mostly youngsters who weren't aware of their patriotic duty not to go. You could read slogans on the wall—ONLY PIGS GO TO MOVIES, etc. But I didn't really care too much about being called a pig as long as I could go.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you explain this fascination?

**POLANSKI:** I don't know why, but I just loved it. Maybe the liking for cinema is no more mysterious than my liking for suspense; the show business and drama of cinema thrilled me as much as the purely technical aspect of *lanterna magica*—being able to project a picture on the wall and make it move.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you set about getting started in films?

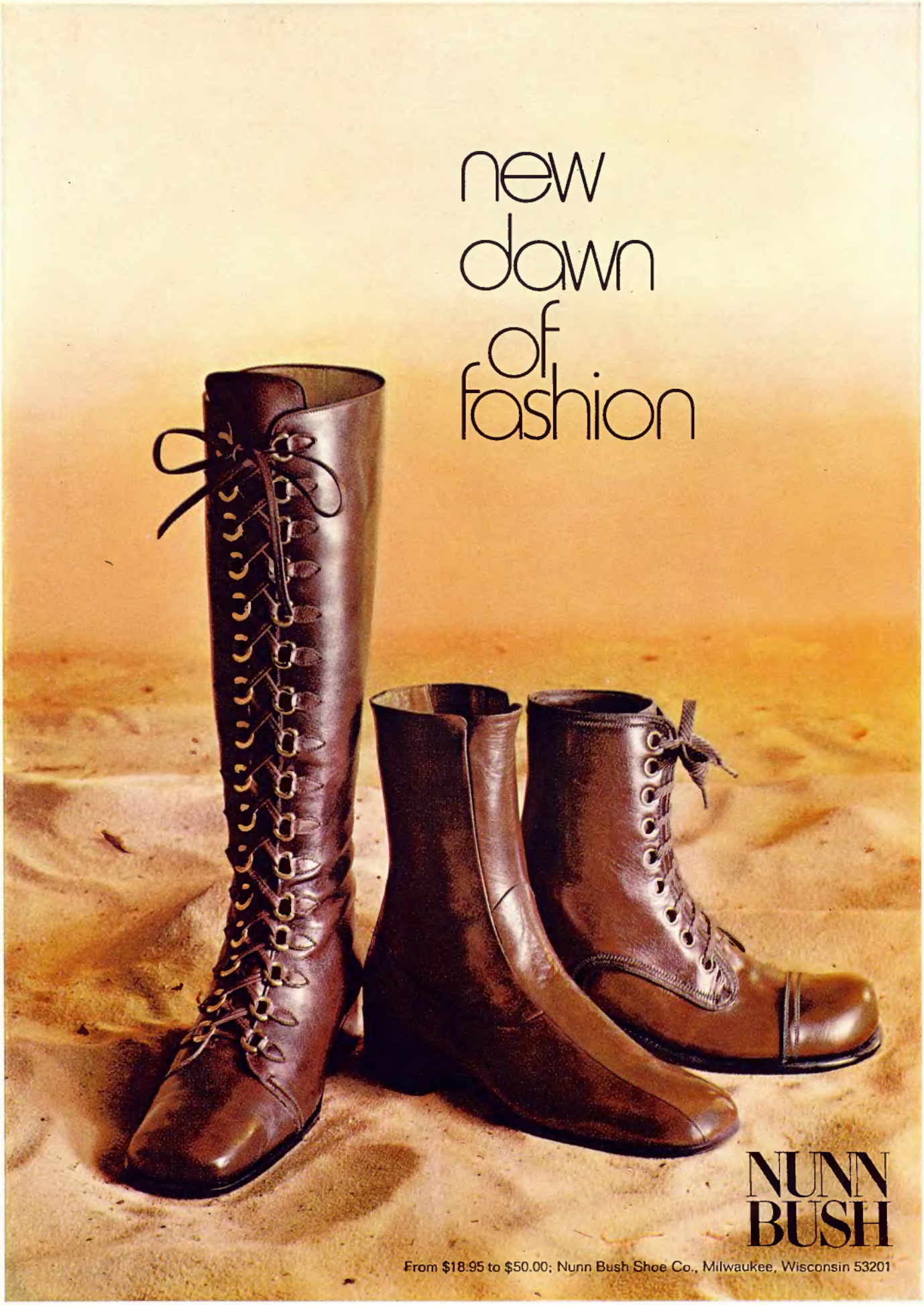
**POLANSKI:** Right after the war, I got a job broadcasting on the radio as a child actor and, through that, I got a lead in a successful play in the theater. It was kind of a big splash for a kid. Later, I tried to get into acting school, but I didn't make it. Some of the professors were actors who knew me, and they thought I was too cocky. Already I was quite different from a majority of the applicants, who were scared and running around the corridors of the drama school with diarrhea and showing all the symptoms of submission and humility. I didn't have any of those symptoms, so they thought I wouldn't be good material to mold, and, thank God, I wasn't, because I would have ended up in some provincial theater in Poland making 2000 zlotys a month. At the time, I wasn't seeing much future in films, because my father ran a small plastics company, which the government considered "private initiative." That meant my political background was not the best, so the State School of Filming in Lodz seemed an impossible dream, because there was a tremendous number of applicants, and your political background was terribly important.

**PLAYBOY:** But you did get into Lodz, which had the reputation at that time of being probably the finest film school in the world. How did Poland, with a drab political regime and a poor economy, come to have such a school?

**POLANSKI:** I suspect that the school has lost its quality, but from a few years before I went until two or three years after I left, it was definitely the best film school in the world. I think it was just a happy conjunction of certain elements. There was a group of progressive, extremely talented film makers in Poland who were in terrible difficulties before the war, when Polish cinema was one of the lowest, producing only cheap exploitation films that took about four days to make. Some of these film makers went to the Soviet Union during the war to work on the propaganda films, which had a high priority, and when they came back they were asked by the government to start a center, because this was an industry that was needed by the government. Luckily, there is another line in Lenin saying that among all the arts, cinema is the most important for the Communist state. And since the Communist system clings to dogma, they gave big resources to these men to create an institute.

**PLAYBOY:** The curriculum at Lodz required five years for a diploma. Was it worth while to spend that much time studying instead of getting on-the-job training?

**POLANSKI:** When you analyze it, you see how advantageous it is to study cinema for five years. Besides all the practical training, like editing, camera operating, etc., you had courses in the history of art, literature, history of music, optics, theory of film directing—if such a thing exists—and so forth. The first year was very general and theoretical, and you got to know intimately the techniques of still photography, which is essential, I think, for anyone who later wants to be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an expert in cinematography. The second year, the students made two one-minute films of their own. The third year, a documentary of eight to fifteen minutes. The fourth year, a short fictional film of the same length; and then in the fifth year, you made your diploma film, which could go up to 20 minutes. Mine ran 25 minutes and was over budget; already they were screaming at me to dance faster. It was called *When Angels Fall*, a kind of fantasy about an old lady who is a public-toilet attendant. And on top of everything else at the school, we also saw an incredible number of films—and not only each other's.

**PLAYBOY:** Including films from the West?

**POLANSKI:** Almost anything. The school was tightly connected with the Polish film archives and we could see anything we wanted. An important part of our education was a baroque wooden stairway where we would sit for hours arguing about films, which sometimes we were screening all day and all night. Occasionally, the discussions became rather heated. In fact, I have a scar under my eye from one of them. There were schools of cinema within the school. My school was *Citizen Kane*, and the school of the older students, the ones who were about to graduate when I was a cocky beginner, was *The Bicycle Thief*, and the postgraduates who were still hanging around were the Soviet Socialist Realism school—films like *Potemkin*. It was a fantastic place and I left it with very firm aesthetic ideals about films.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you express them in words?

**POLANSKI:** I'll try. For me, a film has to have a definite dramatic and visual shape, as opposed to a rather flimsy shape that a lot of films were being given by the *Nouvelle Vague*, for example, which happened in more or less the same period. It has to be something finished, like a sculpture, almost something you can touch, that you can roll on the floor. It has to be rigorous and disciplined—that's *Citizen Kane vs. The Bicycle Thief*.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you make *Knife in the Water*?

**POLANSKI:** In 1960. But it took a long time. After we wrote the screenplay, it was rejected by the government film bureau, so I went to France, and when I came back two years later, it was a better period politically, so I submitted it again and they accepted it and gave me a very limited budget—which I went over, of course.

**PLAYBOY:** *Knife in the Water* was an original, and unusual, screenplay. Where did you get the idea for it?

**POLANSKI:** It was the sum of several desires in me. I loved the lake area of Poland and I thought it would make a great setting for a film. I was thinking of a film with a limited number of people in it as a form of challenge. I hadn't ever seen a film with only three characters, where no one else even appeared in the background. The challenge was to make it in a way that the audience wouldn't be aware of the fact that no one else had appeared even in the background. As for the idea, all I had in mind when I began the script was a scene where two men were on a sailboat and one fell overboard. But that was a starting point, wouldn't you agree?

**PLAYBOY:** Certainly, but a strange one. Why were you thinking about a man falling out of a sailboat?

**POLANSKI:** There you go, asking me to shrink my head again. I don't *know* why. I was interested in creating a mood, an atmosphere, and after the film came out, a lot of critics found all sorts of symbols and hidden meanings in it that I hadn't even thought of. It made me sick.

**PLAYBOY:** You went back to Paris and stayed on there for a couple of years—even after *Knife* had its big success in America. Why?

**POLANSKI:** The fact that the film was a success didn't make me in such great demand by American producers. But it did make me think that I should seek the Anglo-Saxon world rather than remain forever in France, where the film was a total flop. But those were good years in Paris. I was writing with my friend Gerard Brach, and we wrote *Repulsion* and *Cul-de-Sac* during this period, though we couldn't find anyone to produce them. In France, they aren't looking so much for new talent as for established figures. So Gerard and I were living in miserable conditions. I didn't make any money on *Knife in the Water* and we were penniless and living in little hotels and places like that. Once we were stuffed together in a broom-closet sort of room where in the 18th Century, I think, they used to stash one domestic—because two wouldn't have fit. It was virtually a cupboard. But I think of those years with tremendous nostalgia. Whenever we got together 100 francs, we were as happy as kings. The first thing was to run to the cinema to see a movie. The second thing was to have dinner in one of the little restaurants of St. Germain des Prés. And the third thing was to try to pull some girls. Whenever I return to those cafés and see the same characters sitting at the same tables in the identical positions—only much older—I have a very mixed sensation, and these are moments of fear, because I think, "Christ, *I* could have been sitting here still."

**PLAYBOY:** Was it more difficult for you to "pull" the girls then, before you had celebrity as well as notoriety, not to mention money?

**POLANSKI:** It was much harder, not only because of the lack of notoriety but also because I didn't have the necessary experience. I wasn't so cool. I was too eager, and I think that's the case with every young man.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you decide to leave Paris and go to the U.S.?

**POLANSKI:** Events precipitated themselves suddenly. In late 1963, I was invited to the New York Film Festival, where *Knife in the Water* was being shown. The United States used to be a very popular country in Europe, so it was in my dreams to go there.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your first impression of New York?

**POLANSKI:** I had somehow imagined the streets of New York to be very wide, very clean, with a very even surface, and surrounded by bright, shiny buildings. I found it dense and dirty and not smooth at all. At the time, that felt familiar and stimulating. The theaters, the restaurants all seemed exciting, and a lot of the New York intellectuals, who didn't seem so left-wing and tiresome at the time, I found very exciting—maybe because I didn't speak a word of English. As you may have noticed, I still don't. I also found the constant competition—the rat-race, you call it—very exciting. But now it's to an extreme that is unbearable. In those days, the rats were still eating each other; now they're eating themselves. That makes it less exciting. Anyway, not long after that trip, I was called by Gene Gutowski, later my business partner, and he suggested that I go to England to try something there. So I made *Repulsion* in London. It was quickly a financial and critical success. You know the rest.

**PLAYBOY:** After *Repulsion* and *Cul-de-Sac*, you drew extraordinarily strong comment from the reviewers, who either loved you or hated you. Do you pay much attention to them?

**POLANSKI:** In all honesty, I must say they were helpful to me in the beginning because of their sympathetic treatment of *Knife in the Water*. But a common thing among critics, many of whom are frustrated film makers, is that they like to discover young people, and then when the young person becomes popular, the critic feels betrayed and puts him down. So now, when someone I regard as good writes a favorable review, I read it. Otherwise, no, because hardly ever do I read a critic on somebody else's film when I agree with what he says. I read it and I think the man is obviously an imbecile who didn't understand the film, and how could he not like it? Or vice versa. Then later, if I read a review of my own film by the same man, there are only two alternatives. Either he gives me a good review, which means I'm really in trouble and I wonder where I've gone wrong, or he gives me a bad review, which is a good sign, but it's not pleasant reading. So I

*(concluded on page 126)*

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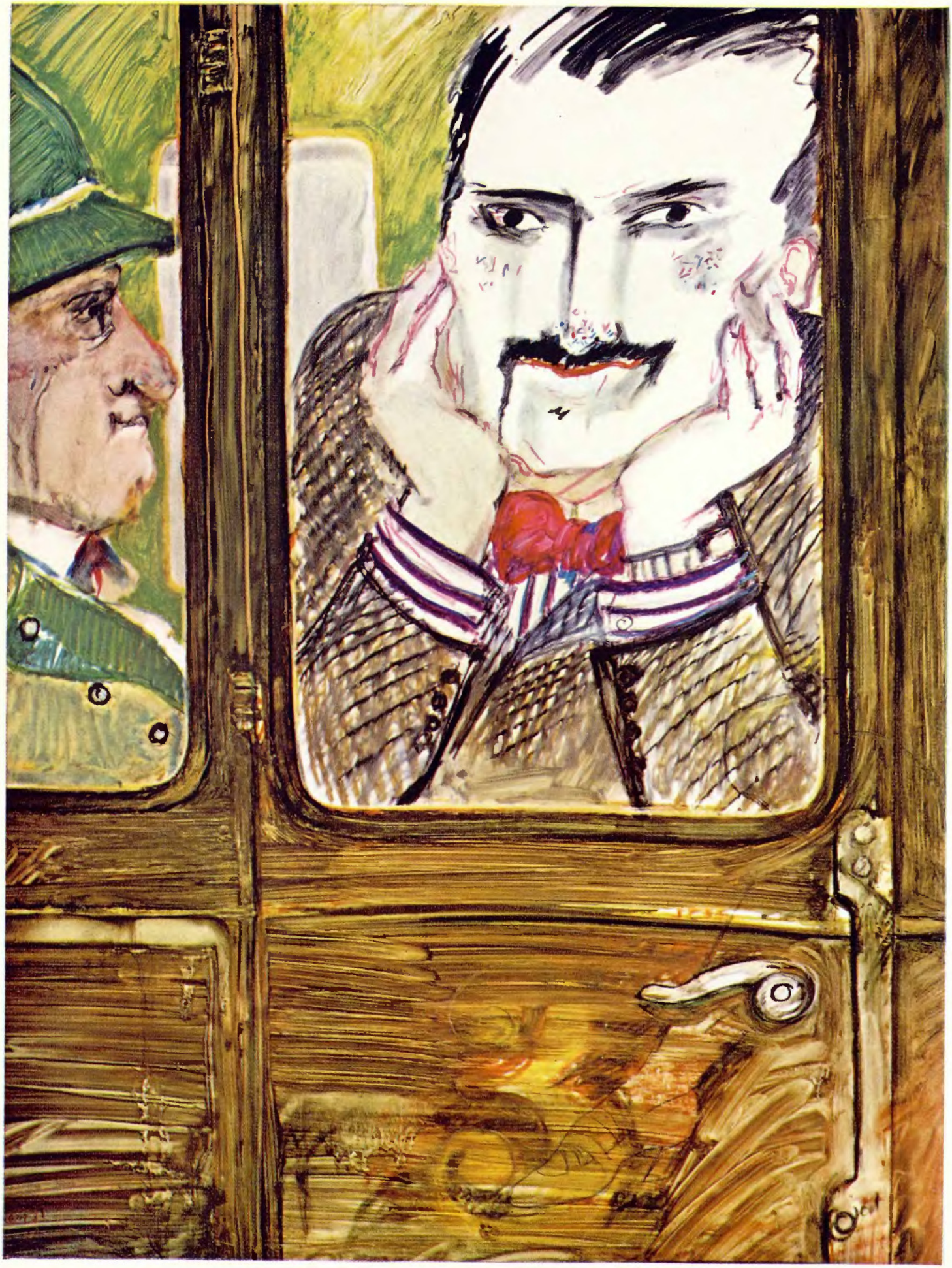


ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANZ ALTSCHULER

# THE DASHING FELLOW

*fiction*

**By VLADIMIR NABOKOV**

*say what you will, the mainspring of life is robust romance*

OUR SUITCASE is carefully embellished with bright-colored stickers: Nürnberg, Stuttgart, Köln—and even Lido (but that one is fraudulent). We have a swarthy complexion, a network of purple-red veins, a black mustache, trimly clipped, and hairy nostrils. We breathe hard through our nose as we try to solve a crossword puzzle in an *émigré* paper. We are alone in a third-class compartment—alone and, therefore, bored.

Tonight we arrive in a voluptuous little town. Freedom of action! Fragrance of commercial travels! A golden hair on the sleeve of one's coat! Oh, woman, thy name is Goldie! That's how we called Momma and, later, our wife, Katya. Psychoanalytic fact: Every man is Oedipus. During the last trip, we were unfaithful to Katya three times, and that cost us 30 reichsmarks. Funny—they all look a fright in the place one lives in, but in a strange town they are as lovely as antique hetaerae. Even more delicious, however, might be the elegancies of a chance encounter: Your profile reminds me of the girl for whose sake years ago. . . . After one single night we shall part like ships. . . . Another possibility: She might turn out to be Russian. Allow me to introduce myself: Konstantin. . . . Better omit the family name—or maybe invent one? Obolenski. Yes, relatives.

We do not know any famous Turkish general and can guess neither the father of aviation nor an American rodent. It is also not very amusing to look at the view. Fields. A road. Birches-smirches. Cottage and cabbage patch. Country lass, not bad, young.

Katya is the very type of a good wife. Lacks any sort of passion, cooks beautifully, washes her arms as far as

He noticed a girl—sun-tanned, laughing, her bust enclosed in white wool—on the station platform and ogled her fixedly.

the shoulders every morning and is not overbright; therefore, not jealous. Given the sterling breadth of her pelvis, one is surprised that for the second time now, she has produced a stillborn babikins. Laborious years. Uphill all the way. *Absolut marasmus* in business. Sweating 20 times before persuading one customer. Then squeezing out the commission drop by drop. God, how one longs to tangle with a graceful gold-bright little devil in a fantastically lit hotel room! Mirrors, orgies, a couple of drinks. Another five hours of travel. Railroad riding, it is proclaimed, disposes one to this kind of thing. Am extremely disposed. After all, say what you will, but the mainspring of life is robust romance. Can't concentrate on business unless I take care first of my romantic interests. So here is the plan: starting point, the café that Lange told me about. Now, if I don't find anything there——

Crossing gate, warehouse, big station. Our traveler let down the window and leaned upon it, elbows wide apart. Beyond a platform, steam was issuing from under some sleeping cars. One could vaguely make out the pigeons changing perches under the lofty glass dome. Hot dogs cried out in treble, beer in baritone. A girl, her bust enclosed in white wool, stood talking to a man, now joining her bare arms behind her back, swaying slightly and beating her buttocks with her handbag, now folding her arms on her chest and stepping with one foot upon the other, or else, holding her handbag under her arm and with a small snapping sound thrusting nimble fingers under her glossy black belt; thus she stood, and laughed, and sometimes touched her companion in a valedictory gesture, only to resume at once her twisting and turning: a sun-tanned girl with a heaped-up hairdo that left her ears bare, and a quite ravishing scratch on her honey-hued upper arm. She does not look at us, but never mind, let us ogle her fixedly. In the beam of the gloating tense glance, she starts to shimmer and seems about to dissolve. In a moment, the background will show through her—a refuse bin, a poster, a bench; but here, unfortunately, our crystalline lens had to return to normality, for everything shifted; the man jumped into the next carriage, the train jerked into motion and the girl took a handkerchief out of her handbag. When, in the course of her receding glide, she came exactly in front of his window, Konstantin, Kostya, Kostenka thrice kissed with gusto the palm of his hand, but his salute passed unnoticed: With rhythmical waves of her handkerchief, she floated away.

He shut the window and, on turning around, saw with pleased surprise that during his mesmeric activities the compartment had managed to fill up: three men with their newspapers and, in the far corner, a brunette with a powdered face. Her shiny coat was of gelatin-like translucency—resisting rain, maybe, but not a man's gaze. Decorous humor and correct eye reach—that's our motto.

Ten minutes later, he was deep in conversation with the passenger in the opposite window seat, a neatly dressed old gentleman; the prefatory theme had sailed by in the guise of a factory chimney; certain statistics came to be mentioned and both men expressed themselves with melancholic irony regarding industrial trends; meanwhile, the white-faced woman dismissed a sickly bouquet of forget-me-nots to the baggage rack and, having produced a magazine from her traveling bag, became engrossed in the transparent process of reading: Through it comes our caressive voice, our commonsensical speech. The second male passenger joined in: He was engagingly fat, wore checked knickerbockers stuck into green stockings and talked about pig breeding. What a good sign—she adjusts every part you look at. The third man, an arrogant recluse, hid behind his paper. At the next stop, the industrialist and the expert on hogs got out, the recluse retired to the dining car and the lady moved to the window seat.

Let us appraise her point by point. Funereal expression of eyes, lascivious lips. First-rate legs, artificial silk. What is better—the experience of a sexy 30-year-old brunette or the silly young bloom of a bright-curled romp? Today the former is better, and tomorrow we shall see. Next point: Through the gelatin of her raincoat glimmers a beautiful nude, like a mermaid seen through the yellow waves of the Rhine. Spasmodically rising, she shed her coat but revealed only a beige dress with a piqué collaret. Arrange it. That's right.

"May weather," affably said Konstantin, "and yet the trains are still heated."

Her left eyebrow went up and she answered: "Yes, it *is* warm here, and I'm mortally tired. My contract is finished, I'm going home now. They all toasted me, the station buffet there is tops, I drank too much, but I never get tipsy, just a heaviness in my stomach. Life has grown hard, I receive more flowers than money and a month's rest will be most welcome; after that I have a new contract, but of course, it's impossible to lay anything by. The potbellied chap, who just left, behaved obscenely. How he stared at me! I feel as if I had been on this train for a long, long time, and I am so very anxious to return to my cozy little apartment far from all that flurry and claptrap and rot."

"Allow me to offer you," said Kostya, "something to palliate the offense."

He pulled from under his backside a square pneumatic cushion, its rubber covered in speckled satin: He always had it under him during his flat, hard, hemorrhoidal trips.

"And what about yourself?" she inquired.

"We'll manage, we'll manage. I must ask you to rise a little. Excuse me. Now sit down. Soft, isn't it? That part is especially sensitive on the road."

"Thank you," she said. "Not all men are so considerate. I've lost quite a bit of flesh lately. Oh, how nice! Just like traveling second-class."

"*Galanterie, Gnädigste*," said Kostenka, "is an innate property with us. Yes, I'm a foreigner. Russian. Here's an example: One day my father had gone for a walk on the grounds of his manor with an old pal, a well-known general. They happened to meet a peasant woman—a little old hag, you know, with a bundle of firewood on her back—and my father took off his hat. This surprised the general, and then my father said: 'Would your Excellency really want a simple peasant to be more courteous than a member of the gentry?' "

"I know a Russian—I'm sure you've heard his name, too—let me see, what was it? Baretski . . . Baratski. . . . From Warsaw. He now owns a drugstore in Chemnitz. Baratski . . . Baritski. I'm sure you know him?"

"I do not. Russia is a big country. Our family estate was about as large as your Saxony. And all has been lost, all has been burned down. The glow of the fire could be seen at a distance of seventy kilometers. My parents were butchered in my presence. I owe my life to a faithful retainer, a veteran of the Turkish campaign."

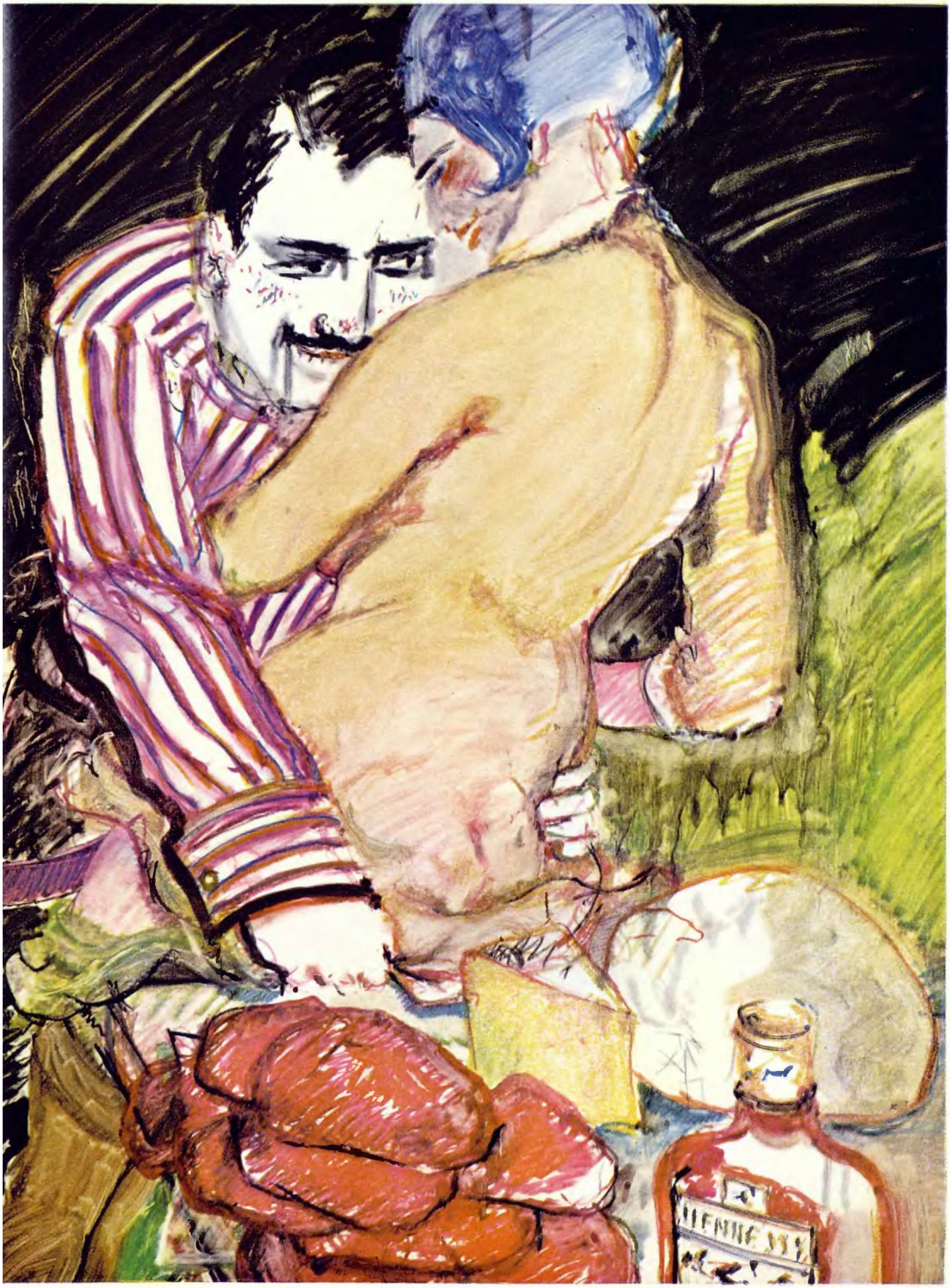
"How terrible," she said, "how very terrible!"

"Yes, but it inures one. I escaped, disguised as a country girl. In those days, I made a very cute little maiden. Soldiers pestered me. Especially one beastly fellow. . . . And thereby hangs a most comic tale."

He told his tale. "*Pfui!*" she uttered, smiling.

"Well, after that came the era of

Kostya followed her into the kitchen. "Goodness me, can't you wait a little?" she asked. "Let me go, it's indecent." However, when he pressed her against the table, she started to giggle helplessly.



wanderings and a multitude of trades. At one time I even used to shine shoes—and would see in my dreams the precise spot in the garden where the old butler, by torchlight, had buried our ancestral jewels. There was, I remember, a sword, studded with diamonds——"

"I'll be back in a minute," said the lady.

The resilient cushion had not yet had time to cool when she again sat down upon it and with mellow grace recrossed her legs.

"And, moreover, two rubies, that big, then stocks in a golden casket, my father's epaulets, a string of black pearls——"

"Yes, many people are ruined at present," she remarked with a sigh, and continued, again raising that left eyebrow: "I, too, have experienced all sorts of hardships. I had a husband, it was a dreadful marriage, and I said to myself: Enough! I'm going to live my own way. For almost a year now, I'm not on speaking terms with my parents—old people, you know, don't understand the young—and it affects me deeply—sometimes I pass by their house and sort of dream of dropping in—and my second husband is now, thank goodness, in Argentina; he writes me absolutely marvelous letters, but I will never return to him. There was another man, the director of a factory, a very sedate gentleman; he adored me, wanted me to bear him a child, and his wife was also such a dear, so warmhearted—much older than he—oh, we three were such friends, went boating on the lake in summer, but then they moved to Frankfurt. Or take actors—such good, gay people—and affairs with them are so *kameradschaftlich*, there's no pouncing upon you, at once, at once, at once. . . ."

In the meantime Kostya reflected: We know all those parents and directors. She's making up everything. Very attractive, though. Breasts like a pair of piggies, slim hips. Likes to tipple, apparently. Let's order some beer from the diner.

"Well, some time later, there was a lucky break, brought me heaps of money. I had four apartment houses in Berlin. But the man whom I trusted, my friend, my partner, deceived me. . . . Painful recollections. I lost a fortune but not my optimism; and now, again, thank God, despite the Depression. . . . Apropos, let me show you something, madam."

The suitcase with the swanky stickers contained (among other meretricious articles) samples of a highly fashionable kind of vanity-bag looking glass: little things neither round nor square, but *Phantasie*—shaped, say, like a daisy or a butterfly or a heart. Meanwhile came the beer. She examined the little mirrors and looked in them at herself; blinks of light shot across the compartment. She downed the beer like a trooper and with the back of her hand removed the foam from her orange-red lips. Kostenka fondly replaced the samples in the valise and put it back on the shelf. All right, let's begin.

"Do you know—I keep looking at you and imagining that we met once years ago. You resemble to an absurd degree a girl—she died of consumption—whom I loved so much that I almost shot myself. Yes, we Russians are sentimental eccentrics, but believe me, we can love with the passion of a Rasputin and the naïveté of a child. You are lonely and I am lonely. You are free and I am free. Who, then, can forbid us to spend several pleasant hours in a sheltered love nest?"

Her silence was enticing. He left his seat and sat next to her. He leered, and rolled his eyes, and knocked his knees together, and rubbed his hands, as he gaped at her profile.

"What is your destination?" she asked.

Kostenka told her.

"And I am returning to——"

She named a city famous for its cheese production.

"All right, I'll accompany you and tomorrow continue my journey. Though I dare not predict anything, madam. I have all grounds to believe that neither you nor I will regret it."

The smile, the eyebrow.

"You don't even know my name yet."

"Oh, who cares, who cares? Why should one have a name?"

"Here's mine," she said and produced a visting card: Sonja Bergmann.

"And I'm just Kostya, Kostya and no nonsense. Call me Kostya, right?"

An enchanting woman! A nervous, supple, interesting woman! We'll be there in half an hour. Long live life, happiness, ruddy health! A long night of double-edged pleasures. See our complete collection of caresses! Amorous Hercules!

The person we nicknamed the recluse returned from the diner and flirtation had to be suspended. She took several snapshots out of her handbag and proceeded to show them: "This girl's just a friend. Here's a very sweet boy, his brother works for the radio station. In this one I came out appallingly. That's my leg. And here—do you recognize this person? I've put spectacles on and a bowler—cute, isn't it?"

We are on the point of arriving. The little cushion has been returned with many thanks. Kostya deflated it and slipped it into his valise. The train began braking.

"Well, so long," said the lady.

Energetically and gaily he carried out both suitcases—hers, a small fiber one, and his, of a nobler make. The glass-topped station was shot through by three beams of dusty sunlight. The sleepy recluse and the forgotten forget-me-nots rode away.

"You're completely mad," she said with a laugh.

Before checking his bag, he extracted from it a pair of flat folding slippers. At the taxi stand there remained one cab.

"Where are we going?" she asked. "To a restaurant?"

"We'll fix something to eat at your place," said terribly impatient Kostya. "That will be much cozier. Get in. It's a better idea. I suppose he'll be able to change fifty marks? I've got only big bills. No, wait a sec, here's some small cash. Come on, come on, tell him where to go."

The inside of the cab smelled of kerosene. We must not spoil our fun with the small fry of osculatory contacts. Shall we get there soon? What a dreary town. Soon? Urge becoming intolerable. That firm I know. Ah, we've arrived.

The taxi pulled up in front of an old, coal-black house with green shutters. They climbed to the fourth landing and there she stopped and said: "And what if there's somebody else there? How do you know that I'll let you in? What's that on your lip?"

"A cold sore," said Kostya, "just a cold sore. Hurry up. Open. Let's dismiss the whole world and its troubles. Quick. Open."

They entered. A hallway with a large wardrobe, a kitchen and a small bedroom.

"No, please wait. I'm hungry. We shall first have supper. Give me that fifty-mark note, I'll take the occasion to change it for you."

"All right, but for God's sake, hurry," said Kostya, rummaging in his wallet. "There's no need to change anything, here's a nice tenner."

"What would you like me to buy?"

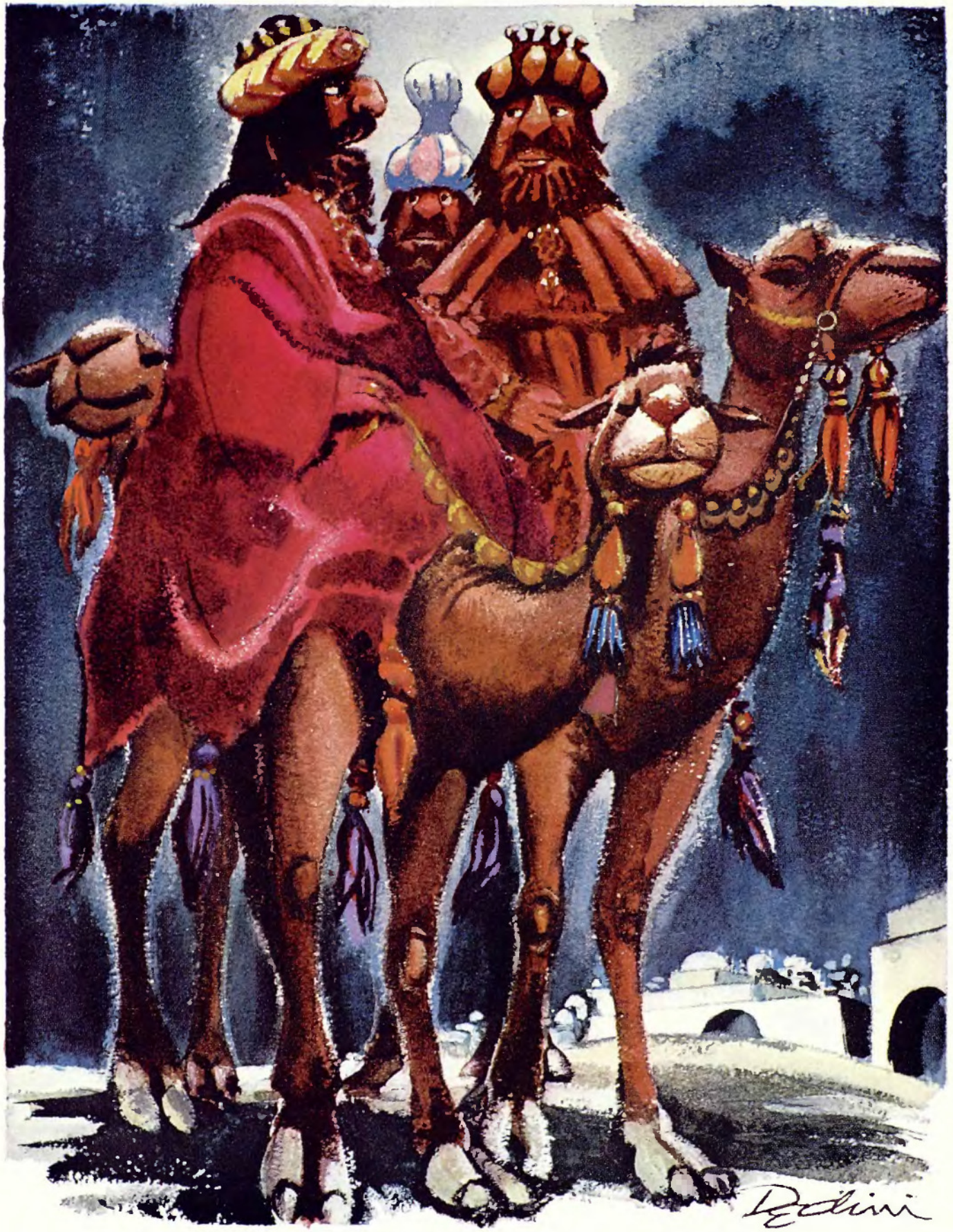
"Oh, anything you want. I only beseech you to make haste."

She left. She locked him in, using both keys. Taking no chances. But what loot could one have found here? None. In the middle of the kitchen floor, a dead cockroach lay on its back, brown legs stretched out. The bedroom contained one chair and a lace-covered wooden bed. Above it, the photograph of a man with fat cheeks and waved hair was nailed to the spotty wall. Kostya sat down on the chair and in a twinkle substituted the morocco slippers for his mahogany-red street shoes. Then he shed his No-folk jacket, unbuttoned his lilac braces and took off his starched collar. There was no toilet, so he quickly used the kitchen sink, then washed his hands and examined his lip. The doorbell rang.

He tiptoed fast to the door, placed his eye to the peephole but could see nothing. The person behind the door rang again and the copper ring was heard to knock. No matter—we can't let him in even if we wish to.

"Who's that?" asked Kostya insinuatingly through the door.

*(concluded on page 303)*



*"The talk around Bethlehem is that we're Jesus freaks."*

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 118)*

don't bother. The breaking point for me was *Cul-de-Sac*, which in my opinion is the best thing I've ever done. If I'm remembered for something I've done in the cinema, it will be for this film. But it got terrible reviews.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you explain that?

**POLANSKI:** First, because it was ahead of its time in a way, like *Dr. Strangelove*, which is one of the cinema's classics but came out two or three years too soon. And second, because critics are in general dumb and didn't understand the film. And third, because the more a reviewer can get stuck on his own piece and admire it, the happier he is. He's more interested in showing his own brilliance than in seriously assessing a film for the reader.

**PLAYBOY:** You said *Cul-de-Sac* is your best work. Why do you think so?

**POLANSKI:** I think it is the most cinematic of all my films, and remember that in a way, I see myself as a technician, so that's very important to me. It's the most cinematic because it's a piece that's virtually untranslatable into any other medium. Popularity and reviews mean nothing in this judgment. The films that are considered masterpieces, like *Citizen Kane* or *L'Avventura* or *A Space Odyssey*, when you look back and start going through the reviews to find out how they were received at the time, you're often surprised to find that it was not that well. Somehow certain films make their reputation throughout the history of cinema *despite* the critics and often despite the public, and sometimes despite both. I think *Cul-de-Sac* is already on the way, from what I hear about it whenever I talk to young people or cinema buffs. *Cul-de-Sac* is going to be a very durable movie.

**PLAYBOY:** For all those who've panned you, there are some writers in the film journals, especially in Europe, who rank you among the handful of the world's great directors. Would you agree with them?

**POLANSKI:** Guess! There aren't very many great directors. I think about five or six, like Fellini, Kubrick—— No, wait a minute. I can either say that I'm one of the five or six best directors without naming the rest or I can name my five or six favorites without telling you that I think I'm a part of this group, because to do that would seem too presumptuous. Which do you prefer?

**PLAYBOY:** Both. Before we finish this interview, there's one subject we haven't even touched on: politics. Though you crossed the Iron Curtain to live and work in the capitalist West, nothing you've said has indicated even a passing interest in affairs of state.

**POLANSKI:** I vaguely follow politics, but I don't think a knowledge of it is essential to lead an intellectually satisfying life. You can be involved with society without being at all interested in politics. I used to be quite political, but I quit when I understood that I couldn't do much about the situation. I'll tell you exactly my motivations, because this one I know the answer to. You know already my character. You know that I'm determined when I set out to do something, and when I'm determined, I do it. I set a goal and I desperately try to achieve it. When I'm not able to achieve what I want to, I become desperately angry and frustrated, and that's the feeling I have for politics. When I was in my 20s and living in Poland, I was concerned, and gradually I understood that all my efforts were so futile that I was reduced to some kind of mental masturbation. So I just stopped trying. I think that if I had chosen politics for a full-time career, I would certainly not only talk about it but I would do a lot about it. In general, though, I think that people who go into politics are a pretty stupid, uninspired race. I suspect that politics is quite easy, and the fact that the results are so poor everywhere is primarily because mostly second-rate people go into it. Really talented and ambitious people are usually interested in other fields of life.

My perceptions of this occurred about the same time I understood one other thing that I think also kept me away from politics, and that is the essential problem of human character, as explained so well by Oscar Hammerstein —that too many people are too early in their lives too certain of too many things. So they are ready to die or kill for these things. You gradually come to understand that whichever side they're on, it's only by accident. The same baby who grew up as a Protestant in Ireland could just as easily have grown up as a Catholic in Ireland, so this man is fighting against someone he could have very easily been himself. My point is that what fucks up the world is idealism. Idealism is usually associated with the good guys, but I'll tell you, whoever is the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan is as much an idealist in his mind as anyone else who believes deeply in his convictions and is willing to die for them or have others killed for them. These people don't expose their prejudices to a healthy doubt.

**PLAYBOY:** You hardly seem one to criticize others for lack of self-doubt.

**POLANSKI:** My self-confidence has to do with creative activity, not political activity. These political idealists I'm talking about are the do-gooders who want to do their number for the best interests of other people, not themselves. I do it for myself, not for some ideal of what I think is best for other people and for future generations. There is a whole world of difference.

**PLAYBOY:** Before we leave the subject, can we persuade you to give us some general idea, using at least broad conventional labels, about whether you consider yourself on the left or the right?

**POLANSKI:** I definitely don't identify with the right wing in America, but that doesn't mean I have any nostalgia for communism. Come to think of it, I do know one certainty about politics: Communism is a system that doesn't work. Terrible things happen when you start going against human nature, and having lived under communism, I can say that this is exactly what it does. It's basically structured on the assumption that everybody will be performing according to good will, according to the needs of the society, which is absolutely divorced from any conception of human nature. The result is expressed in another contemporary Polish proverb: "*Czy sie stoi czy sie lezy 2000 sie nalezy*"—which I'll bet is the first Polish sentence that PLAYBOY has ever published [It is.—*Ed.*] —so don't misspell it. It means: "Whether you're standing up or lying down, they still pay you your 2000 zlotys." Most people are lying down.

I'm more sympathetic to capitalism, because it's not an artificial system that was invented by a group of brilliant people. It's a stage to which people naturally evolved. It's not the ideal system. Far from it. Anyone with any feeling has to be outraged by things like Vietnam, but I don't think there is anything about it that's peculiar to capitalism. I always hear that this war made America lose her virginity, but the truth is that this war buggered America. If the Soviet Union found herself in a similar situation, I can assure you she would deal with the problem the same way—only faster, as it happened in Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia. God, politics is so vague. I don't want to talk politics. I really only do it when it's thrust upon me, mostly by intellectual friends, and I end up spending my energy in unnecessary arguments. So let's talk about something else—or nothing else.

**PLAYBOY:** One more question: What are your plans, now that you've finished *Macbeth*?

**POLANSKI:** I don't like to make plans. I don't know what I'll be doing. I'll make another film, but I don't know what. There's only one thing for sure: There will be no castles, no crowd scenes, no special effects, no horses, no costumes—preferably no clothes at all. Just two people on the beach! And perhaps not so much dialog as in this interview. As I told you, I'm not a man of words, and I've run completely out of them. I'm drained. Enough said, PLAYBOY. OK?

**PLAYBOY:** OK.

"So you wanna tie me to the bedposts and do the trick with the frozen scampi? So what else is new?"

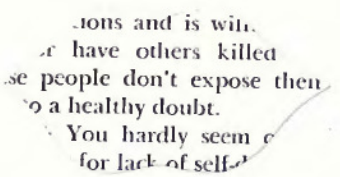
# NEW YORK—A TOWN WITHOUT FOREPLAY

*it's all there, anything you like, and forget about the please and thank you*

*article* **By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

IT LOOKS more or less the same. Approaching, say, from the Queensboro Bridge at 59th Street, the buildings still appear majestic, confident, imperious, like players in some magnificent backfield or, for the more extravagant, like sentries at the gates of Olympus. The much-talked-about pollutive screen hangs above the city; but since there is no way actually to see it at work on the lungs, the effect is muted and cinematic, the work of an ambitious new film director, shaky on character, secure when it comes to giving his picture a "look." From a distance, it is all quite safe and manageable; but closer in, when the view becomes hot and stupendous and it's clear you're not dealing with a picture postcard, even the cool customer sucks in his breath a bit. Coming in on steerage, the immigrants felt it, of course, and the local who has been wandering in foreign lands experiences it more sharply than anyone. But even the commuter, struggling bumper to bumper from Hicksville, exhausted before the day has begun, has been known to revive somewhat, as though slapped by a Madison Avenue skin bracer, on catching that first exhilarative shock of the city. There is much of this in the approach to San Juan, the look of Rome from the Hills, the first sight of the Pacific and even dropping down over St. Louis —a sense of new and dangerous possibilities—but in the case of New York City, there seems to be a higher ante, more wild cards to the deck. Making first contact with this town, that elevator-dropping junkie's rush of excitement has to do with the fact that no matter how many times a visitor has been elbowed away from the table or come home tapioca city, there are more chances in New York that the dice will pass his way again; the list is long of those who've rolled their way back to a piece of the casino.

The man who has been away for a decade or two would still find New York City in 1971 recognizable. Great steel-and-glass towers, boxlike, geometric, have been thrown up at what often seems like the rate of one a day. Enormous hooker squadrons patrol the center of the city. At each midtown corner, men in undershirts sell dollar belts. (Who wears all those belts?) Cops confusingly wear beards and Wild West mustaches and very tough Irish barroom types, even more confusingly, have taken on the skinny, bare-armed poignant hippie look. Women snippily prance along, managing in their hot shorts to show more ass or, more accurately, more *toochis*, than all the nudes in *Calcutta!*, all assuming the arrogant New York look, which says it's your problem, buddy, not theirs. Black dudes in tilted hats, floor-length coats and pants that seem painted to their legs bop along Third Avenue as though they alone know the




DESIGNED BY TOM STAEBLER / PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

ultimate secrets of the city, which they probably do. Pimpmobiles, priced at $18,000, lead the traffic parade. Henry Ford's dream as seen by Fellini. Yet it is still recognizably New York. Lindy's is gone and the Latin Quarter has been interred, but the park is untouched and the Plaza still holds court at 59th and Fifth like an elegant old lady. There is a sold-out show at the Winter Garden and you can still get a bag of hot chestnuts on any Broadway corner. (Three are good, 12 are lousy.) You can't meet someone at the Astor, but you can join forces at the Algonquin. To the man who has been away for a while, what slowly begins to seem unusual is not the look of the city so much as the balance sheet of it, a little weird, a little tilted. An elderly woman, sitting alone at an East Side restaurant, suddenly flings bottles and glasses at a wall mirror. To the one diner who takes exception to her behavior, the head-waiter explains, "She comes from a very well-to-do family." A well-dressed gentleman walks briskly into the emergency ward at Bellevue Hospital and tips his hat to the reception clerk. He has an ice pick in his head. To catch his new date by surprise, an actor, successful with women, sure of his moves, reaches beneath the table to fondle her toes and finds one missing. "My lover," she says with a bored drag of her cigarette. "I seem to attract the wrong kind of men."

In restaurants, people who get a choice sit with their backs to the wall, the way they once did in Laredo. An accidentally dropped plate has diners clutching their chairs, expecting the worst. In New York City, 1971, paranoia is the new reality. There really *are* 12 people waiting on a corner to get you. At a St. Mark's organic-foods shop, a man with dead eyes asks a young guitarist for one of his *tempura* shrimps, is rejected and does a series of Oriental attack gestures at the heavens, an obvious loony. But then he systematically chops the youth to the floor while the other patrons stare at their food, all of it muffled, soundless, TV entertainment in a glass booth. A man is staked out and trapped in a car lot by his girlfriend's husband, an adman, puffy, out of shape. "Go near my wife again and I'll kill you," says the husband, a respectable, time-honored warning. But instead of a clenched fist, he produces a yard-long blade, balances it on one finger, flings it up in the air, catches it on the tip of another finger, passing it along from finger to finger in that style. The accused gets the message and will not approach the woman again. But where did the adman learn such violent artistry? Two old friends meet, after many years. Each notices a bulge in the other's hip. Both admit to carrying weapons. They are not cops, they don't have dangerous jobs. They are not on their way to do something tricky. But they live in the city of New York. "Somebody starts in," says one of them, "and he's carrying his shit. I want to be carrying *my* shit." A tall yellow-haired model, perhaps Swedish, approaches a black man at a cabaret in the West Village as though she is going to embrace him. She does, with a glass water pitcher, cracking it across his head. The black man, his face an intricately stenciled map of blood, walks inside to the Chinese chef, who is being blown by a pretty neighborhood freak to commemorate his birthday. (Chefs get a lot of unsolicited action in New York. Girls are always saying let's go in and do something nice for Ming.) The chef extricates himself momentarily, treats the wound with towels and the black man returns to finish his dinner. An entire city, chopping, tearing, slashing, clawing itself to shreds, all of it muffled, soundless, the stuff of dreams, covered over by a thin, cocained veil. "You're afraid to goddamn fight in this city," says "Inspector" Pat Doyle, 26 years a suspenders-wearing *Front Page*–style crime reporter for the tabloid *Daily News*. "The day when two gentlemen could hang up their coats and go outside to settle their differences in a manly way is long gone. One will be a speed freak with a stiletto. One of the combatants' eyes will be gouged out. Your top mobsters don't condone this, incidentally. When I broke in, crime had some class to it. You'd have your occasional garroting or find a guy in a trunk or there'd be a shotgun killing. But today, a mother in Queens gets mad at her son and chops his head off. Now, what is *that*? The police have to have guys dressing up like women, with balloons for tits. They're shooting cops right in the detective squad room. You can't go to the zoo.

"Do you realize," says Doyle, and he's near tears on this one, "that in the city of New York, a man has to be buzzed into police headquarters?"

Late at night, apart from a few sparkled clusters of "singles" outside the East Side bars and some sightless junkies who slip through the streets like dazed moths, the city has an occupied look to it. Footsteps from behind sound like bombs dropping. Strangers pass one another, heads down, as though eye contact would mean electrocution. An elevator ride with someone unknown becomes a combat mission in the dark. A man goes to the South Bronx to visit his 70-year-old father, who is grateful that his apartment has been knocked over only twice. There are 35 tenants in the building and 27 keep German shepherds. These people are not pet lovers. Only near morning, when the newspaper delivery trucks hurl their wired paper bundles up onto the sidewalk and the garbage grinders begin to whine and grumble, is there some break in the tension. The sun smacks against the giant glass towers with ferocity, as though it would prefer to tear it all down.

• • •

When did this come about? Once, New York City meant being smart in school, waiting outside Yankee Stadium for Charley Keller, delicious giant malted milk shakes that the drugstore owner let you make yourself, terrific, towering stickball flies. Everybody had a nickname—Doodle, Doggie, Muff, Half-Ass, Pickles; each fellow, with a separate style, was a little traveling show unto himself, one famous for going into sewers for lost balls, another for a cute move he made at first base, another for allegedly being able to suck himself off, for being deaf, for outrageously being a Phillies fan with the Polo Grounds and the New York Giants only six blocks away. Irish kids were tough, Polish guys were strong, Italian kids were tough, colored guys had fast hands, some Jewish kids were tough, although most tended to wrestle and not punch in the face. Come to think of it, everyone was a little tough, but knives were something that occurred only in Mexican bandit movies. Every class had a refugee from Germany (usually called "Ref"), who had poor bladder control. The wildest event in the world was a girl getting her period, and even wilder was when a teenager, after a lot of arguments with her sick father, went downtown to become a whore (pronounced who-a). Only one girl per block "put out," usually the super's daughter, and a sex club had to do with a wild Jewish girl taking four guys up to her apartment and flashing her panties; if the crowd on hand was really fast, she would take a shower. Later, she would be sent to a special school. Fags had not been invented quite yet, and if there was one around, he wore enough make-up for the kabuki theater. Downtown was the magic word, the pearl of the New York oyster. Greenwich Village was very cute (bunch of "bohemians" lived down there); the black folks strutted their stuff up in Harlem, Brooklyn was more of what you had in the Bronx, people probably lived on Park Avenue, although you didn't know any, and your father's boss had a house out on Long Island—but downtown, that slab of grown-up fun and mystery that went from 42nd Street on the West Side to the edge of Central Park on 59th, was where the jewels were stashed. Above 59th, you might as well be in Siberia. Getting there was a big part of it—dressing up in a sports jacket, delicious one-cent subway gum, turning the wheel in the front car of the express train as though you were the one negotiating the lonely curves. Hot pretzels, shows with Jack Haley, Bobby Clark, Martha Raye and 20 hot-rumped rascals picked for tits and ass—since this

*(continued on page 336)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES GRASHOW

*in-flight movies take a back seat when the m*a*s*h maniacs offer jet passengers a live fertility rite*

fiction By RICHARD HOOKER HAVING MORE OR LESS outlasted the enemy, the Korean War and the U.S. Army, the men of *M*A*S*H* put on civilian clothes and went their separate ways. From the 4077th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital, Dr. "Trapper" John McIntyre went to New York to practice cardiac surgery; Dr. "Duke" Forrest went south; Dr. Oliver Wendell ("Spearchucker") Jones became chief of neurosurgery at University Hospital in Philadelphia; and Dr. Benjamin Franklin ("Hawkeye") Pierce went home to Maine. They all seemed to have found what they'd wanted—except for Hawkeye. He was restless. There was something missing from life at the Spruce Harbor VA Hospital. He went to the big city for a couple of years of training in thoracic surgery; then, when he went back to Spruce Harbor to start his own practice, a devious scheme began to form in his mind. But how do you lure, entice, decoy or seduce three eminent physicians to the rustic shores of the Pine Tree State? Only *(continued on page 158)*

# S*E*X COMES TO THIEF ISLAND

# BAH! HUMBUG!

*humor* **By DAVID STEVENS and ALFRED DEBAT** *a puppy-kicking twenty-question quiz designed to measure your scroogeworthiness*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW put it rather nicely when he called Christmas "an indecent subject; a cruel, gluttonous subject; a drunken, disorderly subject; a wasteful, disastrous subject; a wicked, cadging, lying, filthy, blasphemous and demoralizing subject," concluding that if he had his way, "anyone who looked back to it would be turned into a pillar of greasy sausages." Ebenezer Scrooge, however, was a bit more succinct. " 'If I could work my will,' said Scrooge indignantly, 'every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart.' " So now that the holidays are once again upon us, here's a quiz designed to plumb the depths of your own acid content. Simply take a pencil and mark your answers to the following 20 questions (only one answer per question, please). Then check the scoring box at the end of the quiz. And if you don't like what you learn, don't call us; we'll be busy evicting deadbeat paraplegics while the snow's still on the ground.

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**1** OK, so you've settled back in your favorite easy chair, fixed yourself a drink and are ready to begin. First, take a look at the four pictures on this page—really study them, noting all the details—then choose which, in your opinion, most graphically portrays the true spirit of Christmas:

a. _____ b. _____ c. _____ d. _____

**2** Now choose which of the following four objects you would be most inclined to decorate your house or apartment's front door with at Christmas:

a. A holly wreath trimmed with antique ornaments
b. The Virgin Mary made out of glitters
c. A scarlet-fever quarantine card
d. A pressure-type Claymore mine

**3** Think back to Charles Dickens' immortal tale *A Christmas Carol* for a moment, then select which of the four you most closely identify with:

a. Tiny Tim
b. Tiny Tim's limp
c. Tiny Tim's crutch
d. Tiny Tim's tombstone

**4** Assuming that you could instantly be transported by magic carpet anywhere in the world on Christmas morning, you would choose:

a. Your own warm bed
b. The Y. M. C. A. steam room on East 47th Street in Manhattan
c. Barracks B, Parris Island, South Carolina
d. Mecca

**5** Pretend it's Christmas Eve at the Vice-President's house and Santa's up on the roof, about to come down the chimney. In his bag for Agnew is:

a. Spiro's first wide tie
b. A David Eisenhower doll that sings the first eight bars of *I Got Plenty of Nothing*
c. A year's supply of Preparation H and a whoopee cushion
d. Twenty I.Q. points

**6** Which of the aromas listed below would you most likely identify with your childhood Christmases?

a. Chestnuts roasting on an open fire
b. Jack Frost roasting on an open fire
c. A wet Bulgarian dancing bear
d. A brimming bowl of Bon Vivant vichyssoise

**7** Assuming that you have no other choice, which of the following would you pick to play Santa Claus?

a. Orson Welles
b. Orson Bean
c. Kate Smith, in drag
d. Kate Millett, not in drag

**8** Let's suppose that you've just settled down for a long winter's nap, when suddenly, out on the lawn, there's a tremendous clatter—eight tiny carolers singing *It Came upon a Midnight Clear* and shaking sleigh bells. Under these conditions, you would be most prone to:

a. Light up your plastic Rudolph, the Red-nosed Reindeer
b. Light up your plastic Rudolph Valentino
c. Light up your plastic Rudolf Frinl
d. Light up your plastic Rudolf Hess

**9** Imagine that you're sitting in your living room on the night of December 24, when a pair of shiny black boots

appears in your fireplace. You'd most likely think:
a. Yes, Virginia, there *is* a Santa Claus.
b. Those damn Hendersons never phone ahead.
c. Is that son-of-a-bitch janitor crocked *again*?
d. Quick, flush the stash!

**10** If you were to spy your neighbors across the street setting up a 14-piece cardboard Nativity, complete with motorized nodding camels and rocking manger, your first thought would be:
a. At least they remember *his* birthday.
b. At least it hides that god-awful birdbath.
c. I always *thought* they were assholes.
d. I always thought they were Jewish.

**11** In your opinion, which statement best conveys the spirit of the Thomas Nast illustration above?
a. "Another stocking to fill."
b. "I *told* them IUDs work better than the pill."
c. "This kid ought to be worth at least 20 grand!"
d. "The brat's asleep. Now for that horny baby sitter."

**12** The picture above inspires you to perform which of these actions:
a. Cry a little
b. Laugh a little
c. Puke a little
d. Puke a lot

**13** Which of the following Christmas presents would you be most likely to give to a former girlfriend?
a. A round-trip ticket to Christmas Island
b. A one-way ticket to Christmas Island
c. A can of feminine-hygiene spray filled with Elmer's glue
d. A wet Bulgarian dancing bear

**14** If you could come downstairs on Christmas morning and find one of the following items under your tree, which would you select?
a. Life memberships in the Wayne King, Wayne Newton and Wayne Morris fan clubs
b. A six-hour tape of Allen Ginsberg chanting "Om"
c. A certificate to ten Greek-type massages at Ready Eddie's masseuse parlor
d. Two Seconals and a glass of water

**15** In the familiar carol *The Twelve Days of Christmas*, a true love presents his beloved with a series of colorful gifts. Of the four gifts listed below, which one is incorrect?
a. Ten lords a-laying
b. Six geese a-goosing
c. Eleven pipers popping
d. Twelve drummers drooling

**16** Think carefully for a moment, then pick the quote that best sums up your attitude toward Christmas:
a. *"Deck the halls with boughs of holly,*
*Fa la la la la, la la la la.*
*'Tis the season to be jolly,*
*Fa la la la la, la la la la.*
*Don we now our gay apparel,*
*Fa la la, la la la, la la la.*
*Troll the ancient yuletide carol,*
*Fa la la la la, la la la la.*
*See the blazing yule before us,*
*Fa la la la la, la la la la.*
*Strike the harp and join the chorus,*
*Fa la la la la, la la la la.*
*Follow me in merry measure,*
*Fa la la, la la la, la la la,*
*While I tell of Christmas treasure,*
*Fa la la la la, la la la la."*
—OLD WELSH FOLK TUNE
b. "Christmas has two Ss in it—and they're both dollar signs"—Stan Freberg
c. "Christmas: A day set apart and consecrated to gluttony, drunkenness, maudlin sentiment, gift taking, public dullness and domestic behavior"—Ambrose Bierce
d. *"Hark, the herald angels sing,*
*Beecham's pills are just the thing.*
*Peace on earth and mercy mild,*
*Two for man and one for child."*
—SIR THOMAS BEECHAM

**17** At your annual office Christmas party, you would prefer that the refreshment committee serve:
a. Fruit cocktails
b. Shrimp cocktails
c. Cocktails
d. Molotov cocktails

**18** Looking back to your childhood, which item below might evoke the fondest yuletide memory?
a. Mr. Cuddles, your favorite Teddy bear
b. Mr. Cuddles, your pet platypus
c. Mr. Cuddles, your pet piranha
d. Mr. Cuddles, your kindly old scoutmaster

**19** Christmas morning approaches and every Christmas tree in town has been sold. Which of the following substitutes would you choose to hang your ornaments on?
a. A giant rubber plant
b. A giant cactus
c. A hall tree
d. A gallows tree

**20** Study the picture above, then check which caption most closely fits the circumstances shown:
a. Santa Claus is coming to town.
b. One shopping day till Christmas!
c. Those damn reindeer are worse than pigeons!
d. Look who just hit the high-tension lines!

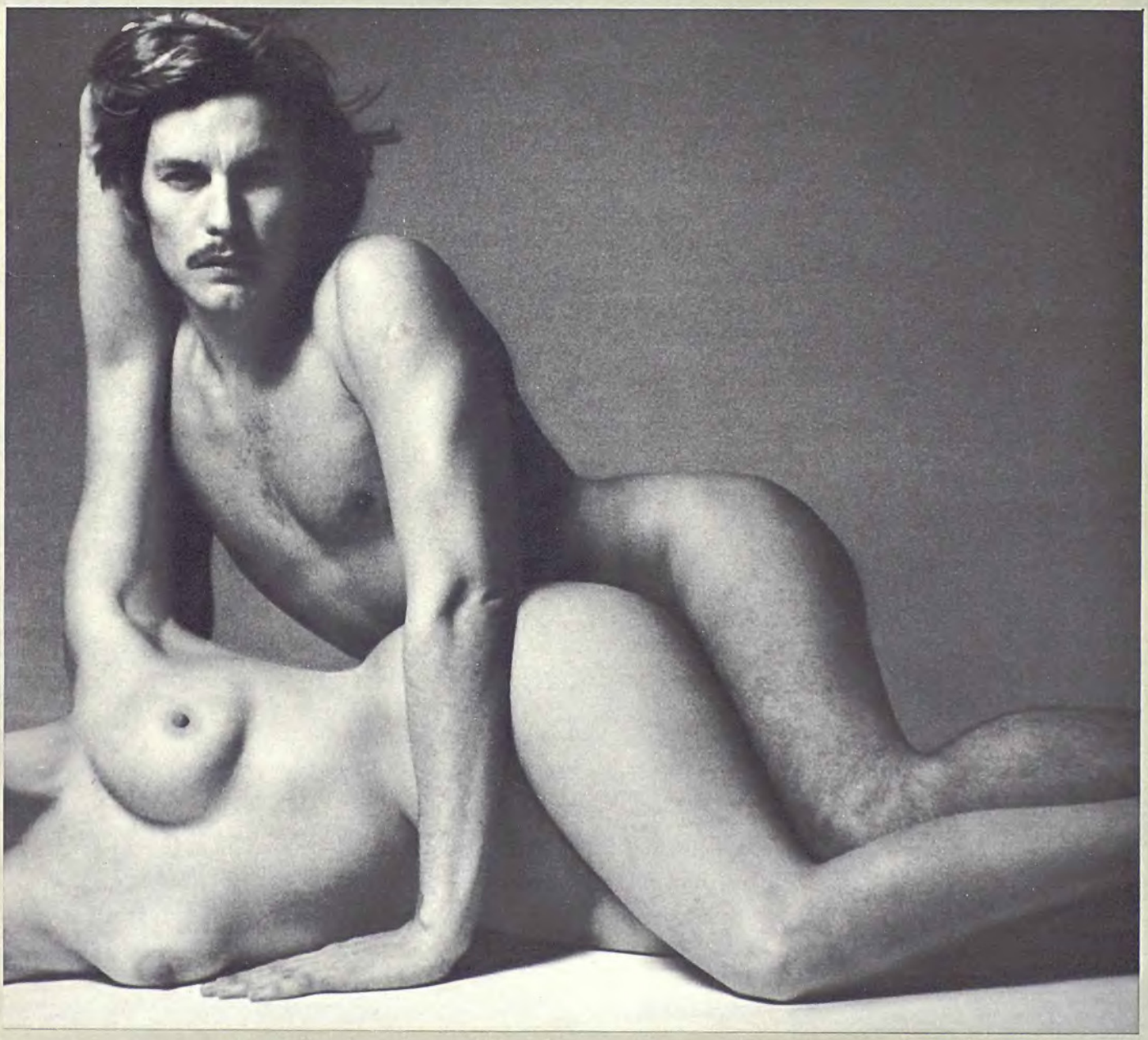
Scoring: Give yourself four points for each D answer, three for each C, two for each B and one for each A. If you tally up 70–80, you're truly balefully blissful, with a soul as cold as Jacob Marley's bedpan. God love ya, fella, you're our kind of rotter. If you score 60–70, you're fairly misanthropic, but there are still a few dangerous soft spots left in an otherwise well-calcified heart; better drown a kitten this week. If you come away with 50–60, you're a mewling, slavering, sentimental old fool with cranberries for *colones*; you should have been making out your will instead of taking this cockamamie quiz. And if you score less than 50—sweetie, you *are* the Sugarplum Fairy.

*nine noted photographers dramatically interpret their private fantasies of the ultimate stimulant*

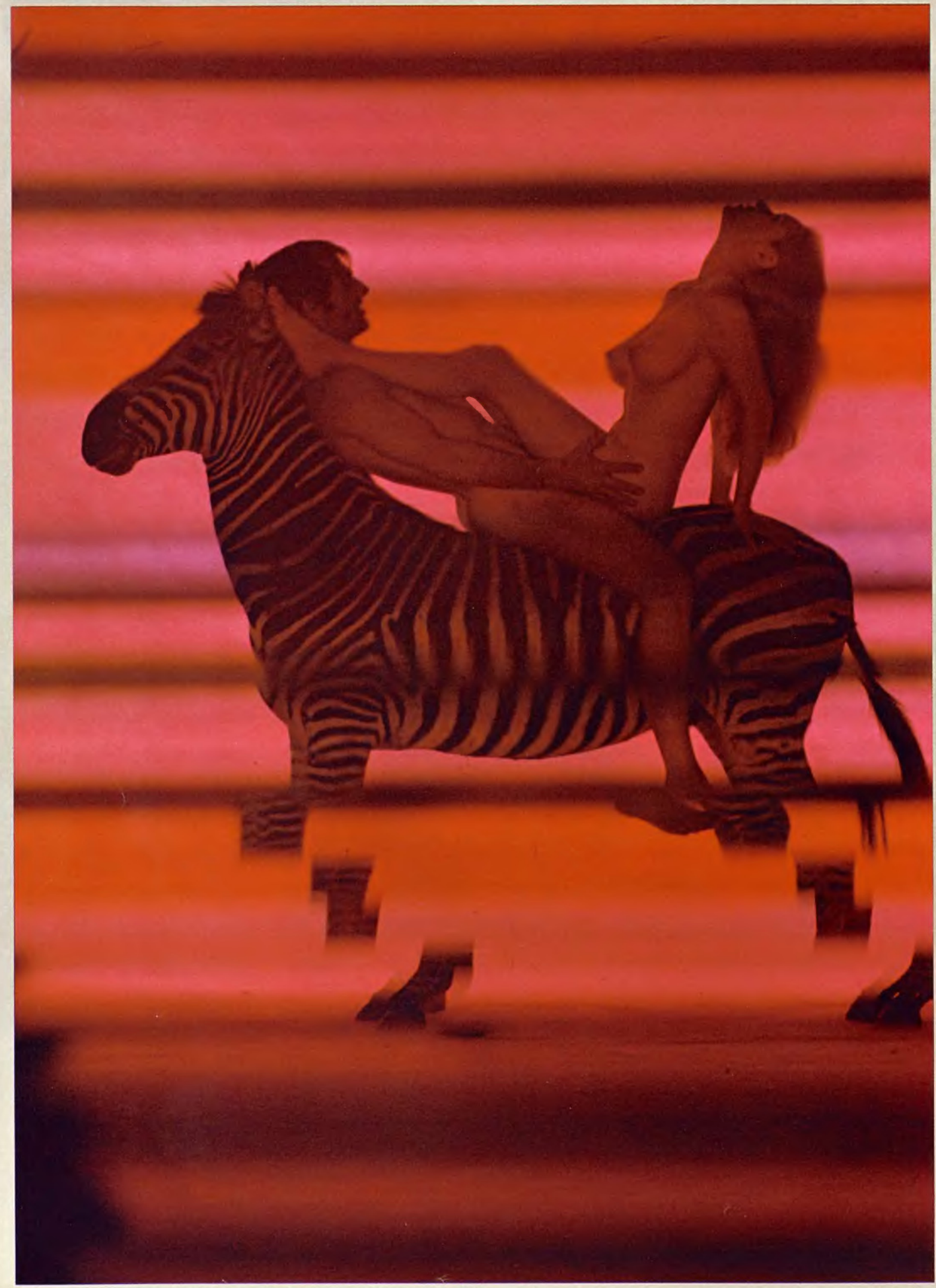
# PERSONAL VISIONS OF THE EROTIC

WITH NARY A TWINGE of self-doubt, *Webster's* succinctly defines erotic as "tending to arouse sexual love or desire." We've always thought that definition left a great deal to be desired concerning what actually is erotic. Since one man's turn-on could be another's turnoff, the term remains open to wide interpretation. As a result, PLAYBOY asked a number of leading photographers to visually define what erotic means to them. While we had certainly expected the creativity and imagination of these premier lensmen to produce a broad spectrum of powerful pictures, the range and variety of their efforts proved a captivating surprise. We think you'll agree that eroticism is in the eye of the beholder.

**SKREBNESKI**



SKREBNESKI: "First of all, I do not feel that very much is 'erotic.' The erotogenesis occurs in the viewer's imagination—the questions: wanting to know more about the photography, what happened during the shooting, what was said, what the couple did, etc. So I suppose being there is what is erotic." ROSE: "It has been a lifelong ambition of mine to perform the sex act on a horse or, as in this illustration, on a zebra, because the action of a rider on a horse that is galloping is exactly that of screwing. Consequently, since the horse is taking all the physical work out of the act, why not take advantage of it?"



WILL MC BRIDE

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

MC BRIDE: "Here I was simply trying to make a beautiful photograph—not sensual but sensory—to show a man and a woman in the cold and the rain keeping each other warm. But perhaps that feeling of warmth against the cold makes this picture erotic."

SCAVULLO: "I really cannot define in words what in art is erotic to me nor what is erotic to others. Maybe Michelangelo's *David* is erotic to some. But I'm an artist, not a writer, so my photograph will have to stand alone as my expression of the erotic."

TURNER: "Eroticism is a personal thing; it's whatever turns you on as an individual. While my photograph of a woman pulling another woman's nipple affects some viewers emotionally, I like it more because the design is graphically exciting."

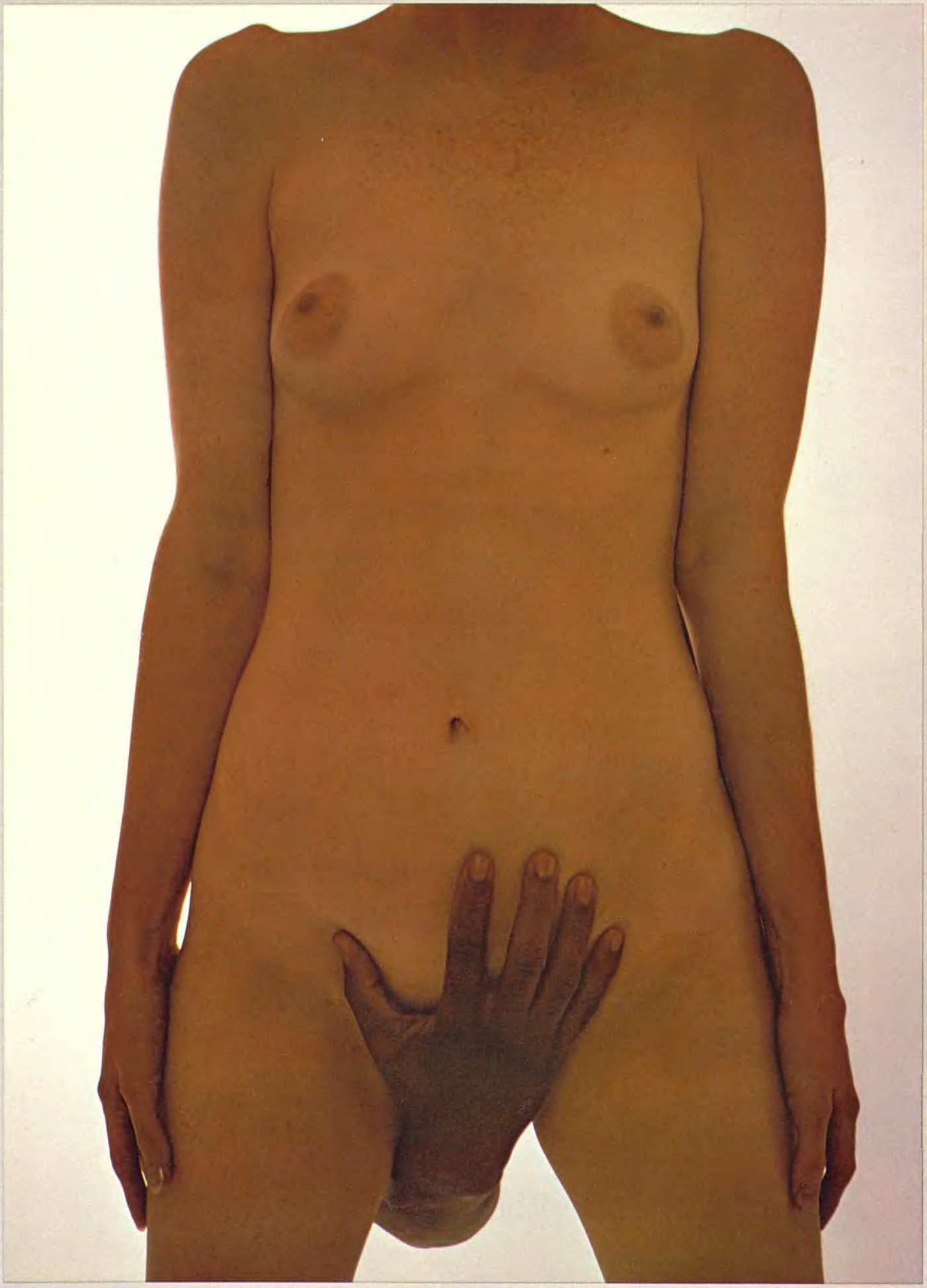
PETE TURNER

ART KANE

KANE: "At first glance, one questions what it is he's looking at. It's the uncertainty of identification and the suggestion of what it might be that provides the viewer with an erotic response to the image. In reality, the photograph captures a woman's cheek, the lobe of her ear and the soft creases of her curved neck."
SMITH: "Eroticism exists in every animate and every inanimate object, depending on the attitude and the eye of the beholder. For the photograph of the superblack dog with the superwhite lady acting out her fantasies in a private world, I played the voyeur—and the aroma and vision of eroticism literally exploded."

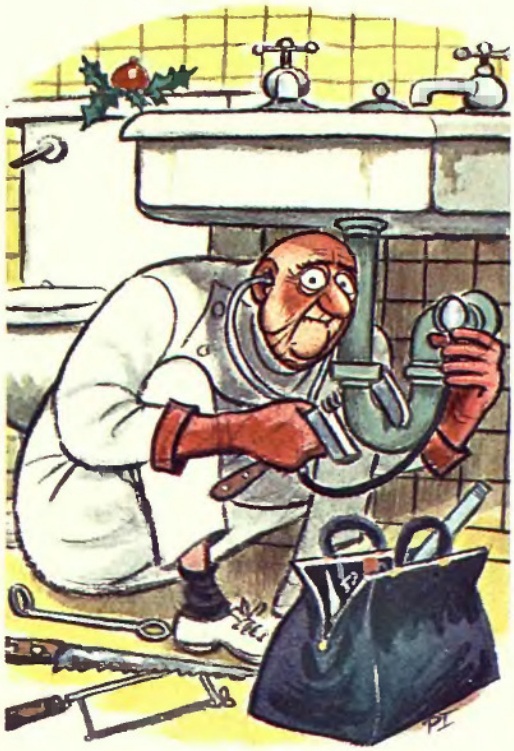
DOUGLAS KIRKLAND

KIRKLAND: "To me, eroticism is in the mind's eye, rather than a literal thing you can reach out and touch. Here I tried to bring those two things together, to give a sense of being in an erotic atmosphere and a feeling of actual participation. In fact, I participated in the picture—the man's arm is my own." BALDWIN: "A sensual photograph cannot be planned; it simply must happen. While shooting this photo, I don't think I was consciously trying to create an erotic picture but, rather, an image that was inherently dramatic and visually arousing, with a man and a woman who together were graphically exciting."



# TO THE TALK-SHOW KINGS

**Who remembers fun in bed?**
**She's turned on to you, instead.**
**What distracts a sexy chick**
**Hooked on Johnny, Merv and Dick?**
**Bedtime, once a groovy scene,**
**Now means chats with Orson Bean.**
**Nader's neat and Hackett's droll,**
**But who needs them for birth control?**
**Can't make it on this small-talk diet.**
**Have a heart, you guys—keep quiet!**



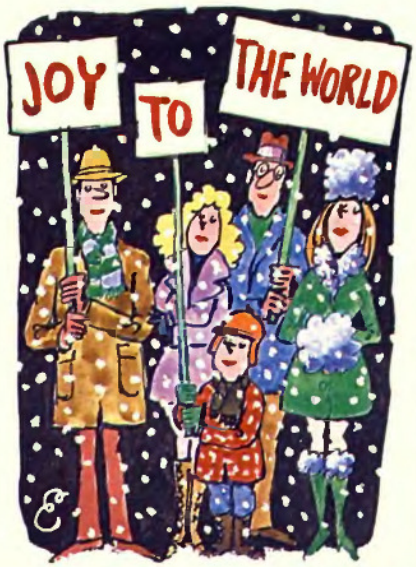
# TO AN OLD-TIME ABORTIONIST

The times they change, and laws do, too.
Enlightenment is near.
So maybe you should think about
A change in your career.
For fertile ladies in distress
Can beat the back-street bummer;
But don't despair—with skills like yours,
You'd make a perfect plumber.

# PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

# TO THE "QUIET" PEOPLE

God rest ye, famed
Majority.
Let nothing you
dismay,
Though malcontent
and dissident
And student shout
away.
Let underfed and
antiwar
Protest their causes
violently,
While you folk go
a-caroling,
Polite, refined and
Silently.



# TO A FUN CITY HOOKER

We have noted, with
distress,
You are getting lousy press.
Muggings, murders and
possession
Are a blight on your
profession.
Let's bring back that Heart
of Gold
(Santa's scared he might get
rolled).

# TO A NOSTALGIA FREAK

*You spurn what's new and with it;*
*For Good Old Days you pine.*
*You've built into your living room*
*A Busby Berkeley shrine.*
*You prowl the shops for old-time junk,*
*The rare, the hard to find.*
*Those dim mementos of the past,*
*They really blow your mind.*
*You found a Tom Mix secret ring.*
*You've bought a vintage car.*
*But now you seek a virgin;*
*Don't you think you've gone too far?*

*missives and missiles*
*for the jolly season*

VERSE BY JUDITH WAX

# CAN THE REAL HOWARD HUGHES...

*through the years, history's richest recluse has always come out ahead—in spite of himself*

## article By EDWIN FADIMAN, JR.

TOWARD THE LATTER PART of 1924, a lanky 18-year-old walked into a Houston courtroom to make an unusual request. Under an obscure Texas law, a minor who could prove that he was competent to handle his own affairs was entitled to inherit a business and run it.

Howard Robard Hughes was in court to invoke that law. The cards were partially stacked in his favor. An old family friend, Judge Walter Monteith, was presiding. Big Howard, young Howard's father, had died that year of a heart attack. Howard's mother, dark-haired, beautiful, aristocratic, Allene Hughes, had been dead for two years. The Hughes Tool Company, which made drill bits and leased them to wildcatters and the oil-well industry throughout the world, had been started by Howard's father and a partner, Walter B. Sharp. Under the provisions of his father's will, Howard, an only child, was the majority stockholder.

The boy was six feet, three inches tall, underweight, deferential, self-possessed. He had done his homework for that occasion, which was unusual, for Howard Hughes had never been much of a student, racking up A's in the mathematical science and politely ignoring the rest of his education. Nevertheless, he astonished Judge Monteith with his knowledge of the Hughes Tool Company, its financial prospects, what it did and how.

The judge asked Howard if he would go back to school, to Houston's Rice Institute, and complete his education. Howard promised to consider it and the judge made his decision. When Howard Hughes walked out of the courtroom, he was in control of the Hughes Tool Company.

What he had collected was the Hughes drill bit, with its 166 cutting edges, incomparably superior to all other instruments of its kind. It had been designed, patented and put into production by big Howard, who had invented it on his dining-room table. Now, at the time of his son's take-over, Hughes Tool Company stock was estimated to be worth almost $10,000,000. Shortly thereafter, young Howard bought out the remaining stock in Hughes Tool from members of the family.

Forty-seven years later, at the age of 65, Howard Robard Hughes is perhaps the wealthiest individual in the world. His fortune totals—give or take $100,000,000—over two billion dollars. His empire employs more than 65,000 people.

During those 47 years, Howard Hughes did a number of things: He produced highly innovative films. He became a pilot and collected a number of speed and long-distance records. (He flew around the world faster than man ever had before and consumed ten pounds of lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches during the flight.) He designed airplanes and *(continued on page 244)*

# ...STILL STAND UP?

*a keen-eyed hughes watcher offers the conclusion that when the elusive billionaire makes a move today, his mormon aides are pulling the strings*

## article By JAMES PHELAN

"IF YOU'RE UP THERE, you son of a bitch, you're going to jail!" cried Chester Davis, Wall Street lawyer, Harvard Law School graduate and New York country squire.

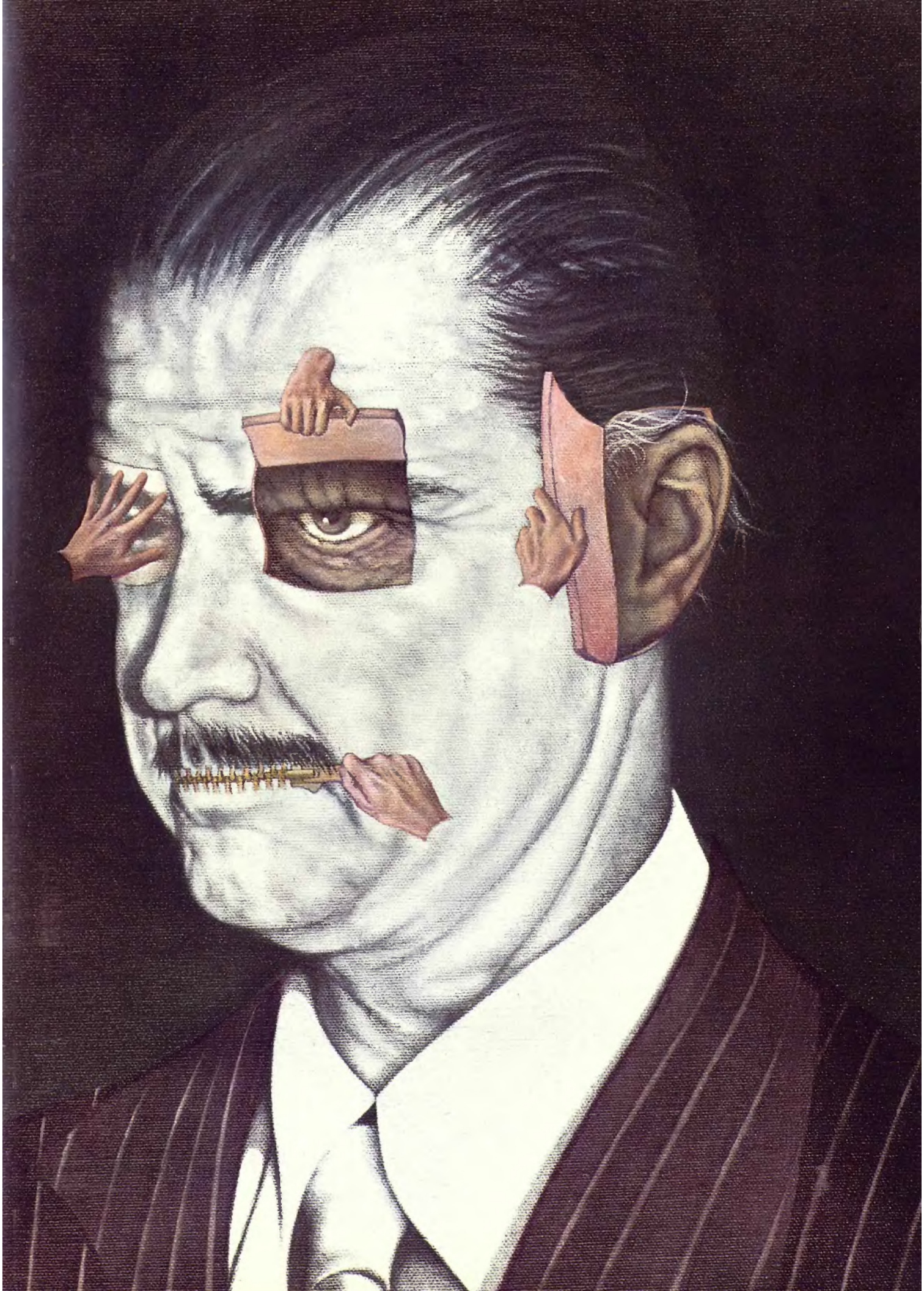
It was a bizarre tableau, even for Las Vegas, where the extraordinary tends to be commonplace. For one thing, Davis was directing his threats toward the blank ceiling of a plush Sands Hotel suite, as some sudden, irrational suspicion told him someone with a microphone was hiding up there. Davis' suite, however, was on the top floor of the Sands. If anyone *were* there, he would have been crouching on the roof under a cold December moon, 18 dizzying floors above the neonlit Las Vegas Strip.

What's more, the man Davis feared might be eavesdropping from the roof was Bob Maheu, his longtime business ally. For years, the two men had moved at the top of Howard Hughes's empire. Maheu was the $500,000-a-year executive director of Hughes's vast Nevada properties and his authorized spokesman. Davis was the most powerful Hughes attorney. Together, Maheu and Davis had hurried across the country in executive jets, huddled for momentous hotel-room conferences at the Regency in New York or the Bel Air in Los Angeles, had drunk nerve-settling liquor during long evenings of strategy and generally supported, counseled and admired each other.

But no more. Now lines were drawn and paranoia flickered like heat lightning over the Las Vegas Strip. Maheu, acting in the name of Howard Hughes, had removed Davis from any further handling of a portentous suit brought by TWA that threatens to cost Hughes more than $145,000,000. [Hughes's long involvement with TWA is detailed in the accompanying article by Edwin Fadiman, Jr.] Davis, also acting in the name of Howard Hughes, had countered by firing Maheu. Now, each surrounded by security guards, they were settled into Hughes hotels—Davis at the Sands, Maheu at the Frontier—to fight one of the ugliest internal battles in U. S. corporate history.

That was in December 1970, and since then events have become even more entangled, actions openly ruthless. Maheu has sued Hughes for $50,000,000, while an army of Hughes investigators prowls the country—so far in vain—for an error in Maheu's management that might put him in jail. Hughes has long since fled or been removed from Nevada, but the fallout from the Davis-Maheu blowup continues. It has broken Hughes's most precious possession: his passionately guarded privacy. Many of his confidential memorandums have been published for eager newspaper readers. Levar Myler—one of the squad of personal assistants, most of them Mormons, who are the only people who get to see Hughes—has been forced to submit to public questioning. The billionaire himself, hidden from view for 15 years, faces the prospect of returning to Nevada, plunking his spare frame down in a chair and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHET JEZIERSKI



submitting himself to the questioning of Maheu's lawyer, who is an intense, implacable Nevadan named Morton Galane. "I have quite a few questions that I am most eager to put to him," Galane says with manifest anticipation. "Yes, sir, I have, indeed."

There are other dreadful consequences of the bloodletting and open brawling that have scuffed much of the gloss from Hughes's Nevada venture. When Hughes went to Las Vegas in 1966, he was hailed as the faithful greet the Aga Khan. "Our Father who art in the penthouse," said the lounge comedians, "Howard be thy name." County and state officials unhesitatingly approved his purchase of seven hotel-casinos—one in a midnight session convened by telephone when he was in a hurry; and they somehow failed to demand a recent photo for the gaming files, as their rules provide.

Now the state officials ignore his relayed requests and treat him like anyone else, as if he were a bar owner asking permission to install slot machines next to his jukebox. For months they held up the gaming license of Chester Davis, newly named to the Hughes Tool board after Maheu's ouster, and then shocked Hughes executives last August by voting five to zero against sanctioning the attorney. The gaming commission also turned down a plan for reorganization of the Hughes casino structure, despite the anguished assurances of another Hughes attorney that that was what Howard *wanted*. ("How unfortunate," purred Maheu with delighted sarcasm, "that the present Hughes management is unable to come up with a plan that meets the approval of even *one* member of the five-man board.")

It was on this occasion that the commission, chaired by Jack Diehl, had the lese majesty to suggest that Hughes select a site, sit down with Nevada authorities and present a clean outline of the Hughes organization, showing where myriad responsibilities fell. The gaming chief added that his commission also wanted to see a financial statement from Hughes Tool Company. In the 47 years Hughes has owned Toolco, he has never shown that hole card to anyone. But early last September, as a possible indication that Nevada's newly assertive mood might be having an effect, a statement *did* find its way into the hands of a high state official.

• • •

Things were vastly different before Davis defeated Maheu. Former governor Paul Laxalt, who resembles a short John Lindsay and photographs even better, used to play tennis with Maheu and dream of the White House, where Hughes thought such a handsome, able and sensible fellow rightfully belonged. Hughes sent memos down from the penthouse suggesting a possible gubernatorial action or opinion and Laxalt demonstrated proper reflexes. He disclosed to the press that he had once talked to Hughes on the telephone; the story was printed under respectfully large headlines throughout Nevada.

But now there is a new governor in Carson City, a tough, independent-thinking Irish Democrat named Mike O'Callaghan, who lost a leg in Korea, taught government and economics in a Nevada high school and served in various capacities under Sargent Shriver during the Kennedy and Johnson years in Washington. He is not a man who genuflects to power and he got to Carson City with no help from Hughes. Consequently, the old Hughes ploys don't work anymore and the Hughes people don't know how to bend him. In their efforts to get Davis licensed, they presented O'Callaghan with what they swore to be a signed letter from Hughes. O'Callaghan replied cryptically that he couldn't be sure if it was really from Hughes, and even if it were, the note "was not responsive in any way" to what he and the gaming commission needed to know. O'Callaghan had also flustered Hughes's emissaries in the past by declining to talk with Hughes on the telephone. "I refuse to get involved with the game playing by telephone and letter," he said. "I don't know the authenticity of it, and I'm getting fed up with the intrigue that surrounds the entire matter."

He praised his gaming commission for refusing to accept further relayed, secondhand assurances.

"Everyone says Hughes is in excellent health," said the governor. "But they always add that if he saw one of our people it would be traumatic. The two statements don't jibe. What's so traumatic about seeing someone?" Besides, O'Callaghan said, he was really doing the billionaire a favor.

"We're just trying to make sure," said the governor, "that Howard Hughes knows what is going on."

And with that comment, O'Callaghan became the first major public official to open a large and very deep can of worms.

"If Howard Hughes knows what is going on and approves of it," says Herman "Hank" Greenspun, the ebullient editor-publisher of the *Las Vegas Sun*, "he has, at age 65, relaxed one of his strongest rules: He has always detested the exploitation of his name by employees." Greenspun is the man who helped influence Hughes to come to Las Vegas in 1966 and who broke the story of his disappearance four years later. He is the foremost proponent of the something-has-happened-to-Hughes postulate and is therefore a constant irritant to Chester Davis and other executives now running the Hughes-Nevada properties. In addition to promising to jail Maheu, Davis has solemnly vowed to "bury Greenspun." To this, Greenspun responds, "He'll find me a reluctant corpse." Greenspun believes that Hughes left Las Vegas unwillingly and is now either inoperative or being isolated from news of what is going on in the outside world.

"There are truths that you come to by instinct," says Greenspun, "supported by bits and pieces of evidence. There are a dozen leads that all point unerringly in the same direction. I'm convinced that Hughes is not functioning and that a little group of people are acting in his name."

Last summer, Greenspun heard vague rumors of a story that convinced him his instincts were accurate. He summoned this writer to Las Vegas to research the story. A peculiar tale it proved to be.

In the spring of this year, months after Hughes disappeared from Las Vegas, the head of his personal staff, Howard Eckersley, arrived in Montreal to promote a new issue of speculative stock. Eckersley is chief of the Hughes palace guard—the five male nurses/confidential aides/executive assistants who tend to his personal needs and monitor his switchboard.

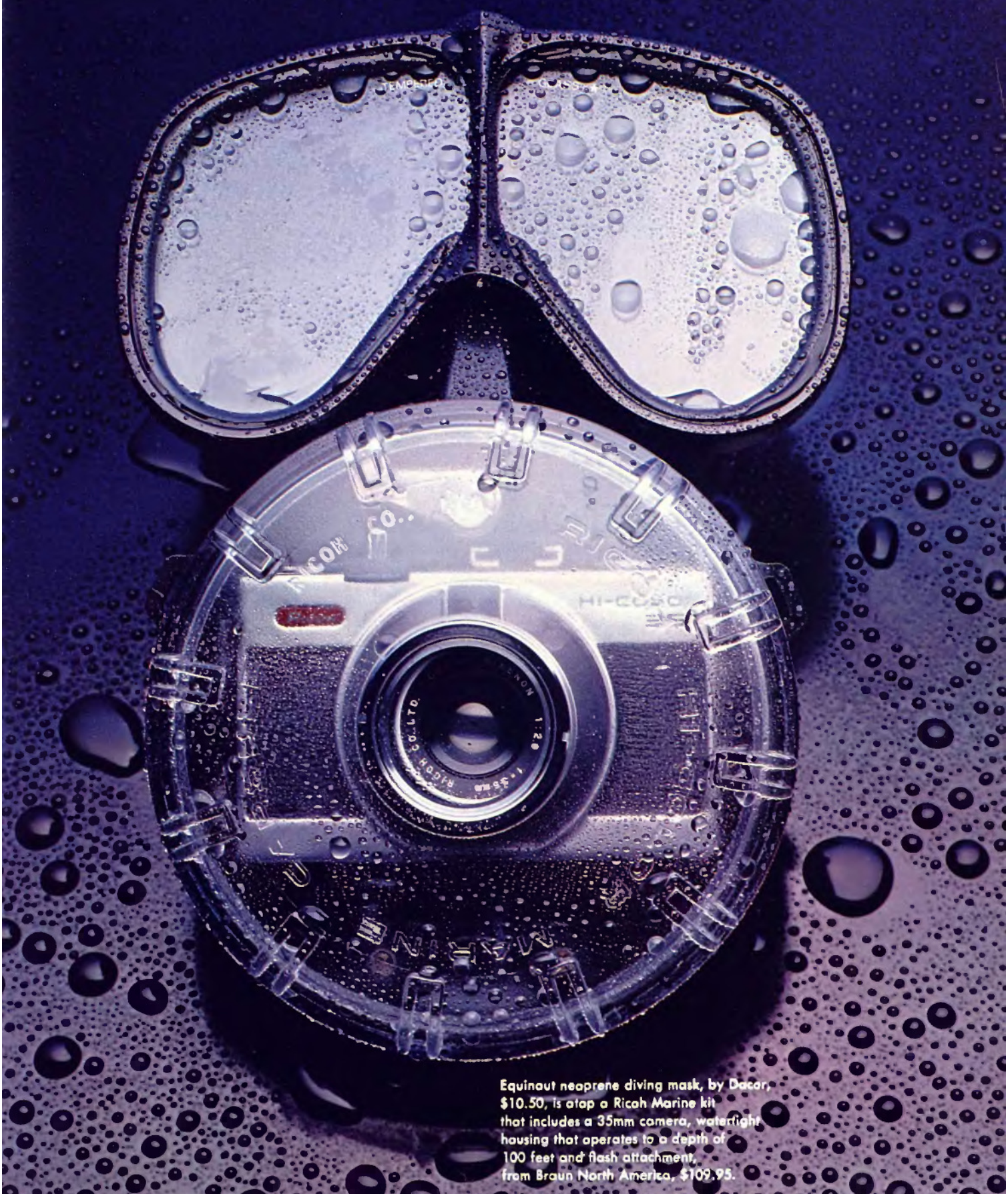
Eckersley's Montreal stock, Pan American Mines, represented uranium and copper claims in Arizona. He was president of the company, and its backers included fellow Mormon palace guards Levar Myler, George Francom and their immediate superior, Kay Glenn. Vice-president of the firm was a Flagstaff gravel-pit operator, Floyd Bleak, whose business was in Federal receivership and who had been excoriated by an Arizona judge for filing false mining claims. The company was headquartered in a small unmarked suite at the rear of an Arizona real-estate office overlooking an alley. It had $15 cash in the bank when Eckersley put it on the Canadian Stock Exchange, a market notorious for flimsy offerings. The stock prospectus claimed to have a $1,000,000 loan commitment from a Phoenix insurance company that, investigation showed, had a net worth of only $197,000.

But what Pan American *did* have was a stock prospectus that had been liberally sprinkled with the financially potent names of Howard Hughes and Hughes Tool Company. Shortly after Eckersley showed up in Montreal, the local press blossomed with stories about a "new Hughes venture" and about "Hughes emissaries" looking at the Canadian market for further investment. The stock, offered at one dollar, rose to over five dollars the first week it appeared on

*(continued on page 312)*

# PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

*extra-special largess to make giving and getting a yule treat*



Equinaut neoprene diving mask, by Dacor, $10.50, is atop a Ricoh Marine kit that includes a 35mm camera, watertight housing that operates to a depth of 100 feet and flash attachment, from Braun North America, $109.95.

Above: Projector for illuminating artwork plugs into outlet box, by Prescolite, about $100. Right: Floor-table camera lamp, with adjustable tripod base, from Directional, $57.

Above: Leather-bound composer's notebook, $20; Cobriola legal-pad holder, $30; Lucite stand for butone, $6; three imprinted note pods, $22; leather-bound diary, $15; all from Ffolio 72.

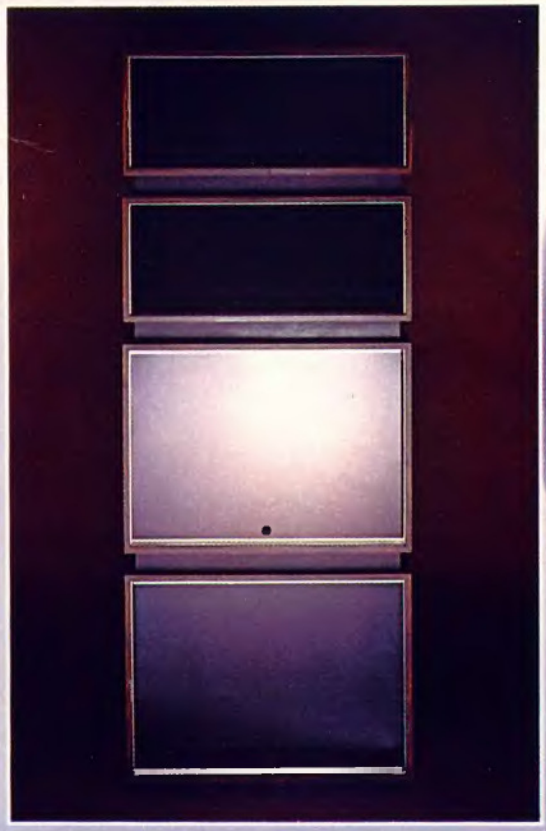
Left: Portable 16-Digit Midget calculator that weighs only four pounds features automatic squaring system; operates on A.C. or a rechargeable lifetime battery, by Sanyo, $339.

Right: Ski-release system attaches to metal plates mounted on your ski boots, thus eliminating toepieces; allows release in any direction, by Spademan, $55 a pair.

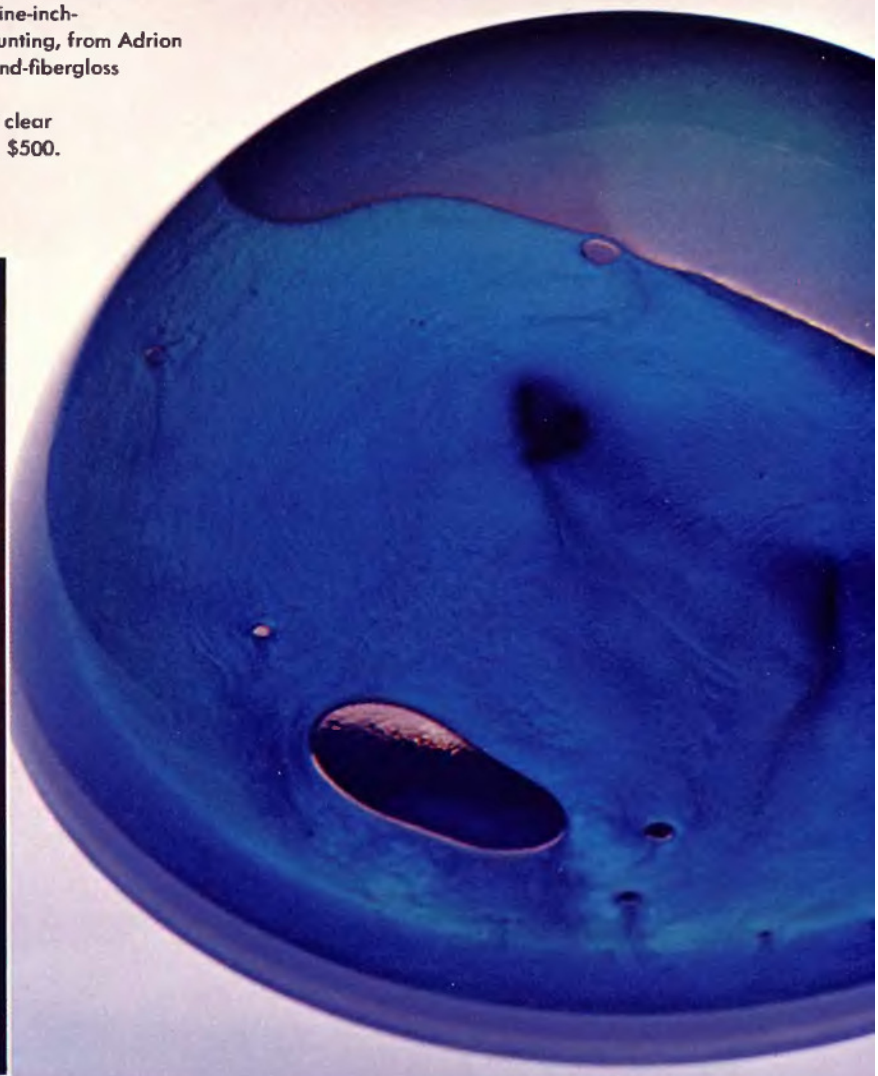
Below: Silver-plated cocktail shaker in classic milk-can shape stands 11 inches high, comes with cork stopper and an ice guard in spout, by Reed & Barton, $62.50.

Below: Movexoom 3000 Super-8 camera, with powered-zoom lens, by Agfa-Gevoert, $298, is atop a Mini Zoom Reflex Super-8 movie camera that features a high-speed lens, by Eumig, $97.50.

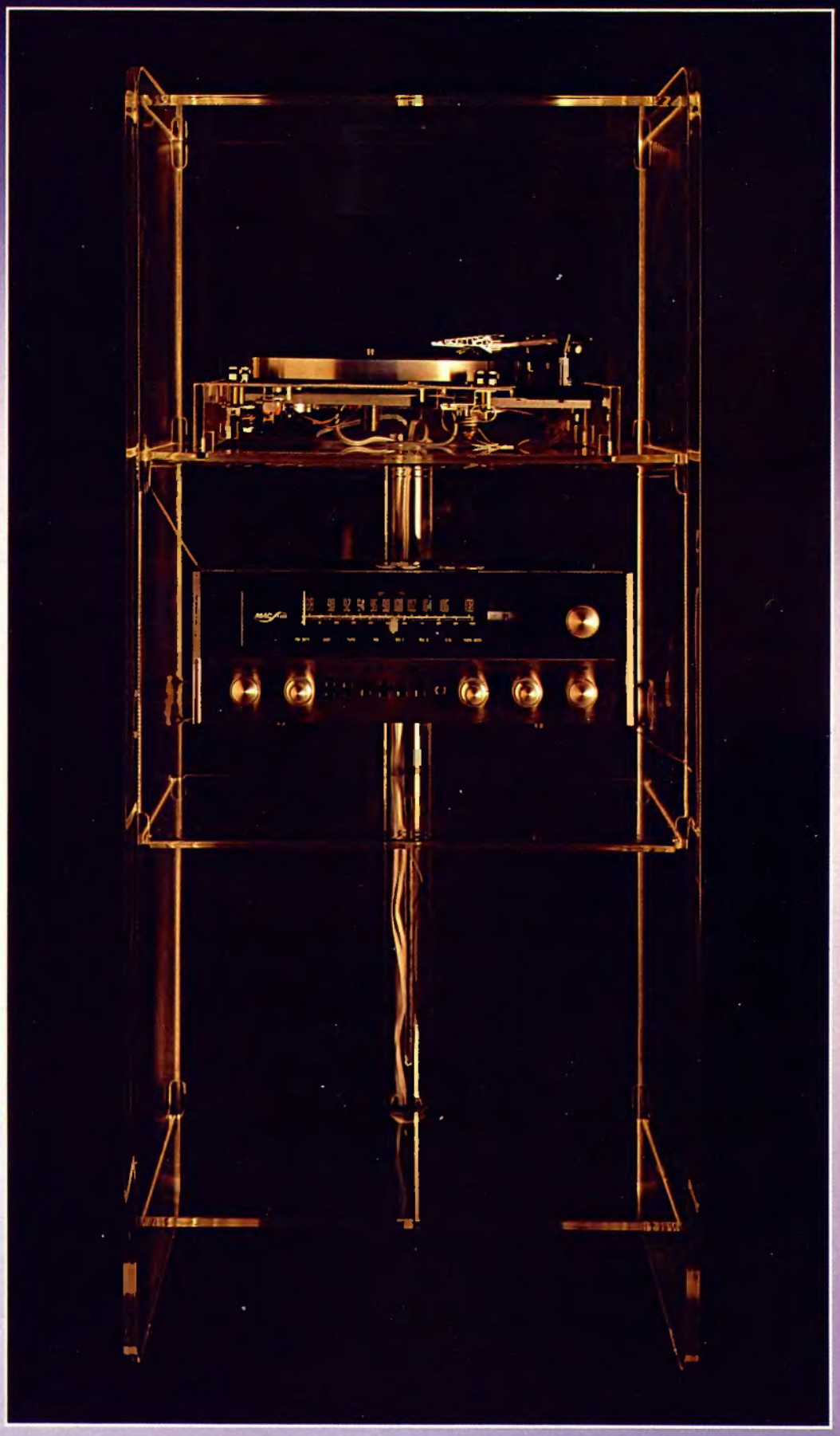
Above left: Ship's barometer-thermometer, housed in a nine-inch-diameter solid-brass case, comes with screws for wall mounting, from Adrion Toron, $60. Above right: Hotlips, a polyurethane-foam-and-fiberglass chair, stands about 30 inches high; the lips are finished in spill- and stainproof "liquid" upholstery—a coating of clear liquid vinyl, designed by William Lansing Plum for Mobi, $500.



Above: RCA Dorrance, in four interchangeable walnut or rosewood units, includes two stereo speakers, AccuColor 21-inch TV and module housing a stereo phono-turntable, AM/FM/FM-stereo receiver, plus space for cassette unit, by RCA, $1050.



Above right: Touch Me acrylic paperweight measures four inches in diameter, contains liquid crystals that diffuse light in varying patterns and colors when the base is rubbed, by Concept Research, $10.



Right: Vigneri-designed Stereo Space Case of Plexiglas comes with central tube for hi-fi wires, $550; in the case is a McIntosh 1700 FM-stereo receiver, $599, Thorens TD 150-II manual turntable, $129, with Shure V-15-II cartridge, $67.50, and Plexiglas turntable base, $30; all from the House of Music.

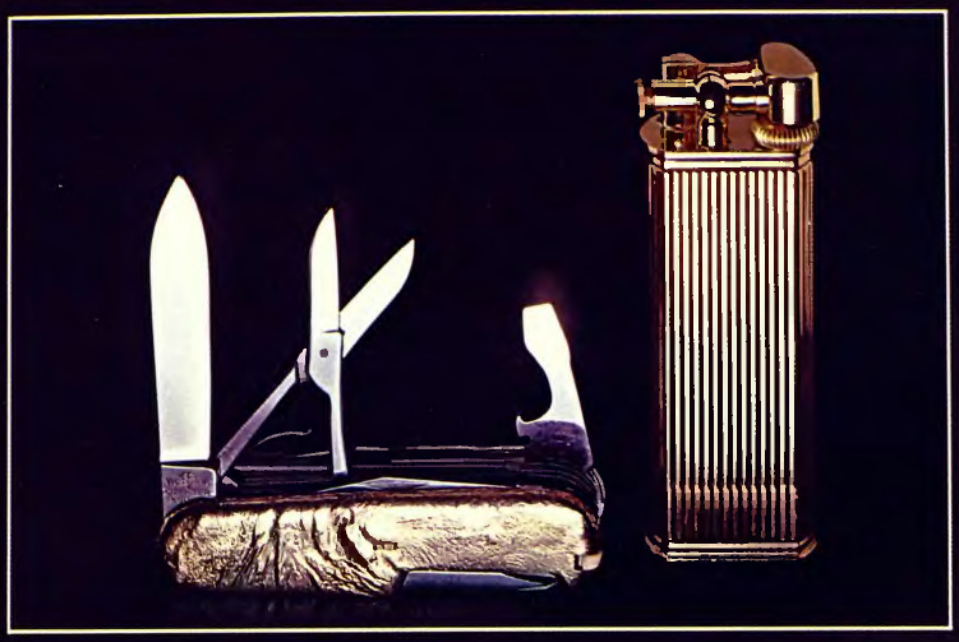
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Above: Plexiglos backgammon board comes with four dice and a doubler, two smoked-Plexiglas dice cups and 30 black and white Plexiglas stones; centerboard can be removed for cleaning; set available in a variety of colors, by Albrizzi, $160.

Above: Six-inch-wide ruffled clam shell from the Pacific is mounted on a sculptured metal branch, from Arthur Court Designs, $45.

Above: Suitcase-size portable synthesizer not only realistically imitates organs, electric pianos and other conventional instruments but also permits the performer to invent his own out of the unit's wide range of sound, by ARP Instruments, $2795.

Above: Sterling-silver gilt decanter label is a limited-edition reproduction of an early design, from Wyard Druitt Ltd., about $65 F.O.B. London.



Left: An 18-kt.-gold pocket-knife with scissors, toothpick, screwdriver, nail file and various openers, $345, and a four-inch-high Giant Sylphide table lighter in vermeil (gold-ploted sterling silver), $450, both by Alfred Dunhill.

Left: Videosphere portable block-and-white TV with nine-diagonal-inch screen and telescopic antenna, comes with chrome-plated carrying chain; available in black, ivory and red, by JVC, $139.95, including matching base.

Right: Arcadia Pop-Up TV and cassette tape recorder features three-diagonal-inch screen, all-channel slide indicator and dual uhf/vhf monopole antenna; operates on A.C. or battery, by Panasanic,$249.95, including battery and mike.

Right: Top-security Proof Lock assures protection from picking, forcing and unauthorized entry with a key; features two positions that can be set to either trap a key or allow it to unlock the unit, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $100.

Abave: Kern Pizar Swiss-made 8 x 30 binoculars with a field af view af 420 feet at 1000 yards, making them an ideal glass far sports spectators or nature buffs; central focus adjustment, from Karl Heitz, about $165, including leather case.

# THIEF ISLAND *(continued from page 131)*

Hawkeye would have a clue. Only Hawkeye knew what looniness lurked in the hearts of men.

First he enticed Duke, then he captured Spearchucker—but they were easy compared with an elusive prey like Trapper John. Trapping the trapper was a vast, complicated three-man effort. It required raising (by somewhat dubious means) the sum of $200,000, so that Trapper could have a nice cardiovascular wing on the new Spruce Harbor General Hospital in which to operate. It also required the bait of a bouncy and available blonde named Lucinda Lively. But it worked like a charm. Four months before the completion of Spruce Harbor General and the opening of Hawkeye's new clinic, Trapper John McIntyre arrived. He had left the city forever and would, he said, devote himself to supervising the construction and outfitting of the cardiovascular unit.

Three days after Trapper's arrival, Lucinda Lively, Hawkeye's secretary, submitted her resignation.

"Trapper works fast, I guess," said Hawkeye with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"I like him a lot and I'm going to be with him and work for him and have fun. Do you have any better ideas? If you do, I might listen."

"*Vaya con Dios*, babe. Trapper got a place to live?"

"Oh, yes," chirped Lucinda. "We're going to live in a tent on Thief Island, where you and I——"

"Yes, I remember," said Hawkeye. "That should be fun for the summer. You'll be sort of tented up, I take it."

"Oh, very funny. And it's not just for the summer. Trapper says he's going to get a stove like you guys had in Korea and a wooden floor and something to cook on and a refrigerator and this and that and we're going to live there the year round."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that, Dr. Pierce," said Lucinda, who kissed him then and walked out without looking back.

Hawkeye Pierce had been working hard and it would take a while to find a new secretary, so he declared himself on vacation. He left word that Trapper John would cover him for necessary chest surgery and that he was going to spend a month at home, on the golf course and on his boat.

Two weeks into vacation, Hawkeye heard that Trapper was growing a beard and frequently appeared at the hospital barefooted and clad only in the briefest of swimming trunks. Furthermore, the word was that Trapper's companion, Lucinda Lively, now wore only a bikini, if that.

One morning, Sue Taylor, the operating-room supervisor, called Dr. Pierce's home and proclaimed, "You've gotta do something about that boy of yours. I won't have him coming into my O.R. in swimming trunks and I won't have him training that floozy as a scrub nurse, either."

"Sue, baby," purred Hawkeye, "you haven't been watching the scoreboard. It's not your O.R. anymore. Duke, Trapper, Spearchucker and Hawkeye have bought you out. We got it going for us, so you and everybody else are going to play our rules. It doesn't matter how Trapper dresses. All that matters is how he works; and if he wants to train Lucinda as a scrub nurse, it's none of your goddamn business."

"I'll resign," said Sue.

"No, you won't. Why don't you get a bikini? If you look good in it, I'll give you a try."

"You're disgusting. He smells like a haddock. That damnfool Wooden Leg Wilcox is teaching him to fillet fish. He could at least wash the scales off before he comes to the hospital."

"I think you may have a point there, Sue. You tell Trapper I say to take a shower before doing surgery, or I'll burn down his tent."

Sue Taylor had the bit in her teeth. An impulsive, determined, capable, well-meaning, somewhat unexposed 40-year-old product of Tedium Cove, she could not cope easily with change. "Do you know what Dr. McIntyre and that blonde are doing when they're not working or cutting fish or making love in that little cranberry bog on Thief Island?" she asked.

"No, what?"

"They're peddling fish. Wooden Leg bought a new truck and they're going around to all the summer places. Leg says everybody wants to get a look at them and to look at them they gotta buy fish. He thinks maybe you oughta get a new heart surgeon and let Trapper just peddle fish."

"Tell me about the cranberry bog."

"You'll hear about it," said Sue. "I'm not one to gossip."

"Of course," said Hawkeye. "Relax, babe. Everything'll be OK." He knew of Thief Island's cranberry bog, guessed what was happening there and grinned.

• • •

Fog in June on the coast of Maine is as inevitable as the tasteless lumps of batter called fried clams in a hundred greasy spoons along U. S. Route 1. Fog is here, it's there, it's everywhere. The Flying Passage, between Hungry Island and Long Island, may be socked in like black-bean soup while the sun sheds its morning glory on everything 300 yards to the east or west. At six A.M. on the morning of June tenth, Wrong Way Napolitano, the Italian kamikaze pilot, the owner and only pilot of the Spruce Harbor and Inter-Island Air Service, arrived in his hangar. Napolitano makes wrong moves now and then, but he usually can find his hangar, which is small, unobtrusive and well away from the action at Spruce Harbor International Airport. The airport acquired its international designation after the glorious day when an Icelandic Airways DC-3 on a flight from Copenhagen via Reykjavik to New York landed and disgorged a mother with a premature viking.

Wrong Way Napolitano started the Spruce Harbor and Inter-Island Air Service in 1953. This was just after his discharge from the Air Force, which, having discovered several of his major problems, had made him a flying instructor rather than a combat pilot. Wrong Way had visions of glory like an earlier Maine hero, Miniver Cheevy of Tilbury Town, almost 50 miles away, who'd dreamed of Thebes and Camelot and Priam's neighbors. Wrong Way had never heard of Miniver Cheevy, but he had read somewhere of Qantas, the Australian airline, which had started as the Queensland and Northern Territory Aerial Service. Wrong Way, as he flew over Penobscot Bay spotting schools of fish for his brothers, uncles and cousins, dreamed of the Spruce Harbor and Inter-Island Air Service becoming an international airline, with lots of big jets. But he could never figure out how to pronounce SHAIIAS, so he just dreamed.

Wrong Way Napolitano, long before this sunny, foggy morning, had earned his name and fame as an Italian kamikaze pilot for three quite good reasons: one, he was Italian; two, he often flew in the wrong direction; and, three, he was even money to run into something. Such as the Eagle Head Lighthouse, the Pemaquid Point Lighthouse, the mast on The Maria and Luigi, a well-known gill-netter owned by Maria and Luigi, and the steeple of the Spruce Harbor Congregational Church.

The fact that Wrong Way Napolitano was still alive intrigued many observers but could be explained with clarity and insight by Wooden Leg, who, when asked for his opinion, said, "The dumb guinea can't hit anything square."

Wrong Way, in rebuttal, declared that his precarious longevity was due to "a great set of reflexes." This declaration was usually made in the Bay View Café and united the customers in a feeling of togetherness that no other declaration, on any subject, by any man, could bring to pass. As one voice, they chorused: "Bullshit."

• • •

At six o'clock on the morning of June tenth, the Spruce Harbor International

*(continued on page 266)*

*"You think I ride around freezing my ass all night for nothing?"*

A DAY TO REMEMBER

The Queen Elizabeth was five kilometers above the Grand Canyon, dawdling along at a comfortable 180, when Howard Falcon spotted the camera platform closing in from the right. He had been expecting it—nothing else was cleared to fly at this altitude—but he was not too happy to have company. Although he welcomed any signs of public interest, he also wanted as much empty sky as he could get. After all, he was the first man in history to navigate a ship half a kilometer long.

# A MEETING WITH MEDUSA

fiction
By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

So far, this first test flight had gone perfectly; ironically enough, the only problem had been the century-old aircraft carrier Chairman Mao, borrowed from the San Diego naval museum for support operations. Only one of Mao's four nuclear reactors was still operating, and the old battlewagon's top speed was barely 30 knots. Luckily, wind speed at sea level had been less than half this, so it had not been too difficult to maintain still air on the flight deck. Though there had been a few anxious moments during gusts, when the mooring lines had been dropped, the great dirigible had risen smoothly, straight up into the sky, as if on an invisible elevator. If all went well, Queen Elizabeth IV would not meet Chairman Mao for another week.

Everything was under control; all test instruments gave normal readings. Commander Falcon decided to go upstairs and watch the rendezvous. He handed over to his second officer and walked out into the transparent tubeway that led through the heart of the ship. There, as always, he was overwhelmed by the spectacle of the largest space ever enclosed by man.

The ten spherical gas cells, each more than 100 meters across, were ranged one behind the other like a line of gigantic soap bubbles. The tough plastic was so clear that he could see through the whole length of the array and make out details of the elevator mechanism almost half a kilometer from his vantage point. All around him, like a three-dimensional maze, was the structural framework of the ship—the great longitudinal girders running from nose to tail, the 15 hoops that were the ribs of this skyborne colossus, whose varying sizes defined

giant jupiter, king of planets, hurled its challenge across the deep of space...

its graceful, streamlined profile.

At this low speed, there was very little sound—merely the soft rush of wind over the envelope and an occasional creak of metal as the pattern of stresses changed. The shadowless light from the rows of lamps far overhead gave the whole scene a curiously submarine quality, and to Falcon this was enhanced by the spectacle of the translucent gasbags. He had once encountered a squadron of large but harmless jellyfish, pulsing their mindless way above a shallow tropical reef, and the plastic bubbles that gave Queen Elizabeth her lift often reminded him of these—especially when changing pressures made them crinkle and scatter new patterns of light.

He walked 50 meters down the axis of the ship, until he came to the forward elevator, between gas cells one and two. Riding up to the observation deck, he noticed that it was uncomfortably hot and dictated a brief memo to himself on his pocket recorder. The Queen obtained almost a quarter of her buoyancy from the unlimited amounts of waste heat produced by her fusion power plant; on this lightly loaded flight, indeed, only six of the ten gas cells contained helium and the remaining four were full of air; yet she still carried 200 tons of water as ballast. However, running the cells at high temperatures did produce problems in refrigerating the accessways; it was obvious that a little more work would have to be done here.

A refreshing blast of cooler air hit him in the face when he stepped out onto the observation deck and into the dazzling sunlight streaming through the Plexiglas roof. Half a dozen workmen, with an equal number of

...and, of all on earth, only howard falcon was strong enough to defy its terrors

superchimp assistants, were busily laying the partly completed dance floor, while others were installing electric wiring and fixing furniture. It was a scene of controlled chaos and Falcon found it hard to believe that everything would be ready for the maiden voyage, only four weeks ahead. Well, that was not *his* problem, thank goodness. He was merely the captain, not the cruise director.

The human workers waved to him and the simps flashed toothy smiles as he walked through the confusion into the already completed sky lounge. This was his favorite place in the whole ship and he knew that once she was operating, he would never again have it all to himself. He would allow himself just five minutes of private enjoyment.

He called the bridge, checked that everything was still in order and relaxed into one of the comfortable swivel chairs. Below, in a curve that delighted the eye, was the unbroken silver sweep of the ship's envelope. He was perched at the highest point, surveying the whole immensity of the largest vehicle ever built. And when he had tired of *that*—all the way out to the horizon was the fantastic wilderness carved by the Colorado River in half a billion years of time.

Apart from the camera platform (it had now fallen back and was filming from amidships), he had the sky to himself. It was blue and empty, clear down to the horizon. In his grandfather's day, Falcon knew, it would have been streaked with vapor trails and stained with smoke. Both had gone; the aerial garbage had vanished with the primitive technologies that spawned it, and the long-distance transportation of this age arced too far beyond the stratosphere for any sight or sound of it to reach Earth. Once again, the lower atmosphere belonged to the birds and the clouds—and now to Queen Elizabeth IV.

It was true, as the old pioneers had said at the beginning of the 20th Century; this was the only way to travel—in silence and luxury, breathing the air around you and not cut off from it, near enough to the surface to watch the ever-changing beauty of land and sea. The subsonic jets of the 1980s, packed with hundreds of passengers seated ten abreast, could not even begin to match such comfort and spaciousness.

Of course, the Q. E. would never be an economic proposition; and even if her projected sister ships were built, only a few of the world's quarter of a billion inhabitants would ever enjoy this silent gliding through the sky. But a secure and prosperous global society could afford such follies and, indeed, needed them for its novelty and entertainment. There were at least 1,000,000 men on Earth whose discretionary income exceeded 1000 new dollars a year, so the Queen would not lack for passengers.

Falcon's pocket communicator beeped; the copilot was calling from the bridge.

"OK for rendezvous, Captain? We've got all the data we need from this run and the TV people are getting impatient."

Falcon glanced at the camera platform, now matching his speed a quarter of a kilometer away.

"OK," he replied. "Proceed as arranged. I'll watch from here."

He walked back through the busy chaos of the observation deck, so that he could have a better view amidships. As he did so, he could feel the change of vibration underfoot; by the time he had reached the rear of the lounge, the ship had come to rest. Using his master key, he let himself out onto the small external platform flaring from the end of the deck; half a dozen people could stand there, with only low guardrails separating them from the vast sweep of the envelope—and from the ground, thousands of meters below. It was an exciting place to be and perfectly safe even when the ship was traveling at speed, for it was in the dead air behind the huge dorsal blister of the observation deck. Nevertheless, it was not intended that the passengers would have access to it; the view was a little too vertiginous.

The covers of the forward cargo hatch had already opened like giant trap doors and the camera platform was hovering above them, preparing to descend. Along this route, in the years to come, would travel thousands of passengers and tons of supplies; only on rare occasions would the Queen drop down to sea level and dock with her floating base.

A sudden gust of crosswind slapped Falcon's cheek and he tightened his grip on the guardrail. The Grand Canyon was a bad place for turbulence, though he did not expect much at this altitude. Without any real anxiety, he focused his attention on the descending platform, now about 50 meters above the ship. He knew that the highly skilled operator who was flying the remotely controlled vehicle had performed this very simple maneuver a dozen times already; it was inconceivable that he would have any difficulties.

Yet he seemed to be reacting rather sluggishly; that last gust had drifted the platform almost to the edge of the open hatchway. Surely the pilot could have corrected before this . . . did he have a control problem? It was very unlikely; these remotes had multiple-redundancy, fail-safe take-overs and any number of backup systems. Accidents were almost unheard of.

But there he went again, off to the left. Could the pilot be *drunk*? Improbable though that seemed, Falcon considered it seriously for a moment. Then he reached for his microphone switch.

Once again, without warning, he was slapped violently in the face. He hardly felt it, for he was staring in horror at the camera platform. The distant operator was fighting for control, trying to balance the craft on its jets—but he was only making matters worse. The oscillations increased—20 degrees, 40, 60, 90. . . .

"Switch to automatic, you fool!" Falcon shouted uselessly into his microphone. "Your manual control's not working!"

The platform flipped over onto its back; the jets no longer supported it but drove it swiftly downward. They had suddenly become allies of the gravity they had fought until this moment.

Falcon never heard the crash, though he felt it; he was already inside the observation deck, racing for the elevator that would take him down to the bridge. Workmen shouted at him anxiously, asking what had happened. It would be many months before he knew the answer to that question.

Just as he was stepping into the elevator cage, he changed his mind. What if there were a power failure? Better be on the safe side, even if it took longer and time was of the essence. He began to run down the spiral stairway enclosing the shaft.

Halfway down, he paused for a second to inspect the damage. That damned platform had gone clear through the ship, rupturing two of the gas cells as it did so. They were still collapsing slowly, in great falling veils of plastic. He was not worried about the loss of lift—the ballast could easily take care of that, as long as eight cells remained intact. Far more serious was the possibility of structural damage; already he could hear the great latticework around him groaning and protesting under its abnormal loads. It was not enough to have sufficient lift; unless it was properly distributed, the ship would break her back.

He was just resuming his descent when a superchimp, shrieking with fright, came racing down the elevator shaft, moving with incredible speed hand over hand along the *outside* of the latticework. In its terror, the poor beast had torn off its company uniform, perhaps in an unconscious attempt to regain the freedom of its ancestors.

Falcon, still descending as swiftly as he could, watched its approach with some alarm; a distraught simp was a powerful and potentially dangerous animal, especially if fear overcame its conditioning. As it overtook him, it started to call out a string of words, but they were all jumbled together and the only

*(continued on page 270)*

# Shelley

*one look at that moist, leather-bound teenager—and visions of depravity danced in his head*

*memoir* By DAN GREENBURG

IN THE WINTER OF 1966, I returned to New York from a lonely four-month stay in Europe, carrying my one and only suitcase, wearing my black and only suit, having lost 20 pounds from an already slim frame, and I imagine that my grim, black-garbed, skeletal presence frightened more than a few passers-by on the street.

One of the first parties I went to on my return was at the spare, antique-and-chrome apartment of an art-director friend; and about midnight, into the party walked one of the cockiest young men I had ever met and the sexiest little girl I had ever seen in my life. The guy, who lived upstairs, was

some kind of entrepreneur involved in a lot of deals that, if they had really been as big as he said they were, would have made us all familiar with his name today, and we aren't. The girl, whose name was Shelley, was a teenager with incredibly long straight black hair that reached to the bottom of her bouncy little buttocks. She had on high leather boots that ended just above her knees and a short leather skirt that almost succeeded in reaching the crotch of her perky pink panties.

I suppose I gaped at her rather transparently, because she returned my gaze with large liquid eyes and a moist, somewhat amused mouth. I had never desired anyone so immediately or so powerfully in my life, never before wanted to abandon myself so completely to nakedness and rubbing things and wet, licking, sucking, whimpering, mindless fucking things. I loved her with mind and heart and body and I would cheerfully have written out a proposal of marriage to her on the spot in exchange for even one night in bed with her. So what I did was I went into another room and hid.

My host the art director found me cowering in the other room and asked me what was wrong. When I told him, he chuckled. He insisted I come out and meet the cocky entrepreneur and his moist, leather-bound teenager; and though I was truly terrified, I let myself be dragged over to them and I mumbled some facsimile of greeting.

There was no big secret about what I was feeling. My forehead was a small rear-projection screen on which were flickering the depraved blue-movie fantasies of my mind. I was so obvious and pathetic that everyone was very solicitous of me, finally guiding me into a chair and bringing me enormous quantities of alcohol to relieve my nervousness.

The entrepreneur, whose name was Cliff, had brought down several joints, which he generously distributed among the guests, and when he came over to where I was sitting, he winked and said:

"What do you think of Shelley?"

"I don't guess that's much of a secret," I said. "I think she's sensational."

"Great-looking chick, huh?"

"Sensational," I said.

"You want her number?" he said.

"Huh?"

"You want me to give you her telephone number?"

"Shelley's?" I said.

He nodded.

"Why?" I said. "I mean, I don't understand—aren't you two going together or something?"

"I don't *go* with anybody, man," he said. "I've got too many chicks to *go* with any of them. In fact, I'm leaving now, because I've got another date upstairs in twenty minutes. Why don't you take her number, though? She's kind of young, but she's a lot of fun. I think you'd like her."

"I'm sure I would," I said.

He scribbled a number on the inside of a matchbook and handed it to me. I thanked him and put it into my pocket, wondering if I'd ever have the guts to call her, and then Cliff left for his date upstairs.

I thought about Shelley a good deal in the days that followed, and once or twice I even got as far as dialing the first two digits of her number; but then I'd chicken out or get nauseous and hang up, resolving to go through with it when I got back some of the weight and some of the self-confidence I'd lost in Europe.

The weeks passed, and then the months. Spring came to New York and the little piles of charcoal-gray snow and old dog shit melted away and were replaced by tender young shoots of green grass and new dog shit. I'd put on some weight and regained enough confidence to at least go out with girls again, although I hadn't scored with any.

Late one afternoon I was lying around my cozy garden apartment on East 19th Street and I got to thinking about old Shelley and her preposterous overripe teenaged body, and I again fiddled with the possibility of calling her. My usual tight-assed, hung-up operating procedure would have been to phone her on a Monday for a date on the following Friday or Saturday night, and I knew that if I came on with her that way, she'd think I was so square she wouldn't even go out with me. But what if I tried to come on like the kind of guys she was used to? Guys like old Cliff, with his offhand dates upstairs every 20 minutes?

Before I had enough time to think about it and get too nervous to go through with it, I found her number and dialed it and convinced myself I was, if not quite Cliff, at least somewhat Cliff-like.

The phone rang a few times and then Shelley's husky, incredibly sexy voice said hello, and I clung tightly to the image of Cliff. I told her my name and that Cliff had given me her number and I resisted the impulse to say, "You probably don't remember me, but——"

"Hey, wow," she said. "Cliff told me he gave you my number. Like, I was wondering how long it would take you to call me."

That really knocked me out, but I concentrated hard on who I was trying to be and, after some idle chitchat about things like school (*she was actually still going to high school!*), I said I thought we ought to get together. She said she'd like to—when? I fought off the temptation to say, "How about next Saturday night?" and instead, I said:

"How about right now?"

"Groovy," she said.

I gave her my address and told her how to get there. I had never before dared suggest that a girl come over to my apartment without my picking her up and taking her there, but she seemed to feel it was the most natural request in the world. She said she'd be over in about 20 minutes. *Twenty minutes!*

I hung up and had a moment of panic. Talking on the telephone to a teenaged sex bomb and making that work was one thing. But what about when it came time to actually hop into the sack with her? It had been nearly a year since I'd made love to a woman—what if I didn't even remember how?

I ran around the apartment, straightening it up. I put on the soft lights, some rock music and changed into some calculatingly casual clothes. I shaved, brushed my teeth about six times, rolled on some deodorant, rinsed my mouth with mouthwash and slapped some great French shaving lotion on my face before I realized I was doing it all wrong—kids Shelley's age value honest, natural body smells, not phony perfumy lotions. I tried washing off the shaving lotion and deodorant, but it was hopeless. I stank of goodness. The doorbell rang and, after checking myself in the mirror for the 40th time and rumpling my hair, I casually shuffled to the door and opened it.

There she was, still wearing her absurdly short leather skirt and her astonishingly high leather boots and her outrageously unfair teenaged body, obviously not having changed clothes or grown a day older in the months since the party—just as though she had been created strictly for my use and had no other life when she was not in my presence. Her eyes were still large and liquid

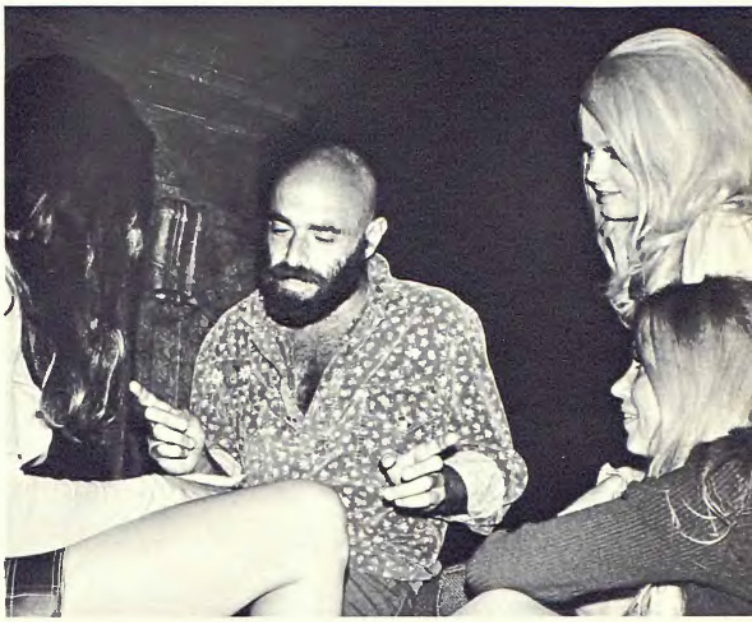
*(continued on page 194)*

*"This is ridiculous."*

# RESIDENT BEAUTY

*what with hopping from bunny chores to modeling calls to playboy mansion parties, life is happily hectic for playmate karen christy*

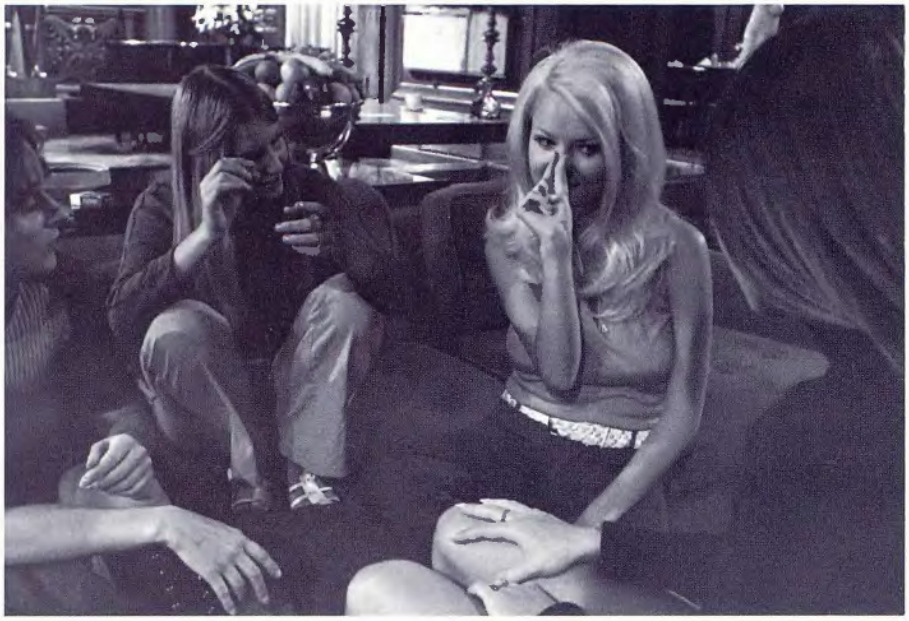
KAREN CHRISTY'S LIFE has taken a sudden and very exhilarating change of direction. While she'd almost come to anticipate transitions in her life style, they had been, until last summer, of a necessary and not uncommon nature. First, the 20-year-old native of Abilene, Texas, moved north to Denton in 1969 to major in commercial art at North Texas State. Her plans for a degree were cut short after just one year, however, when she realized that part-time-job income could not adequately meet school and living expenses. So Karen moved to Dallas and adjusted smoothly to the working-girl role. For nearly a year, she was a secretary in Texas' second-largest city. Then, last year, she heard about a Playboy Bunny Hunt being conducted by Club representatives looking for girls in the Dallas–Fort Worth area who might wish to wear a pair of Bunny ears. Somewhat timorously, she decided to attend. "Some office friends convinced me to go." Not at all surprisingly, she far exceeded the requirements and, soon afterward, received an invitation in the mail to become a cottontail at the Chicago Club. At first, Karen demurred, then she decided that it might be very worth while to experience a complete change of place and people; she notified Club officials and flew to Chicago. "In the beginning, I thought I'd made a bad mistake." Her taste runs to the new and modern. "Old things depress me," she says frankly. And that preference extends to the city she lives in. "Dallas is a relatively new city, filled with modern buildings and homes." In contrast, her first impressions of Chicago were of



Above left: Hefner introduces Karen to Sid Caesar ond his manager. Above right: PLAYBOY's Shel Silverstein regales Karen and fellow models. Below: Playmate of the Year Sharon Clark, Hefner, Karen and model Georgia Bechtold in a post-party rap.

Above left ond right: Karen and her sister Bonnie, visiting from Texas, enjoy the Mansion's steam room. After a shower, Karen brushes her hair in front of her mirror.

squat, undistinguished office buildings and the long, narrow belt of elegant postwar high-rises on Lake Shore Drive. She was disappointed. Quickly, however, Karen grew to like it, largely due to the two essential aspects of her life: her work and her residence. She's been alternating her Bunny stints with increasingly frequent assignments from Playboy Models and she's living in the Bunny Dormitory in Hugh Hefner's Mansion. "The Mansion is fantastic," she says. "There's always something going on. The parties give me a chance to meet well-known people, entertainers, politicians, athletes: a great mix." And during less revelous hours, Karen appreciates other advantages the Mansion offers. "Most nights, there's a movie showing. Also, I really like the company of the other girls." It's clear that Karen now feels thoroughly satisfied with her move. For Miss December, the Playboy Mansion is a fascinating ménage that she's more than delighted to call home.



Above: Karen plays charades with PLAYBOY secretary Charlotte Block, Pamela May and Roxanne Demetropoulos in the Mansion ballroom. Below: Karen greets keyholders and, next morning, prepares for an assignment from Playboy Models.

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Above: After a fresh snowfall, Karen bundles up and steps outside the Mansion for a taste of and look at what for her is a very rare event. "It does snow in Texas, but very infrequently," she says, then adds, "and never like this."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Leaving the poker party late, as usual, two friends compared notes. "I can never fool my wife," the first complained. "I turn off the car's engine and coast into the garage, take off my shoes, sneak upstairs and undress in the bathroom, but she always wakes up and yells like crazy about my being late."

"You just have the wrong technique," his friend advised. "I roar into the garage, honk the horn a couple of times, slam the front door, stomp up the stairs, pat my wife on the ass and say, 'How about it, beautiful?' She always pretends she's asleep."

We know a youthful middle-aged man who is currently dating a voluptuous lass of 18. When queried about his new love, he commented, "I've found myself asking new questions of life. Like, 'What kind of wine goes well with peanut butter?' "

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Santa's helpers* as subordinate Clauses.

While walking through town one afternoon, the young priest was approached by a woman who purred, "A quickie for five bucks?"

Obviously confused by this advance, the father simply continued on his way; but within a short span of time, another prostitute beckoned him with, "A quickie for five bucks?"

The priest returned to his parish and encountered the mother superior. His curiosity overcame him and he asked, "Mother, what's a quickie?"

"Five bucks," replied the nun, "same as in town."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virgin* as a girl who has never lost her head.

It was midnight when the phone rang at police headquarters. The desk sergeant answered and a shrill voice reported, "There's a sex maniac in my house."

"Try to be calm, lady," the cop said reassuringly. "We'll have a patrol car there in a few minutes."

"Oh, that's not necessary," the caller chimed. "Just send somebody around to pick him up in the morning."

And, of course, you've heard about the sensitive young thing who, upon hearing of her best beau's marriage to another, threw herself into bed and balled all night.

The earnest professor of gynecology at a specially convened symposium shocked his audience when he claimed, "I have indisputable evidence, gentlemen, that I have discovered a clitoris bearing an uncanny resemblance to a watermelon."

After the resulting commotion died away, one doctor rose and rejoined, "I don't doubt that my learned colleague examined a hypertrophied organ of extraordinary dimension, but to say it was like a watermelon must certainly be an exaggeration."

"Who said anything about size?" interrupted the professor. "I'm talking about taste!"

After the honeymooners had gone down to breakfast, the hotel maid found a five-dollar bill pinned over a stain on the sheet. With the money was a note that read, "Sorry."

The maid changed the linen and pinned a note on the pillow saying, "That's OK, come again."

Then there was the abandoned tugboat who felt really low after discovering her mother was a tramp and her father was a ferry.

A man whose wife had just given birth to triplets burst into the room where the newborn tots were kept. "Get out of here!" shouted the nurse. "You're not sterile!"

"Lady," said the fellow, looking proudly at his offspring, "you're telling *me*!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *erection* as a member in good standing.

Upon the opening day of the new school year, the first-grade teacher approached the blackboard and announced to her class, "I want you all to learn my name, so I'm going to print it out: P-R-U-S-S-Y, Miss Prussy, it rhymes with pussy, but it has an R in it."

Content that she had made her point, the instructor went on with the scheduled lessons. The next morning, right after the bell had rung, she asked, "Who remembers what my name is?"

One beaming little fellow at the back of the room quickly raised his hand. "I know," he replied. "It's Miss Crunt."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor,* PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

*"Except for the hotpants and the pubic hair, she's basically the same as last year's model."*

# A FEMINIST LOOKS AT HISTORY

*humor* By DR. VIRGINIA SLIMMES *in a no-holds-barred exposé, the lid is ripped off the great male sexist cover-up and a pantheon of long-wronged ladies are finally given their due—by georgette!*

For 5000 years, male authors have been conditioning women to accept masculine-oriented interpretations of human events, interpretations saturated with the most appalling sexist lies, misconceptions and factual errors. Little wonder that today's woman is insecure, confused and cranky and that one out of every three has developed a facial tic. If American women are to achieve true freedom and fulfillment—as opposed to the spurious kind consisting of material comforts and laborsaving appliances—they will have to re-examine and re-evaluate history and rewrite it to show what really happened. If my thesis is correct, we will see emerge a very different picture from the one men have painted.

Even before recorded history, men did everything possible to leave to posterity an impression of their supremacy. Wall paintings found in a Preorthopedic cave in New York State (now the Queens-Midtown Tunnel) show a group of naked hunters thrusting spears into the bowels of what appears to be a gigantic cocker spaniel, probably just a poorly drawn saber-toothed tiger. From the enormous body of archaeological research assembled by Humus and Sphagnum, however, we know that *females* were the hunters and warriors of that age. Yet the hunters in those paintings are indisputably depicted as having—well, balls. How come the contradiction? Simple: The Stone Age male controlled the media.

And so it has gone, from Chondroma of Testis, whose history of the Tektites is our first crude written account of a modern civilization (it is crude because he used the feathered end of his quill), to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who asserts that World War One was rooted in nationalistic pride (it was not; it started when Princess Marie of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen took umbrage at being seated next to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at Princess Schoenburg-Waldenburg's birthday party). In papyrus after papyrus, parchment after parchment, book after book, such meaningful functions as war, looting, torture and rapine are shown performed by males, while sordid ones like household maintenance, education of the young and domestic economy are left to females.

Even in those eras when women's influence was total, male-chauvinist propagandists persisted in denying them credit. Take the reign of Elizabeth I, queen of England. Because her reign was so glorious, many male scholars refuse to believe she was a woman. There is a school of thought postulating that Elizabeth was actually a Shakespearean boy actor named Dickie Fatling. Sir Loinsteak Welldone, perpetrator of this unspeakable treachery, has managed to demonstrate that Dickie, one of Henry VIII's bastards (and the biggest, as far as I'm concerned), slew Elizabeth during a private command performance of *The Mousetrap*, then in its fourth year in the West End, and proceeded to assume the throne. Sir Loinsteak rests his flimsy case on the testimony of half a dozen courtiers who saw Elizabeth naked, but neglects to point out that 16th Century anatomy was a vastly different affair from today's.

The most infamous hatchet job performed by male historians was on Joan of Arc. Because she was too much woman for them, they have suggested she was a witch. Typical.

Joan, known to her adoring countrymen as *La Pucelle* for reasons that will be glaringly obvious to anyone familiar with the French language (I don't know a word myself, but it's explained quite clearly in volume 13 of my *Encyclopaedia Britannica*), displayed at an early age the quality that has enshrined her in the hearts of liberationist sisters of every subsequent age: an irresistible urge to beat the shit out of boys.

In her 13th year, Joan started hearing voices commanding her to remain a *(continued on page 263)*

# VEGAS COMES UP 007

***sean connery returns to secret-agent country—replete, as usual, with pulchritude and peril—in the first u.s.-based james bond thriller, "diamonds are forever"***

THE LATE Ian Fleming's indomitable secret agent, James Bond, has addictive qualities. In novel form, he has attracted such prominent fans as President John F. Kennedy; on-screen, he has since 1962 been entertaining theater-filling fans numbering into the hundreds of thousands. Now, it appears, even 007's best-known alter ego is hooked by the role. After a one-picture absence, during which he loudly proclaimed that he was sick and tired of being James Bond, saturnine Scotsman Sean Connery is back in Bondage as the hero of *Diamonds Are Forever*, due to open over the holidays in theaters throughout the country. Produced, as were six previous Bond epics—five starring Connery and one featuring George Lazenby—by Albert R. ("Cubby") Broccoli and Harry Saltzman for United Artists, *Diamonds* sets Bond on the trail of

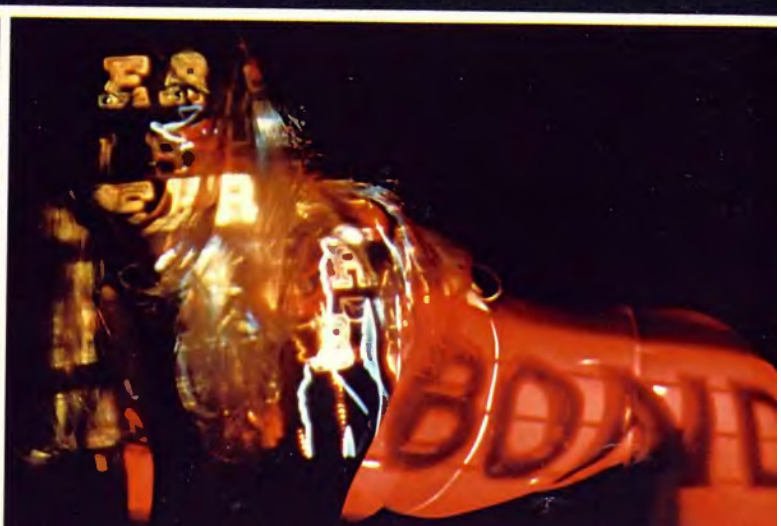
**Back in harness as James Bond in *Diamonds Are Forever*, Sean Connery (right) finds himself, as usual, surraunded by girls, girls, girls—in this case, Judy Ritsko, a Vegas chorine.**

Inspired by the glittering gems of the movie's title and the omnipresent neon glow of Las Vegas, photographer Siman Nathan created the multicolored portraits on these pages by projecting film images on the shapely bodies of Nevada showgirls who appear, as themselves, in *Diamonds*. In this latest James Bond thriller, Sean Connery meets Jill St. John (below right) as Tiffany Case, member of an international smuggling ring. Bond and Tiffany pursue each other in and out of the sack—in a bridal suite, equipped with a water bed containing 3000 tropical fish (below left) and Bond's hotel room (bottom).

Bond, a big winner at the crap table, attracts the attention of a casino honger-on, the apulently upholstered Plenty O'Toole (Lana Woad). In the sequence above, Plenty has insisted on escorting Bond to his raam in the Trapicana Hotel—where, just as they're getting dawn to bare essentials, they are surprised by a tria of hired thugs, wha give the young lady the old heave-ho, right aut the tenth-floor window. (She survives, by scaring a direct hit on the hotel's swimming pool; but by the time she gets back upstairs, Band is already on the Case, and the waterlogged Miss O'Toale ends up with plenty a' nothing.)

a gem-smuggling ring that leads to the casinos of Las Vegas. Most of the action takes place in and around the Nevada gambling capital, making this the first Bond movie shot principally in the U. S. In the best 007 screen tradition, Connery comes in contact with a number of pneumatic maidens, notably Jill St. John as Tiffany Case and Lana Wood as Plenty O'Toole. (It was PLAYBOY's April uncoverage of Miss Wood that brought her to the film makers' attention.) Also present in *Diamonds* are the other standard 007 film ingredients: infernally clever machines (a diamond-encrusted, butterfly-winged moon car and an oyster-shaped one-man sub) and adrenaline-boosting chases (a dozen cars crack up in Downtown Vegas). All in all, we predict a warm yule box-office welcome for the return of the prodigal Sean.

When Lana Wood (right) was photographed in a lavish April PLAYBOY layout, accompanied by a selection of her own poems, most people knew her only as "Natalie Wood's kid sister"—despite the fact that she'd appeared for 14 months as a regular on the *Peyton Place* television series. But our spread brought Lana to the attention of producers Albert R. Broccoli and Harry Saltzman, who immediately offered her a sexpot role in *Diamonds Are Forever*.



*"Don't be silly . . . it's a money belt."*

VARGAS GIRL

# PROFESSOR ZACHARY DING'S PATENTED OFFICIAL UNABRIDGED CONDENSED NEW 1972 AUTOCYCLOPEDIA, A THROUGH Z

*humor* **By BRUCE McCALL and BROCK YATES** *a practically definitive collection of almost all the cars that nearly made automotive history*

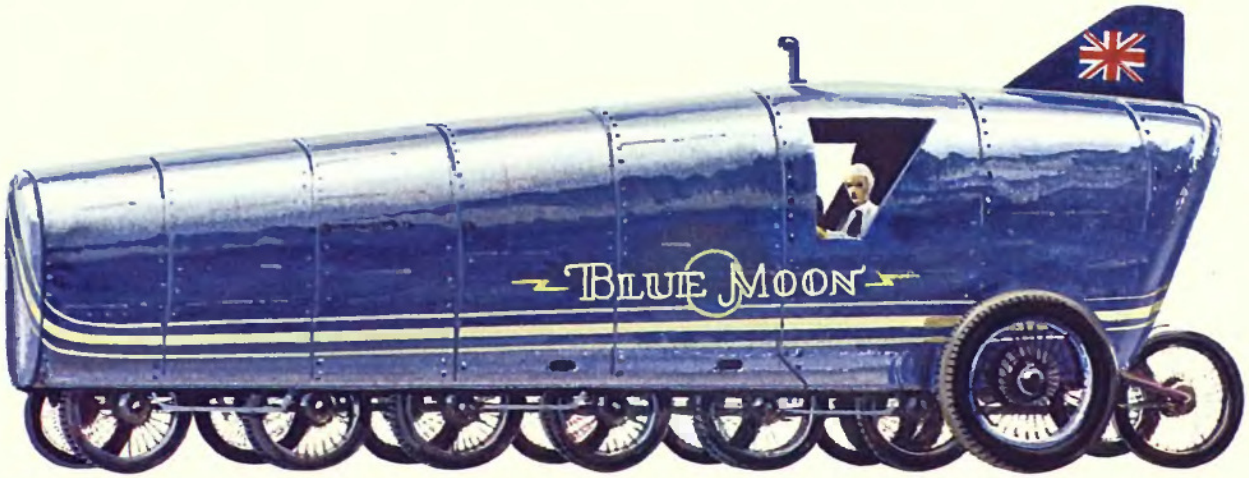
INTRODUCTION BY LESTER SMEED, THE AUTHOR'S BEST FRIEND: Professor Zachary Ding has been astounding his friends and loved ones for years with a knowledge of things automotive that often borders on the articulate. "There goes a '49 Nash Airflyte," he will often observe, lapsing into a thoughtful silence that may last for weeks before those piercing eyes light up again and he exclaims, "There goes a Studebaker Lark, '59 maybe." "Ding," I boggled one time, after the keen-eyed professor had nailed a '51 De Soto from half a block away, "you're a walking encyclopedia!" This gave him the idea for which his entire life suddenly seemed to have been mere preparation. Alas, Ding was ahead of his time. The world was not yet ready for an encyclopedia that could ambulate—though, in all fairness, it should be admitted that Ding's invention managed more of a shuffle than a walk when it moved at all. Be that as it may—and it was—the venture exhausted the good professor's meager life savings; to recoup, he next hit upon the notion of an encyclopedia of automobiles, an *Autocyclopedia*, as he termed it, with that academic's gift for boiling complex ideas down into words of seven syllables. The rest is history, of a sort. The *Autocylopedia* —with lots of words and full-color pictures that are almost in register—has gone through more than 100 printings at 100 printers, and each will be paid, if this new improved edition, with its nearly perfect spelling and often uncannily accurate dates, meets with even half the success Professor Ding has promised his backers.

## ARDONK "PYTHON POWER" INDY RACER, 1935—U.S.A.

The year: 1935. The place: the hallowed bricks of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, where daredevils of the roaring road convene each Memorial Day weekend to test their guts and gumption. Diesel-engine tycoon Bowles N. Ardonk's ambition had been to build the first car to win the mighty motorized marathon going nonstop; in 1935, he built a car with a 973-cubic-inch diesel engine and 559-gallon fuel tanks to do the job and hired veteran Indy leadfoot Sid ("Weasel") Gibbons and riding mechanic "Spats" Monkhouse as crew. Race day dawned hot and sultry. In a last-minute effort to keep the crew cool, Ardonk installed an experimental beach umbrella over their heads. The technical breakthrough worked perfectly and the Ardonk entry seemed a shoo-in, having effortlessly completed a lap. Then disaster struck when the lid blew off Monkhouse's picnic hamper and hit him in the mouth, chipping a tooth. It is a tribute to the reliability of this immortal machine that Gibbons was able to guide it off the track, out a gate and into downtown Indianapolis, where his gallant sidekick received immediate aid from Purvis Feeney, D. D. S., the only dentist in town not at the Speedway.

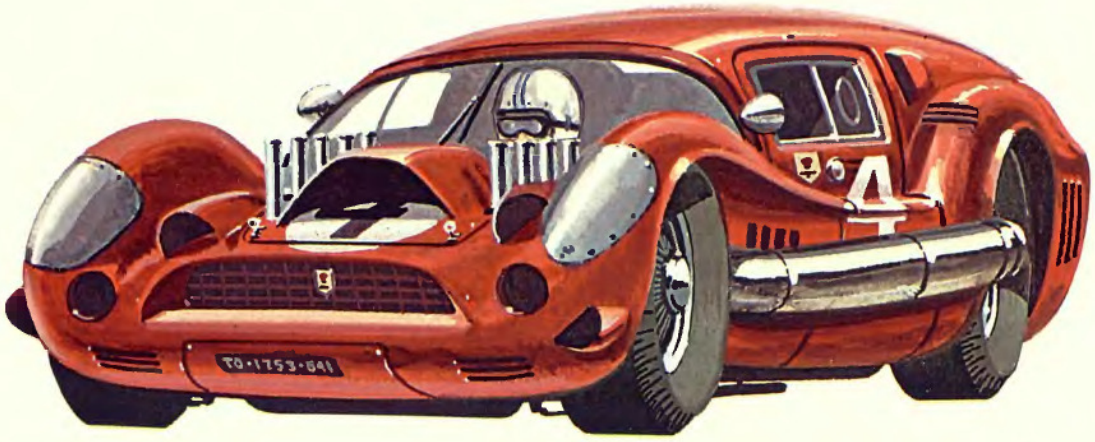
## BATTLE SONG OF THE PROLETARIAT SEDAN, 1965—CHINESE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

When production of the Chairman Mao's Thoughts Give Me Two Extra Cylinders sedan ended in 1962, Chinese car owners, and especially those who had owned Chairman Mao's Thoughts Give Me Two Extra Cylinders sedans, eagerly awaited its promised successor. Sure enough, only three years late and at less than twice the originally stated price came the all-new Battle Song of the Proletariat. The preceding model had failed for the usual reasons: mad-dog CIA saboteur hirelings on the design staff, revanchist-revisionist traitor elements in the paint shop, criminal tools of hostile decadent imperialism in the showrooms. But the new Battle Song meant a whole new mah-jongg game. Sales boomed, with ten times more sold in the first six months than had been built. Next year, the ratio widened further; in the celebrated "Miracle of Mao's Mathematics," 4,550,000 registrations had flooded in, while due to assembly-line adjustments, 14 cars were produced, eight of those lacking only wheels to make them roadworthy. Sales continue to outstrip supply and the Battle Song goes from success to success, aided by the catchy slogan, "Denounce the man who doesn't own one."



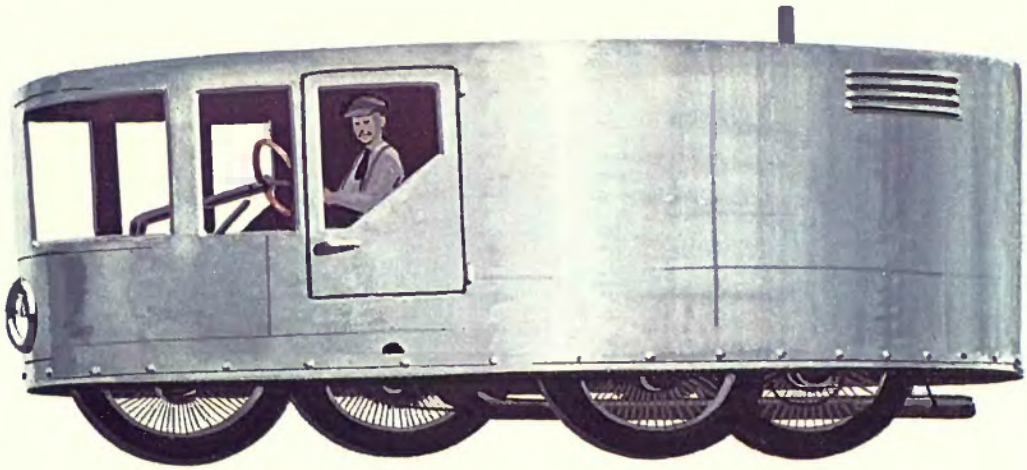

## BLUE MOON RECORD CAR, 1923—GREAT BRITAIN

The idea was simplicity itself: Lash together a half dozen or so motorcyles, start them rolling with one tug of the starting rope, then sit back for the mad dash to glory on the sands of Brighton Beach. They told Sir Basil Torpedo it couldn't be done. The fact that it couldn't, and would not be recognized if it were, cannot dim Sir Basil's pluck in attempting to bring off this most novel of challenges to the world land speed record, back in the balmy summer of 1923. That August afternoon proved fateful. As best can be reconstructed, the problem started with stopping; that is, the motorcycles once unleashed could not—not by any controlled means. It was, according to survivors, a matter of every bike for itself, once the harness burst, sending six snorting missiles on a harum-scarum rampage over the sands, over the bathers and, finally, like so many mechanical lemmings, over the breakwater and into a pellucid sea. Escaping unscathed, Sir Basil vanished. The later trial furnished proof that he did, indeed, have an appointment with his tailor that afternoon. Though derided as lame, his defense, "I believe in punctuality," jibed with lifelong habits, which, together with a character reference from the Duke of Smutland (who later won notoriety for turning his castle into a roller rink), brought about a hung jury and new laws forbidding world land speed record attempts at Brighton Beach on weekends.



## FARRAGO VENDETTA SPORTS/RACER, 1958—ITALY

No sooner had his V-24 Fiasco prototype been banned from the 1957 Le Mans 24-hour race on a minor technicality than *Signor* Emilio Farrago began plotting revenge. This crusty Italian octogenarian is a living legend, a man famed for mailing live scorpions to team drivers who displease him. The Vendetta marked new heights of Farrago's majestic malice. Its tubular chassis had been packed during assembly with rancid Borozzoni cheese and the completed car left to ripen for months under a broiling Italian sun. When trials for Le Mans 1958 rolled around, the Farrago race transporter could be sniffed three kilometers before it could be seen. By the time it reached the pits, the pits were empty. By the time the last technical inspector had buckled to his knees, Le Mans officials issued a special edict excusing the Vendetta from scrutineering entirely. Farrago's point had been made—and just as well. The 16-year-old Sicilian lad behind the wheel, chosen because he lacked a sense of smell, was also lacking in driving finesse and demolished the Vendetta in a 120-mph crash while trying to drive it back onto the transporter. Said *Signor* Farrago: "That's-a showbiz."



## FURGO AIR SLICER ROADPLANE, 1949—CANADA

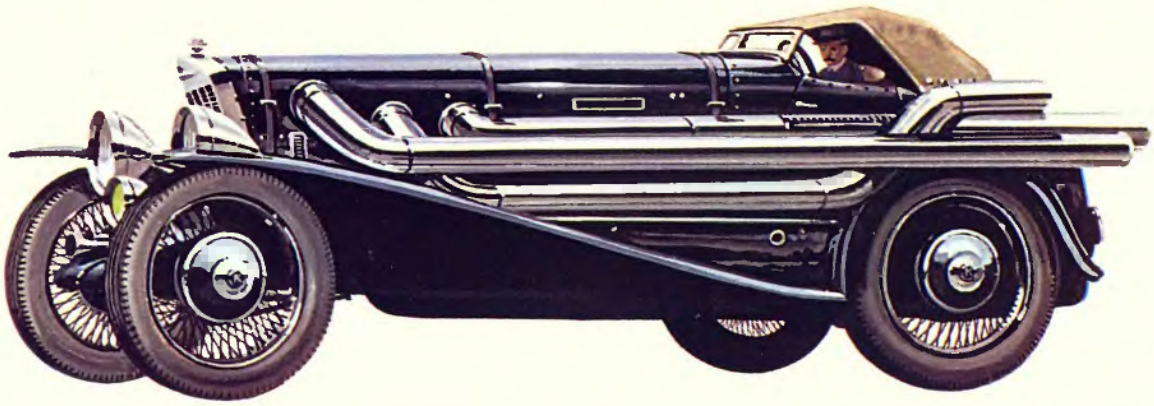
The book of Canadian automotive history is more like a pamphlet, but achievement is writ large on its pages —the easier to fill them up, mayhap? Writ larger than most is the name of Art Furgo. He was no ordinary man. This is traceable to the day when, at the age of seven, he got it square between the eyes with a speeding hockey puck. The image of that hurtling disk, implanted firmly in his brain, led to the great idea of Art Furgo's life. Could not the same principles that let a hockey puck streak over the ice with aerodynamic ease also be applied to make a car zoom over the road? Well, no—but who was to break the news to an obsessed Art Furgo? So it was that one gray March morning, a strange silvery shape roared magnificently out of an alley in the sleepy hamlet of Coboconk, Ontario, and smack into the stout brick side of Whatley Brothers Feed Store. The maiden run was the final one for the ill-starred Furgo and his Air Slicer Roadplane, for pucks are rubber and bounce, while he and the Roadplane were not, and didn't. A small plaque marks the spot.

## GRUMMETT NAPHTHAMOBILE, 1932—U.S.A.

Affable self-confessed ex-convict Fenton ("Duke") Grummett demonstrated an exciting car to members of the American Naphtha Gas Institute at Wingo, Nebraska, in 1932. Using a "secret cross-friction engine" designed in his prison cell, Grummett claimed sensational economy and blistering speed from what looked to be a crazy snarl of pipes, pulleys, pots and defunct radio tubes. Only naphtha gas could make it all work, he revealed; sensing a publicity bonanza, the institute agreed to finance Grummett's projected nonstop drive from Wingo to Panama City and back in an improved version of his invention. Six months and $70,000 later, he set out. His frequent stops at gas stations, his pistol whipping of a nosy reporter in De Sade City, Louisiana, and his Naphthamobile's sluggish pace barely dimmed public interest. When Grummett wired for $50,000 to "replace the carbon vibrator," the institute coughed up. It was a proud band of officials who welcomed the Naphthamobile as it approached the festooned and beribboned halfway point in downtown Panama City. But it was a bewildered band of officials who watched as the Naphthamobile crossed the halfway point, accelerated and kept going south. Grummett's whereabouts are, according to the FBI, still unknown.

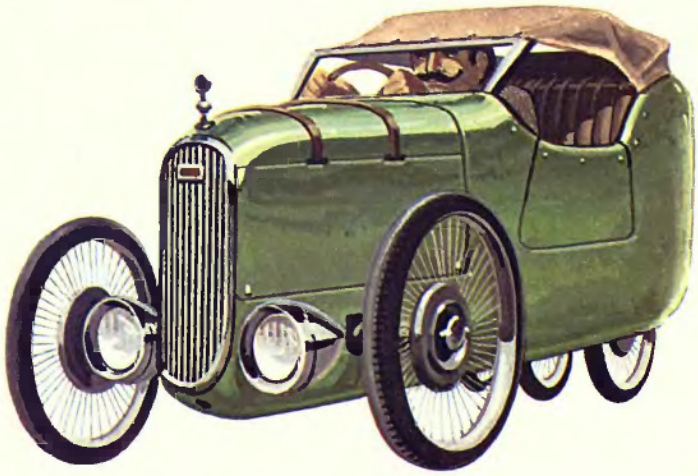
## KAWASOTA SUGARFACE ROADSTER, 1960—JAPAN

The perky little Sugarface was Japan's first postwar try at building a true sports car—and a game try it was. Something more than game was that tiny 108-c.c. engine, a masterpiece of intricate casting that any watchmaker could repair in a few weeks, given the original blueprints Something approaching genius was its tubular plastic chassis, so similar to a tangle of Hula-Hoops that inquiries proved it to *be* a tangle of Hula-Hoops. The Sugarface won lukewarm response for cost-cutting touches such as decals instead of real instruments; it won hot ire for its tendency to blow away in high winds. Kawasota president Mr. I. Gichi tried to appease critics by driving a Sugarface himself as a demonstration of its safety. The gesture sadly backfired when his Sugarface hit a pothole, rebounded into the air, caught a passing breeze and was wafted over the edge of a precipice. Mr. Gichi's parting words, "*Hai yoy koma shu-junka-oi!*"—"Next time, don't use Hula-Hoops!"—are heard again every year during the Kawasota Heavy Industries Employees' Festival and Mass Calisthenics ritual re-enactment of the tragedy and were the inspiration for a popular tune that stayed 13 weeks on the top of the Japanese hit charts and is currently getting play as an oldie but goodie.



## KRANZLER STURM ROADSTER, 1932—GERMANY

Fast, powerful sports roadsters are nothing exceptional in the annals of speed. Fast, powerful sports roadsters without brakes are more unusual. Such a curiosity was the 1932 Kranzler Sturm, product of a famed German concern momentarily barred by the fine print in the Treaty of Versailles from its natural spheres of industry. Soul of the Sturm was a 28-liter Probst zeppelin engine welded into a network of girders based on the chassis of an earlier Kranzler gun carriage. What it lacked in sophistication it also lacked in roadability, since the gun carriage was meant for railways, while the Sturm was not. These defects were of scant moment to designer *Herr* Professor Direktor Doktor Ing. Otto-Alfred Flotz. In fact, nothing was of moment to *Herr* Flotz but pure velocity—perhaps a leftover from his specialization in heavy-armaments engineering. The professor's reply to the question as to why the Sturm lacked even a pretense of brakes rings through history: "A cannon shell, it has brakes?" A proper Sturm was intended to carry such intimidating power that no car, no man, no beast could or would block its relentless path. The concept worked, up to a point. That point came abruptly when a brick wall failed to yield as planned to the Sturm, Dr. Flotz at the wheel. Although Dr. Flotz was gone, Kranzler might have continued development of the car. But by then, it was 1934, the Treaty of Versailles had just about blown over and other interests happened along.



## MURDSTONE PTARMIGAN, 1935—GREAT BRITAIN

Trundling as it did from the same works that gave mankind the world-renowned Murdstone Safety Baby Perambulator, it is no surprise that the Ptarmigan stressed safety above all. More surprising is the run of crashes, the hail of lawsuits, the endless debate whether the Ptarmigan was the world's most dangerous safe car or the world's most safe dangerous car. The designers, apparently, overemphasized. A 12-horsepower, coal oil–burning motor could never tempt the speed demon, true; alas, neither could it quite traverse railway crossings. A great iron claw of a brake dangling on the ground could never lock up nor fade, true; alas, neither could it penetrate concrete nor quite keep a grip in mud. Unique Ptarmigan features included a three-wheel rear-suspension system that has received, despite its singularity, remarkably scant attention. It seems, in fact, to have been quite deliberately snubbed. This is perhaps just as well and only points up again that ancient British attribute of fair play; the rear suspension, after all, cannot talk back.

## SCRAGSHAW FLYING MONITOR SAFETY CAR, 1958—U.S.A.

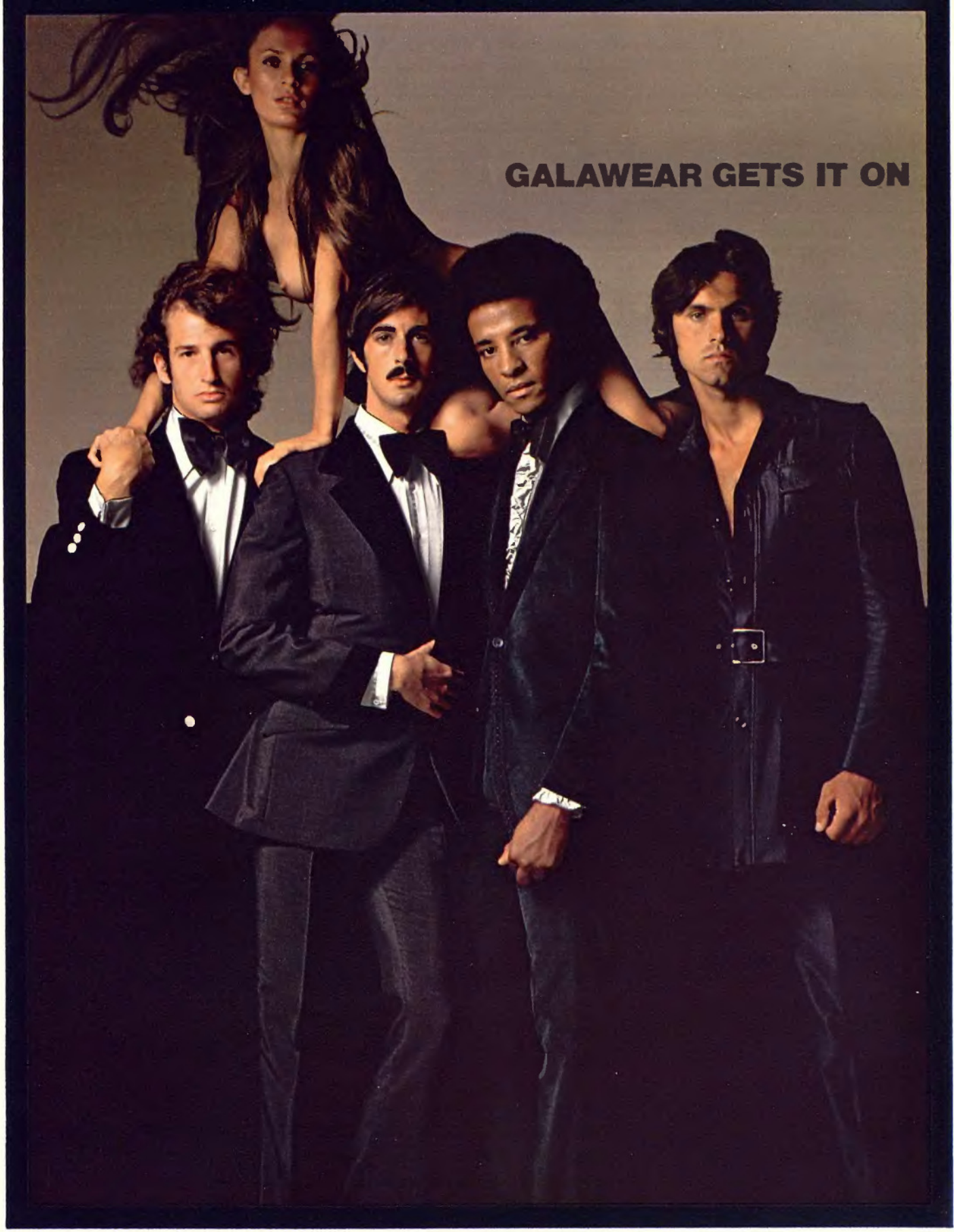
"A concrete car!" gasped an incredulous public when safety expert Alex Scragshaw first wheeled his Flying Monitor safety car through the streets of Detroit in April 1958. Scragshaw, it seemed, had created the world's first truly "safe" automobile, with prestressed concrete body and an interior lined with hundreds of half-sliced tennis balls. A modified 1953 Hudson Jet engine moved the 11,987-pound Flying Monitor at a modest maximum of 17 mph. Underpowered? Not to Scragshaw: "Any fool knows that speed kills!" was his standard retort. Safety-first design features included steel I-beam bumpers on all four sides, periscope vision (to eliminate any danger of flying glass in collisions) and nonskid floor mats. But tragedy stalked the Flying Monitor, nonetheless. In an attempt to prove his design, Scragshaw proposed to stage a crash between his car and a Baltimore & Ohio switch engine. And thus, on May 23, 1959, Scragshaw steered the Flying Monitor straight down the tracks and into the locomotive at 50 mph. Success! The blow knocked the train off the tracks, while the Flying Monitor survived almost intact. But then they pried open the door. The tennis balls had all flown free on impact and poor Scragshaw was, in the coroner's words, "Dunlopped to a fare-thee-well." The Flying Monitor, its creator *hors de combat*, was converted into an H-bomb shelter and later transformed into a toll booth on the Will Rogers Turnpike just outside Tulsa, Oklahoma.

## ZUB ARMORED ROADSTER, 1954—U.S.S.R.

The Supreme Soviet's 1951 call for "a swift sports tourer fearlessly carrying forward the highest ideals of Marx and Lenin" was partially answered three years later by the appearance of the ZUB. A rider to the basic specifications had called for the ability to convert this sports machine into a light armored scout car. The design contradictions and limitations thus imposed helped explain, if not forgive, the ZUB's peculiar characteristics. These included cracking concrete surfaces, noise that broke windows and a turning circle of about 135 feet when it could be turned at all. Heavy but not reliable, the ZUB sat on a sheet-iron chassis that superbly thwarted land mines but tended to lend awkward over-the-road manners. *"Banotzyi ub nyekvolstynov het signorsk!"* a Soviet car tester, writing in *The Uzbekistan Auto Racing and Land Reclamation Weekly*, commented. "What we've got is a good Socialist steam roller!" To some, a 14-ton sports car may appear a contradiction in terms. However, it must be remembered that ZUBs could be stripped for competition purposes to nine and a half tons. And it must be additionally remembered that the only competition was from other ZUBs.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRUCE MC CALL




*a festive gathering of urban and resort garb—from not-so-basic black tie to casually elegant avant*

**attire By ROBERT L. GREEN** The black-tie penguin look has gone the way of the dodo bird. Now your choice ranges from classic dinner jackets to printed tunics. (The latter can be worn when occasion—and climate—dictates the loosening of sartorial ties.) The gentlemen above are dressed for a formal evening in town. From left to right: a brushed-cotton dinner jacket with flared-leg trousers, $145, cotton dinner shirt, $22, and velvet bow tie, $6, all by After Six; a mohair-and-worsted dinner jacket and trousers, by Lord West, $195, striped shirt, by Van Heusen, $9.50, and velvet bow tie, by Bert Pulitzer, $6.50; a cotton-velvet dinner jacket, $175, and braided trousers, $50, both by Bill Blass for PBM, plus a silk shirt, $50, and butterfly bow tie, $12.50, both by Bill Blass; and a stretch-satin safari suit, from Halston Ltd., $450.



PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES/PHOTOGRAPHED BY SKREBNESKI

Having headed south for the winter, the same quartet comes an in a variety of resort evening garb. From left ta right: an eye-catching cotton-velvet suit featuring notched lapels, a deep center vent, braided trim and straight-leg trousers, by Corbin Ltd., $165, polyester dinner shirt with pleated and ruffled French cuffs and front, $24, and satin bow tie, $5, both by After Six; a cotton nail-print shirt suit with long-painted collar, barrel cuffs and flared-leg trousers, $90, worn with a leather belt that features a silver-nail buckle, $60, both by Carlo Palazzi for Jaeger; a cotton knit open-neck shirt, by Celli far Ultima, $60, raised-stripe cotton slacks with flared leg bottoms, by Giovanelli, $25, and handmade silver-and-turquoise concho belt, from First People, $400; a hand-printed cotton tunic made in Pakistan, from Biba, $16, chamois jeans with contrasting stitching and flared leg bottoms, by Madonna, $75, plus a handsome brass-studded leather belt, by Canterbury, $8.

# Shelley (continued from page 166)

and her lips still moist and inviting and mildly mocking. Her straight black hair still hung down to the base of her biteable tushy. She was so succulent and juicy and wonderful I wanted to cry. I ushered her into the apartment.

"Oh, wow," she said, looking around. "Oh, wow. You live here alone?"

"Uh, yeah."

She appeared to be fairly impressed with what I'd done to the place and I figured I was a step ahead. It really was a terrific-looking place—a duplex with two small rooms upstairs and one large bedroom downstairs that opened out onto a patio and a 40-foot-deep garden. I'd planted the garden myself with long grasses, flowers and shrubbery, and I'd sunk green floodlights into the ground under the trees—now in all their Southern California glory, since it was nearly dark out. Inside the apartment was a custom-made bar I'd designed myself, lots of walnut paneling and indirect lighting.

Shelley sat down and I offered her a drink, instantly losing several points. She didn't drink, of course—no kids drank these days; if only I'd paused to think before I spoke—and instead, she pulled out a couple of joints and offered me one. I accepted, knowing that although I was no stranger to marijuana, knowing that although I'd been introduced to it about the time she was in second grade, she would still look at the way I was smoking it and decide I was doing it wrong.

We smoked awhile in a silence that I found uncomfortable but that didn't seem to bother her at all.

"This is pretty good stuff," I said at last.

"Yeah."

"Yeah," I said. "So tell me. What'd you do today?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Well, you know. Stuff for school."

"Yeah. Where do you go?" I said.

"To school?"

"Yeah."

"Julia Richman."

"Julia Richman, the, uh, high school," I said.

"Yeah."

I had a sudden vision of her dressed in pinafore and pigtails, licking a lollipop, playing on a playground swing, and of me dressed as a bummy, dirty old man walking up and offering her a slug of whiskey.

"How *is* Julia Richman?" I said. "As a, you know, school, I mean."

"Oh, wow," she said.

I waited for some further amplification, but none appeared to be forthcoming.

"Yeah," I said finally.

"It's actually not that bad of a place to score, though," she said.

"To . . . score. To buy drugs, you mean."

"Yeah."

"What can you, uh, score there?"

"Oh, you know. Anything. Grass, hash, speed, coke. Anything."

"Acid?" I said.

"Yeah."

"Have you had acid?" I said.

"Today, you mean?"

"No, I meant. . . ."

"At all?"

"Yeah."

"Well, sure," she said.

"Oh."

"The only thing I haven't really tried," she said, "is smack."

"Heroin?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I don't blame you," I said. "I mean, that stuff can really be dangerous."

"Yeah," she said. "I'd be scared to take it more than once."

I laughed. "*I'd* be scared to even take it *once*," I said.

"Oh, it's not so bad, if you only take it once," she said.

"How do you know?"

"Well, you know. I mean, like, I didn't notice any bad effects."

I looked at her carefully. "You mean you've taken heroin?" I said.

"Only once," she said.

"I thought you said you've never tried it."

"Well, wow. Once isn't anything. It's when you do it all the time."

"I see," I said. "But isn't that, uh, dangerous? I mean, isn't it, you know, habit-forming?"

"Not if you only do it a couple of times, like I did," she said.

I decided not to push it. My purpose, after all, was not to get her to lead a clean life; my purpose was to get my dirty-old-man self into those warm sweet panties of hers.

"Tell me," I said with elaborate nonchalance, "how old are you?"

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Seventeen," she said.

"Seventeen," I said.

"Pretty much," she said.

"Pretty much?"

"Well, I mean, I will be in a couple of weeks."

"Ah."

"How old are *you*?" she said.

"Me?" I said.

"Yeah."

"Nearly thirty," I said.

Now it was *her* turn to be elaborately nonchalant.

"Thirty . . . years old," she said.

"Yes," I said.

She contemplated this bit of news soberly for several moments.

"I knew someone who had a thing with someone your age once," she said.

"Imagine that," I said.

"Yeah," she said. "What do you do, work?"

"Yes."

"Oh, yeah? Where?"

"Right here at home. I'm a free-lance writer."

"Yeah? What do you write?"

"Oh, books, plays, screenplays. You know."

This type of conversation was clearly not going to lead to anything sexual, and I was getting rather restless. Also, joint or no joint, I still needed a drink. I stood up.

"You sure I can't get you anything to drink?" I said.

"I don't know. Are you going to have something?"

"Well, yeah. I thought I would."

"OK, then maybe I'll have something. What've you got?"

I smiled proudly.

"Just about anything you can name," I said. "What would you like?"

"Pear brandy," she said.

"Pear brandy?"

"Yeah."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I don't think I have any of that. Is there anything else you'd like?"

She shrugged. "I don't care. Whatever you have."

I went over to the bar, poured myself a Scotch and her a vodka and returned to the couch. I handed her the drink and sat down next to her and tried to plot the least awkward way of making my move. It was clear to me that to have gotten her over to my apartment and spent all this time with her and then *not* made a pass at her would blow my chance with her completely. After trying for another half hour to think of natural-looking ways of doing it, I finally just leaned over and attached my mouth to hers, catching her in midsentence, and then her lips opened and our tongues touched and I was in heaven.

I kissed her and caressed her firm young wonderful body through her clothes, and I had to concentrate hard on not blurting out terrible uncool love-and-marriage things. I think she was enjoying what we were doing, but it was hard for me to tell, since I was so excited myself. I managed to take off her heavy sweater and her leather skirt without excessive clumsiness, and then I hoarsely suggested it might be more comfortable if we went downstairs.

We walked downstairs in our absolute

(continued on page 290)

GEORGE SEGAL:

# LOVE'S LABORS CAST

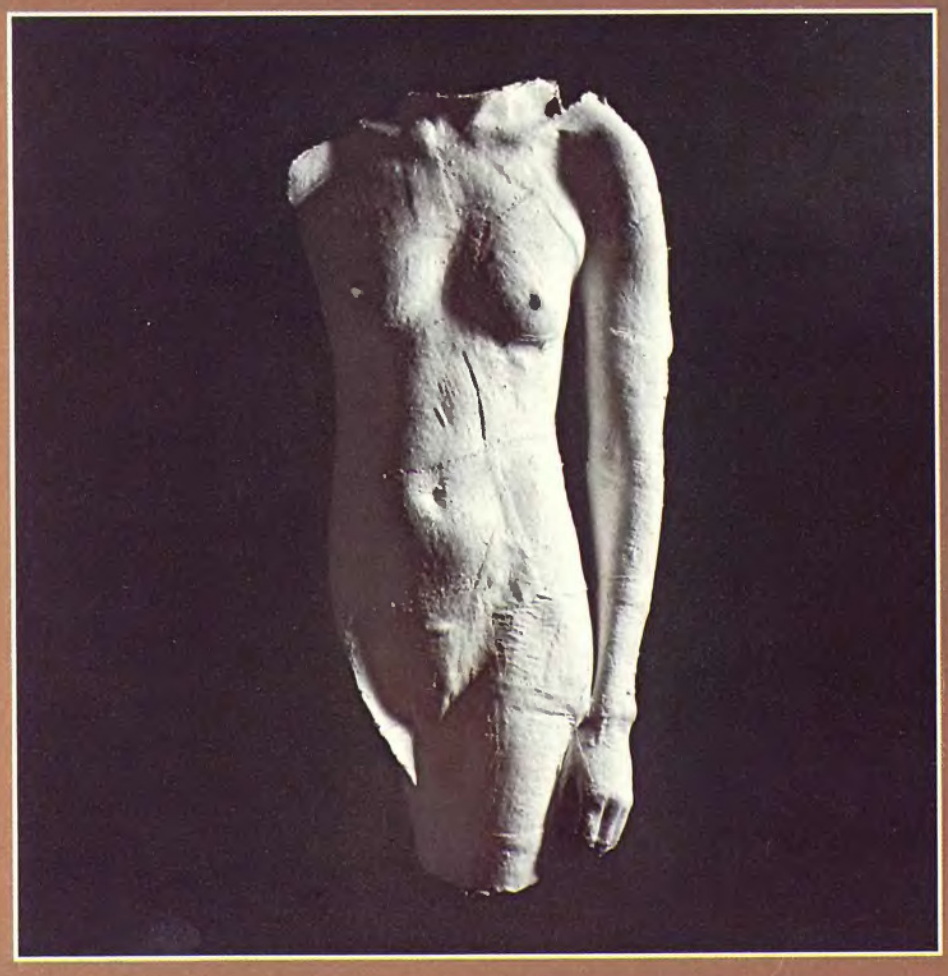
*revealing and unsparing, segal's works jolt the viewer with a flash of self-recognition*

## *art* By JAN VAN DER MARCK

GEORGE SEGAL traps his subjects' basic yearnings in plaster and presents them to us as Everyman's. "I don't want to be explicit; I want to evoke feeling."

By casting his models in a casual stance or pose, Segal aims at revealing mental attitudes as well as traits of character: "People have attitudes locked up in their bodies and you have to catch them. . . . A person may reveal nothing of himself and then, suddenly, make a movement that contains a whole autobiography."

Despite a deep compassion for his fellow man and an intuitive grasp of what plagues him, Segal is not interested in sociological interpretation. Rather, he probes man's psyche. Allan Kaprow, Happening pioneer and friend of Segal's, claims that the sculptor assumes psychic possession of his models. Those who have been cast by Segal tend to agree. Just as man at times can feel imprisoned within himself, Segal, by imprisoning him in a mold, can capture his solitude and uncertainty. The thought that not only the sitter's physical likeness but his feelings as well are held captive lends *(text continued on page 200)*



In recent works such as his *Fragment: Lovers II* on the preceding page and in the various fragments shown at the left and at the top of the opposite page, sculptor Segal (who says they have their beginnings in some kind of erotic or sensual impulse, an attempt to "define bits of lips, fingers, breast, folds of flesh") gives evidence that he may be moving into a more romantic period, one that is, if not less isolated, at least less melancholy. It is as though, having sifted through and chronicled the anomie of the Sixties, Segal has emerged from that decade with a view of life surprisingly less jaundiced than when he entered it. *The Dancers* at the bottom of the opposite page offers a dramatic Segal statement on woman, interpersonal relationships, communication. Each dancer, though engrossed in her own particular movement, is still completely involved with the other figures in the work. They are at once separate entities and an integrated whole.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

*Lovers on a Bed II* (right), completed in 1970, is the latest variation on a theme that continues to fascinate Segal. It is a tender and intimate work but much less innocent than his first *Lovers on a Bed*. Its people radiate a long familiarity with sex. Their limbs are bathed in a sensuality that becomes even more apparent when contemplated in the overhead view of a section of the sculpture that is shown below. Says Segal, "Every time I feel the impulse to treat this theme, it is because I am struck by the enormous variety of relationships possible between a man and a woman."

Separating the two lovely fragments at the bottom of the page is *Girl Washing Her Foot on Chair*, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Bergman of Chicago. As in his well-known *Woman Shaving Her Leg* and *Woman Washing Her Foot in Sink*, Segal has taken the female figure, placed it in an attitude that is totally mundane and yet has managed to impart a classic beauty suffused with a mystery that belies the simple nature of the act. The haunting *Fragment: Lovers I* (right) and all other Segal works pictured are, with the exception noted above, from the Sidney Janis Gallery in New York.

eeriness to those figures Kaprow has called "vital mummies," as another has likened them to "those hapless Pompeians."

Superficial resemblances aside, there is little to link Segal's figures to the victims of Pompeii; he has too much faith in man, too much love for the human body and an optimistic belief in the continuation of life—with all its tribulations.

But a sense of loneliness does pervade much of Segal's work. His subjects often seem alienated from their physical or spiritual environment, trapped in situations over which they have little or no control, or in roles they mindlessly perform. In his more intimate sculptures, he dwells upon the failing effort of people to reach out and touch one another. As he focuses on the individual in isolation or on the precariousness of interpersonal relationships, Segal strips his sitters of artifice and pretense: "You can't assume a social or artificial posture, for even then the body reveals certain truths about itself." The discomfort to the sitter is such that he can't pretend to ignore it—he has to accept and relax. Adds Segal: "My models are just as stoic and brave, or screaming and hysterical as they really are. It is very hard to be a fake with that kind of wet discomfort over such a long period of time."

All of Segal's sculptures are made in a series of abandoned chicken coops, 300 feet long and a mere eight feet high, lost in a rural pocket of New Jersey some 30 miles from Manhattan. Visiting this unique and now almost legendary studio, it is impossible not to be deeply impressed by its starkness, relieved only by casually scattered plaster figures looming in the crepuscular light, the leftovers of a ten-year activity. Haunted by ghosts, it is also pregnant with those as-yet-unrealized works that will born in its workaday-world atmosphere.

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Segal's decision to use plaster, whether for want of marble or by inclination, was consistent with the assemblage aesthetic of the Fifties and the predilection of artists at that time for broad gestures, raw materials and unfinished appearances. For Segal, plaster may have had the advantage of not possessing inherent artistic qualities; it also permitted speed of execution and it was cheap.

More important, of course, than the material itself is the use to which the artist puts it. A Segal figure, it should be realized, is not a facsimile of a human form but an approximation, roughly one eighth of an inch thicker. The sculptor covers a model, either clothed or nude, with bands and swaths of fabric dipped in hydrostone, a tough and resilient plaster used in industrial models and in medical casts. Hair and face are protected with Vaseline and the genitals are covered with Saran Wrap, while the nose is left exposed for breathing. The casting proceeds in sections—lower body, upper body, head and hands—and the model has to hold a given pose for up to 40 minutes at a time until the plaster has sufficiently hardened to be removed. The cast is then ripped open at a seam on the back or side.

Reassembling the sections is more exacting than making the mold. A pose can rarely be held without variation throughout the casting of each piece and a model's mood or ability to concentrate may have changed in the course of the session. But since the plaster shell is thin and flexible, the artist can manipulate and adjust details of form, stance or gesture. As the wet plaster soaks through the model's clothes, it catches the musculature and bone structure underneath. In addition, the surface is worked over to tone down or accentuate certain features. "Originally, I thought that casting would be fast and direct, like photography," says Segal, "but then I found that I had to rework every square inch."

Segal reminds us that Rodin was once accused—but later absolved—of making casts directly from the human body. This practice was as severely frowned upon as the recent practice among painters of copying photographs. Today, nearly everyone agrees that it is the result that counts, not the technique. It would be just as simple, according to Segal, to take any part of the body or the body as a whole, put plaster on it, let it set, take it off and use the negative mold to make a positive cast, thus faithfully duplicating the original. But then, Segal is not interested in literal reproduction and demands more artistic control and intervention: "I choose to use the exterior because, in a sense, it's my own version of drawing and painting. I have to define what I want and I can blur what I don't want."

Equally important to Segal is the environment in which he places his figures. Since Marcel Duchamp introduced the "ready-made" more than a half-century ago, we have learned that art can be not only what the artist makes but also what he finds and subsequently appropriates as his own. Segal's ready-mades are the props and fixtures, invariably mundane, that suggest rather than describe an environment. The chairs, beds, windows, tables, plumbing or whatever goes into a Segal environment are not merely props to dress an imaginary stage but plastic presences—like the figures, powerful in their own right.

The subjects of Segal's sculptures, predetermined and envisioned from the outset, are usually the result of significant encounters or particularly vivid recollections. The protagonists of his pieces are, for the most part, members of his family, friends and neighbors whom he presses into service. There is a parallel between Segal's finding people to cast and a stage director's casting a play. "I have to be very careful," says the artist, "to ask the right ones; a person's inner attitudes come out in the plaster somehow." Segal claims that in casting, he finds out a great deal more about people he thought he had known well.

"I deal primarily in mystery and in the presentation of mystery," he says. "If I cast someone in plaster, it is the mystery of a human being that is presented. If I put him next to an object, it also raises a question about the nature of that object."

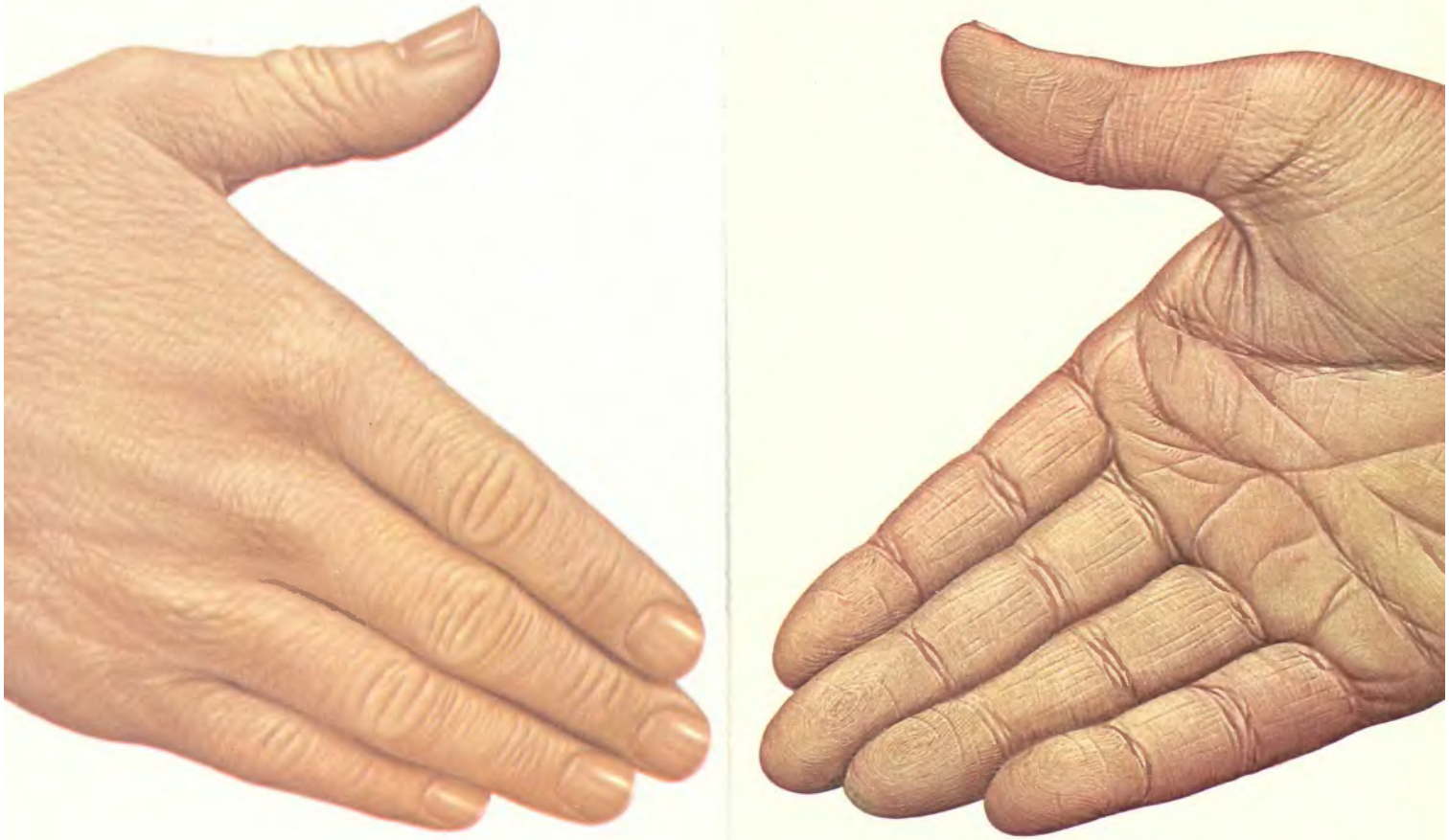
Segal's slice-of-life presentations in environments that we are almost forced to enter have the effect of a disquieting confrontation, not unlike the sudden recognition of a human presence on a darkened stage. Watching strangers in the intimacy of their own home, we are made to feel we may be committing an indiscretion. Yet we cannot look away. Our gaze remains fixed as though we were spectators in an audience about to see dramatic disclosures.

In much of Segal's work, he experiments with love, that most volatile of sentiments, going from discreet allusion to brazen representation. In fact, there is something vaguely erotic about even those sculptures in which love relationships are neither hinted at nor implied. When *Dry Cleaning Store*, an important early sculpture, was returned to the artist from exhibition at New York's Green Gallery, the figure of the far-from-glamorous laundress, bent over her counter, had a shiny behind from an excess of public affection. This seems only natural to Segal, who sees an erotic impulse both in the making and in the experiencing of art—and not necessarily art with an erotic subject nor the art of his making. Could there be a more gratuitous gesture than Marcel Duchamp's selecting a urinal from a sanitary-supplies store and submitting it as a work of art to a 1917 "Independents" exhibition in New York? Yet Segal, who knew Duchamp, says: "I am sure that in his studio, some time or other, he must have run his hand lovingly across that cool porcelain that felt like a woman's icy ass."

Erotic themes kept recurring in Segal's paintings of the late Fifties and

*(continued on page 259)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL



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*"Let me work to pay them to prove I am no longer a liar. . . . I could begin by putting my personal obligations in order, making full restitution, and if I*

eeriness to those figures Kaprow has called "vital mummies," as another has likened them to "those hapless Pompeians."

Superficial resemblances aside, there is little to link Segal's figures to the victims of Pompeii; he has too much faith in man, too much love for the human body and an optimistic belief in the continuation of life—with all its tribulations.

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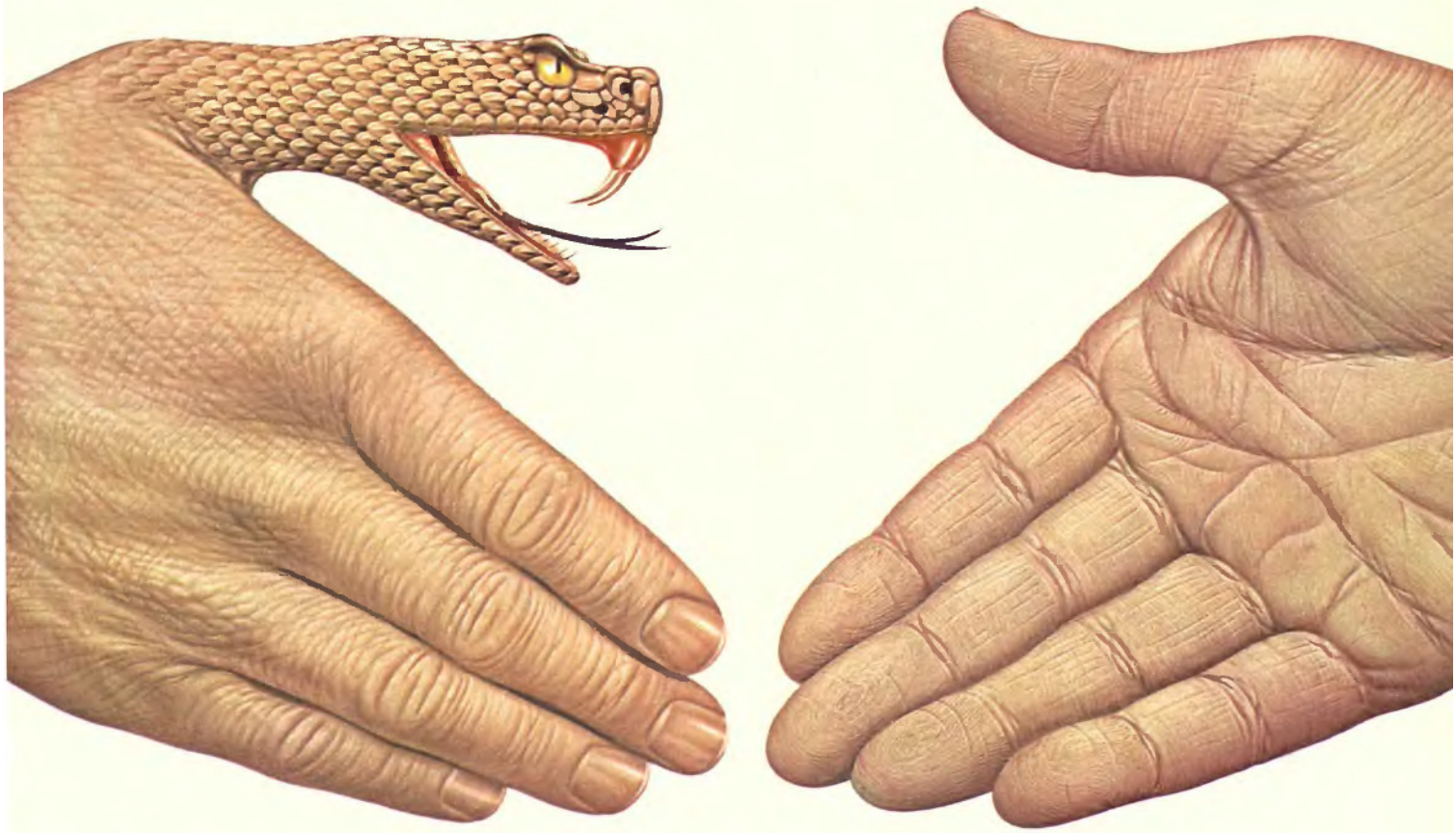
**article by alan harrington**

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL



# the psychopath

"THERE WALK AMONG US men and women who are in but not of our world," wrote psychiatrist Robert Lindner. "Often the sign by which they betray themselves is crime, crime of an explosive, impulsive, reckless type. Sometimes the sign is ruthlessness in dealing with others socially, even commercially."

The menacing individuals to whom Dr. Lindner referred (in *Must You Conform?*, 1955) are well known. They have a familiar name. In psychiatric as well as popular literature, in Sunday supplements and sociological studies, at cocktail parties and inquests, in the Armed Forces, at medical conventions, in employment offices, clinics and police stations, they are readily identified as psychopaths.

THE WIZARD OF WOO

*To Matthew M., the time he spent romancing lonely, middle-aged women was an investment, one that returned $100,000 in just two years. . . .*

*M. had a way with women . . . a way that led him into at least nine marriages and uncounted romances that paid tidy dividends. So the one-to-ten-year rap he's now doing shouldn't be a total loss, M. is writing his memoirs. Tentative title: "The Computerized Love Bandit."*

*M. was seized in Memphis . . . and after indicating he would demand a trial, abruptly pleaded guilty here. . . .*

*"It was worse than stealing," he told the court in a handwritten statement. "Promises I had no intention of keeping . . . a past life built on lies . . . my life revolting even to me. . . . I have total obligations of $100,000 and I would like the opportunity to pay them back.*

*"Let me work to pay them to prove I am no longer a liar. . . . I could begin by putting my personal obligations in order, making full restitution, and if I*

*can't do this, I'm not fit for society. A man changes, he can change. . . . I know I'm at a point of no return in life."*

*The judge agreed on the point of no return—and sentenced M. to one to ten years in prison.*

Whether making headlines like this or living out his days as a troublemaker on the neighborhood level, the traditional psychopath is hardly a new man. We know him as the town drunk, habitual wife beater, wastrel, swindler, forger, family disgrace, black sheep, the "bad seed" minister's son—or we may recognize *her*, according to perhaps bygone standards, as the loose, man-hungry housewife on the prowl for strangers, or the "girl from a good family" unaccountably gone wrong.

On another level, the psychopath may be a doctor constantly involved in malpractice suits, the businessman whose proposals always appear a little shady and whose ventures somehow fail "through no fault of his own." We have one near certainty: Sooner or later, when the classic psychopath comes onstage, things will go wrong.

People associated with him—especially his family and friends—will suffer. And, it so often happens, incomprehensibly. Patterns of temporary success or at least stability are followed by strangely brutal and irresponsible behavior, stupid and unnecessary falls from grace for which there can be no rational explanation. Yet in between these disasters, and sometimes while they are taking place, the offender (it's hard to call him a victim, since he gives little evidence of suffering very much) may remain on the surface an utterly plausible, often attractive individual, lucid and ready with all kinds of explanations. Until he has repeated his destructive routines many times over, his loved ones characteristically long to forgive him, and even blame themselves for having been too harsh. This can be understood, because in retrospect his behavior appears in many instances to be simply beyond belief—so much so that the hurt and astonished mate, friend or business associate who has suffered at the hands of the psychopath may well be persuaded that he or she, not the other, has been temporarily out of his mind.

I am thinking, for example, of a successful mutual-fund salesman named Mark, who maintained a small mansion, a Rolls-Royce and his pretty wife in a chic community on Cape Cod during the summers. In addition, he was a writer, and the competition—typing in cottages and hovels nearby—learned that, dismayingly, this new Renaissance man had sold a script to someone like Gregory Peck for $200,000. He had just returned from the Coast. Amusingly enough, the actor had found his script in such good shape that he had spent the time they had together talking with the writer about mutual funds and was about to take him on as a financial advisor as well.

Meanwhile, Mark, the bluff, hearty Renaissance man, had allowed his friends on the Cape to get in on his growing mutual fund, offering especially advantageous terms. Summer went by, then fall, winter and the following summer. The script, the deal, were somehow not forthcoming. There was no question that Mark worked hard enough. He had set up his workshop in an old windmill. As early as six in the morning, his typewriter could be heard. By 11 his writing stint was over and he came out onto the beach for volleyball. Meanwhile, his mutual-fund business grew. A number of merchants in the town put their savings in Mark's enterprise.

A few months later Mark was exposed. There had been no script, no deal with Peck or any other star. Mark had been living high on the moneys he was supposedly investing in his fund. His case may be seen as textbook psychopathy. In an honest manner, free of strain, he sold whatever he wanted to sell almost without trying. People actually pressed money on him. On the business side there was no "good reason" for the fraud, in that he was in fact a more than competent money manager and could have done well without cheating his clients. Typical was the amazing and hardly worthwhile labor that went into maintaining his deceit. Not only did he get up early and tap out something (but not the fake script) on his typewriter but when his wife expressed uneasiness over the script and the deal Mark one day suddenly produced a copy of a contract with a big film company on that company's true letterhead, with his own, his "agent's" and the actor's signatures at the bottom.

As might have been predicted by anyone having close-in experience with a psychopath, Mark was hospitalized but not prosecuted, and those he defrauded still liked him so much that they declined to testify against him. Soon afterward he was discharged from the mental institution as obviously sane, left his wife, moved to another part of the country, consented to a divorce, married again. . . .

• • •

Literature on psychopathy goes back 150 years. The newly observed character disorder was described early in the 19th Century by Dr. J. C. Prichard in England as "moral insanity." The French physician Dr. Philippe Pinel, who first freed madmen from dungeons and shackles, called it *"manie sans délire."* Later in the century, the Italian Cesare Lombroso saw the lucid, apparently not in the least deranged person who committed violently antisocial acts as a "born criminal" and "moral imbecile."

Today, or until very recently, among students of the psychopath this much has generally been agreed upon: Persons diagnosed as psychopathic begin as rejected, cruelly or indifferently treated children, or may possibly have suffered early brain damage, detected or not. They strike back at the world with aggressive, unrestrained, attention-drawing behavior. (Why one person emerges from a disordered childhood inhibited and neurotic, and another, the psychopath, with the opposite tendencies remains unclear.) Since conscience is instilled by early love, faith in the adults close by and the desire to hold their affection by being good, the child unrewarded with love grows up experiencing no conscience. Uncared for, *he* doesn't care, can't really love, feels no anxiety to speak of (having experienced little or no love to lose), does not worry about whether he's good or bad, and literally has no idea of guilt.

Psychopathic children can be helped —and this is debated—only by a dramatically improved environment. For adult psychopaths, successful therapy has proved all but impossible. To begin with, the therapist's goal must be the opposite of that in treating neurotics—he must try to *instill* guilt and anxiety, rather than alleviate such feelings.

The psychopath doesn't suffer so much as he makes others suffer. Since he is free of inhibitions, his impulses become action. He takes what he wants when he wants it. Although he's supposedly incapable of loving anyone, he can sometimes inspire far more devotion than the average person. He may lie glibly and show little if any embarrassment when caught. The classic psychopath leaves a trail of misery, fighting, fraud and debt; he may abandon his wife and children—perhaps returning now and then if he feels like it—leave a job without notice or suddenly begin to perform so poorly or dishonestly that he is fired. If prompted by more vicious impulses, psychopaths will be arraigned as killers, rapists or molesters of children. (But such crimes are not in themselves psychopathic and may be committed by persons not in this category.) Whether arrested for disturbing the peace, forgery, child abandonment or murder, the psychopath will react with indifference or, it may be, put on a show of outraged innocence.

Psychopaths generally go free to create more trouble. They frequently turn on charm that proves hard to resist, time and again deceiving police, judges, juries, hospital authorities, employers, wives and families—and psychiatrists—into accepting their arguments that the latest incident was "all a mistake." If need be,

*(continued on page 318)*

*"I didn't tell you everything about me, Freddy. I'm very jealous."*

# SEX STARS OF 1971

*article*

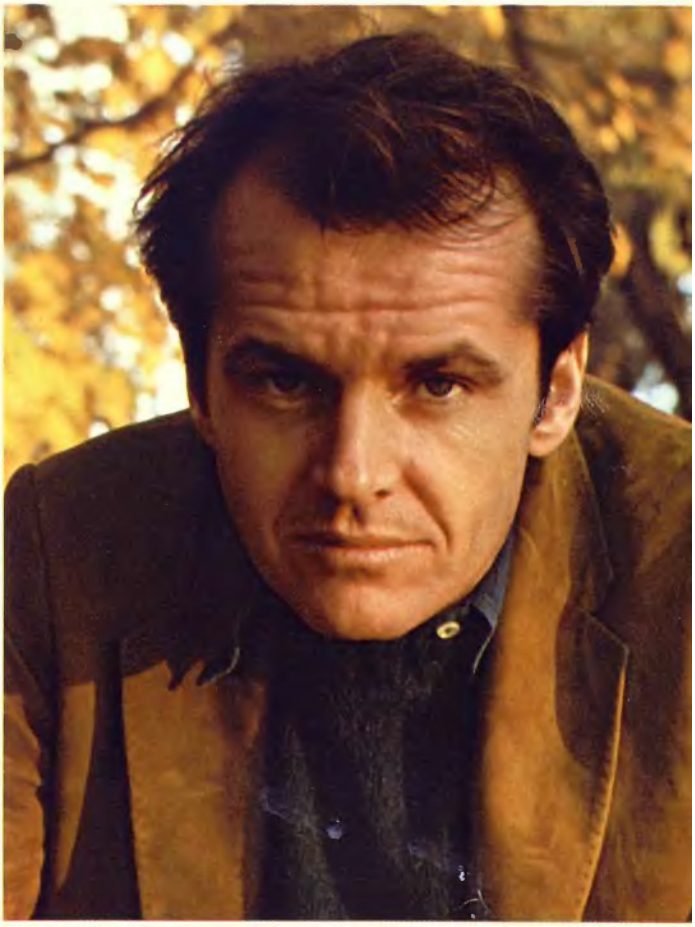
**By ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT**

*the movies' minitrend toward romance was bestially attacked and carnally assaulted as filmdom's cult of personality took another box-office body blow*

NO MATTER WHAT—or whom—the charts may show, the major stars of 1971 were neither brawny males nor voluptuous females. According to box-office ratings (and what else is there?), they were a pack of rats (*Willard*), a couple of schools of sharks (*Blue Water, White Death*), an unsettling collection of insects (*The Hellstrom Chronicle*) and a particularly virulent and elusive virus from outer space (*The Andromeda Strain*). The biology lessons that have for so long been the number-one course in the cinema's college of scatological knowledge were seemingly, if perhaps only momentarily, replaced by natural (or unnatural) history. Although the rats of *Willard* and the bugs of *Hellstrom* were never as charming as their two-legged counterparts, they exerted an odd fascination that not even their production companies had anticipated.

But then, 1971 was a curious and unpredictable year. No one —least of all the executives at Paramount—could possibly have prophesied that the sentimental, old-fashioned *Love Story* would draw record crowds to the nation's moviehouses. Then, as if to belie any hearts-and-flowers trend, Mike Nichols' cold and clinical dissection of modern, manipulative man in *Carnal Knowledge* garnered both critical acclaim and popular approval. One was as romantic as a lilac garden, the other as astringent as a styptic pencil. The wonder is that although the two pictures seemed to be separated by a chasm several decades wide, they appeared within a few months of each other. And whereas early in the year the magazines and Sunday supplements had been touting the rhapsodic charms of Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal on virtually every newsstand—confidently asserting, as did *Time*, that thanks to them, the American cinema was about to undergo "a fresh flowering of the romance and sentimentalism of the Thirties and Forties"—by summer these same publications' scriveners were busily engaged in heralding what one called "the new mood of utter sexual candor on the American screen" exemplified by *Carnal Knowledge*'s distinctly unromantic Jack Nicholson and petulant floozy Ann-Margret.

While the *Love Story* band wagon was at full throttle, most commentators on the movie scene argued that the film's vast popularity indicated that audiences were once again avid for superstars —those rare creatures whose names exert a magic that galvanizes audiences into buying tickets, no matter what the vehicle. Ali and Ryan were supposed to be the shining examples; but when O'Neal appeared less than six months later as William Holden's cowboy cohort in *Wild Rovers*, the picture went nowhere, emphasizing once again that today it's the movies that make the stars and not the other way around. What the public buys is a story; and if a studio is fortunate enough to hit upon the chemistry of casting that



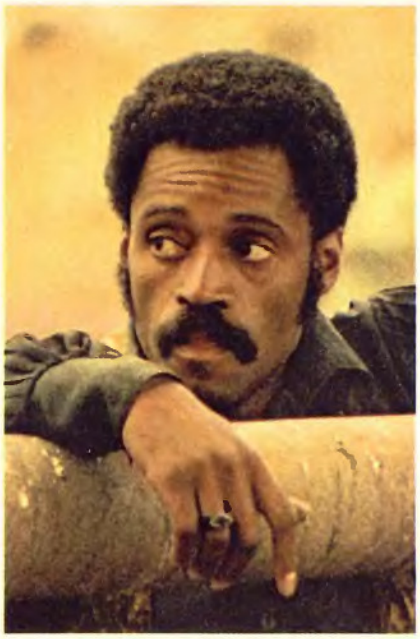
**TORRID TRIO:** A single film, the powerful *Carnal Knowledge*, rocketed Ann-Margret (left) and Candice Bergen (above right) firmly into stellar orbit and assured the position of Jack Nicholson (right) as top-ranking male star of the year. Ann-Margret, who had been typecast as a brainless sex kitten in an endless succession of B movies, nearly stole the show with her sensitive portrayal of the pathetic Bobbie Templeton; Candice added professional stature with her less flamboyant characterization of a cool coed; and Nicholson, who seems to be omnipresent these days, etched an unforgettably acid portrait of a sex-obsessed American male incapable of genuine emotion.

**TOP DRAWERS:** Romance—on or off the screen—can still make an impact at the box office. For Ali MacGrow and Ryan O'Neal (for left and left), it was that cinematic chunk of bittersweet fudge, *Love Story*. Warren Beatty and Julie Christie (center and bottom left) had it both ways: on celluloid, in *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, and in person as a nearly inseparable twosome.

brings its characters to life, then, maybe, a star is born. But today's new stars don't seem to twinkle as long nor as brightly as those glamorous luminaries who once studded the rosters of the major studios. Certainly their presence no longer ensures the success of any picture they may choose to grace.

Ali MacGraw, of course, has been off the screen altogether since her poignant deathbed scene in *Love Story* almost a year ago. Even before the picture went into production, the willowy, dark-eyed former New York model was being seen everywhere with Paramount's flashingly handsome production head, Robert Evans. When Evans finally read the script, which had been brought to him by ex-agent-turned-producer Howard Minsky, it was with Ali's image firmly in mind. He proceeded to back the production with vigor, fidelity and devotion—so much so that after the film had been shot and assembled, Evans scrapped what he deemed to be an unsuitable score and commissioned France's talented Francis Lai to come up with the music that ultimately added so much to the romantic appeal of *Love Story*. Meanwhile, Evans was starring in a love story of his own, one that led him to the altar with Ali. By the time of the film's jubilant Hollywood preview last December, the bride was noticeably pregnant; and even as the picture was opening around the country to record-smashing grosses, she presented her

**FRONT RUNNERS:** Relatively unknown a few seasons back, these stars now exert strong appeal with movie fans. Those two sprigs from the Fonda family tree, Jane and Peter (top, right and far right), have branched out further—Jane in a critically acclaimed role as a callgirl in *Klute* and Peter, less successfully, as star-director of *The Hired Hand*. Melvin Van Peebles and Richard Roundtree (center, right and far right) presented differing versions of the black experience in *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* and *Shaft*, respectively. Karen Black (bottom right) raised temperatures in *Drive, He Said* and *A Gunfight* and is now filming *Portnoy's Complaint* and *Born to Win*. Sally Kellerman (bottom far right), last year's *sM*A*S*H* hit, played a fey bird woman (in *Brewster McCloud*) and herself (in the revealing *Venus*); her next motion picture will be Columbia's *Labyrinth*.

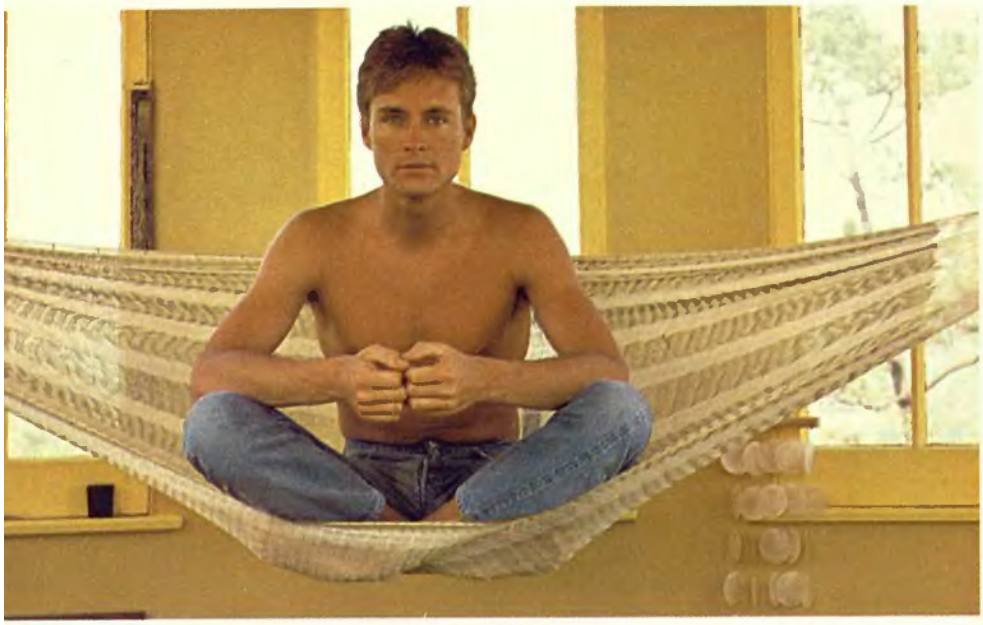


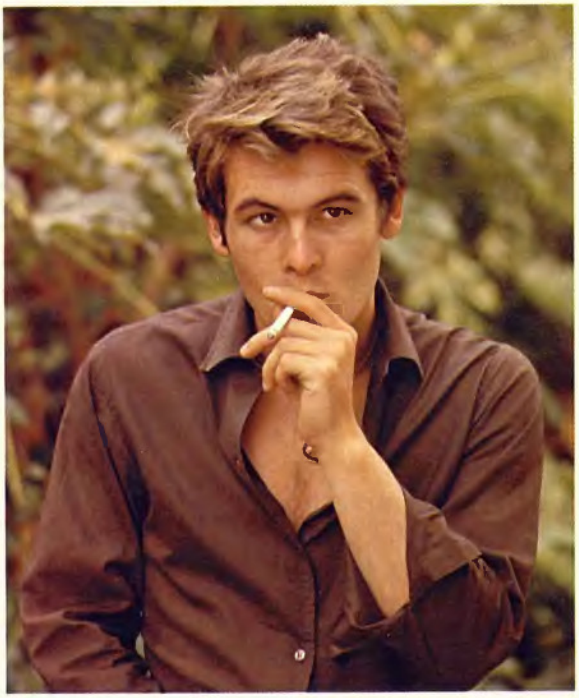
**IN FULL BLOOM:** The two gentlemen of top, for left and center, Paul Newman and Clint Eastwood, have been taking turns in the number-one box-office position; each is now a director as well as a superstar. Newman is currently on view in *Sometimes a Great Notion*, Eastwood in *The Beguiled* and *Play Misty for Me*; both will have new pictures out next year. Faye Dunaway (center left) played a preacher's wife gone wrong in *Little Big Man* and Kate Elder in *Doc*; then she went to France to make *House Under the Trees* with Frank Langella. Dustin Hoffman (bottom for left), star of the aforementioned *Little Big Man*, reappeared in *Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?* Good things, as usual, were said about George C. Scott (bottom left center) in *The Last Run* and *They Might Be Giants*, although neither film elicited the rousing cheers he received for *Patton*. Steve McQueen (bottom left) went for cars in *Le Mans* and motorcycles in *On Any Sunday*; in *Junior Bonner*, due in 1972, he's an ex–rodeo champ. Meanwhile, last year's *Mad Housewife*, Carrie Snodgress (top left), starred in John Updike's *Rabbit, Run* and a made-for-TV feature, *The Impatient Heart*.

beaming husband with an infant son. Now Ali has exchanged her neobohemian life style in Manhattan for a more establishment existence in Evans' 18-room Beverly Hills mansion—although presumably she's still on the lookout for another promising script.

If for Ali MacGraw it was a matter of *Goodbye, Columbus*, hello, Hollywood—that saga of overnight stardom that still keeps young hearts beating hopefully from Schwab's to Schrafft's—for the spirited, Swedish-born Ann-Margret, it took nine years and 24 movies before anyone

**HARDY PERENNIALS:** The sex queens of the Sixties and Fifties, respectively, Raquel Welch and Brigitte Bardot (top right), continue to command loyal followings. Although Raquel bombed in *Myra Breckinridge*, she hopes to wheel back in *Kansas City Bomber*, a roller-skating epic; BB has been in *Les Novices* and *The Bear and the Doll*. Over- and underexposure seemed to be the lot this year of 1970 biggies Elliott Gould and Robert Redford (center, right and far right). Gould was all over the screen, even appearing in an Ingmar Bergman film, *The Touch*; Redford simply disappeared from view. Now, however, the former Sundance Kid is involved in *Hot Rock* with George Segal—and has scheduled another flick with the redoubtable Paul Newman. Ursula Andress (bottom, right) will be in *Red Sun*; Elke Sommer (bottom right center) flew high in *Zeppelin* and is set to make a German horror movie, *Baron Blood*; and Catherine Deneuve (bottom far right) was applauded in the title role of Luis Buñuel's *Tristana*.



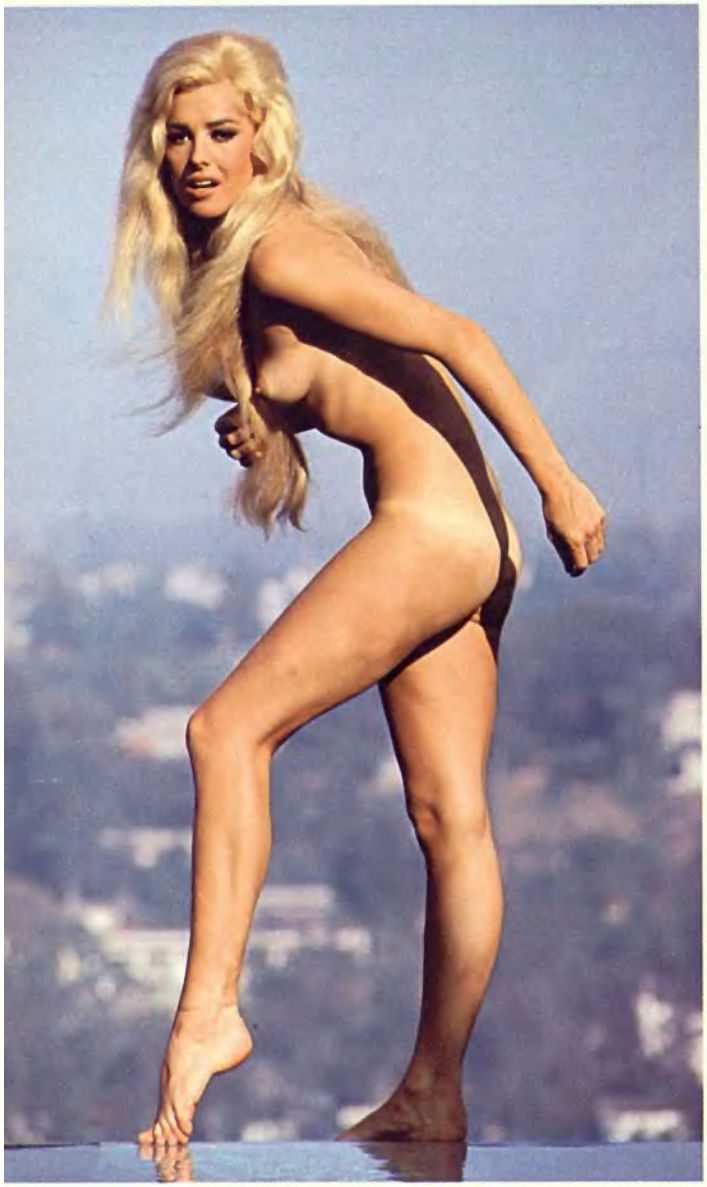


**LEADING MEN TO WATCH:** Coming up fast in the sex-star derby are John Phillip Law (top left), the indefatigable hero of *The Love Machine*; Stacy Keach (center far left) of *Doc, Brewster McCloud* and John Huston's forthcoming *Fat City*; Christopher Jones (center left), the lover of *Ryan's Daughter*; Timothy Dalton (bottom far left), who played Heathcliff in the *Wuthering Heights* remake and will join Marcello Mastroianni in *Le Voyeur*—and Vanessa Redgrove ond Glendo Jockson in *Mory, Queen of Scots*; and the durable Jean-Louis Trintignant (bottom left), who's been oround since the early days of Bordot but has gained new internotionol repute with demanding roles in *Z* and *The Conformist*.

realized that locked up in that sensuous face and sexy body was an actress of considerable depth and emotion. The first to sense it was director Mike Nichols, who tested her for *Carnal Knowledge*, then signed her as soon as the print was developed. His choice proved astonishingly apt. Ann-Margret, who has a tendency to put on a bit of extra flesh, presented precisely the slightly overripe quality that Nichols had in mind for the character of Bobbie, the girl who shares Jack Nicholson's pad in the hope that he will one day offer her a ring. "Her breasts," wrote Brad Darrach of *Time*, "with suspicious suddenness had taken on melony dimensions. Had she seen the silicone man?" Not so, said Ann-Margret, who had purposely eaten her way into the role; she confessed that when she gains weight, she puts it on there.

More meaningful than her mammary development, however, has been her maturation from sex symbol to sex star. A bundle of supercharged energy who stole the Academy Award show

**LADIES WITH A FUTURE:** Elga Andersen (top right) played o widow in *Le Mans* and Dominique Sanda (top right center) became one, briefly, in *The Conformist*; both ore expected to go on to greoter things. So is Jocqueline Bisset (top for right), who bewitched moviegoers ocross the country in *The Mephisto Waltz*, then made *Believe in Me* with her true-life inomorato, Michoel Sorrazin. Morionne McAndrew (bottom right) wos seen as a steno in *The Seven Minutes*; in the just-released *Open Shodow*, she portrays a hard-bitten Government aide. Singer Lainie Kazan (bottom right center), subject of a memorable PLAYBOY pictorial in October 1970, turned actress for *Romance of a Horsethief*, in which she ployed a Jewish modam; ond Trish Von Devere (bottom far right) made an offscreen getaway with George C. Scott, cast os a retired gangster wheelman, after they had completed shooting *The Last Run* on locotion in Spain.

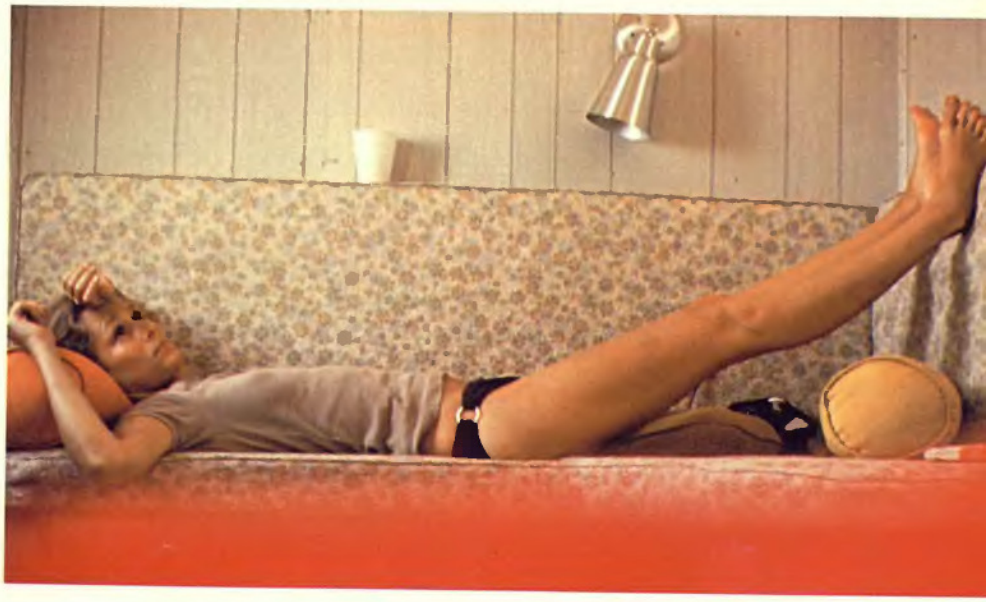


**SKINFLICKERING:** The fetching five at left displayed their charms in a series of sexploitation releases. Sultry Swede Christina Lindberg (top far left) appeared in *Dog Days, Jena* and *Exposed*. Italy's Silvana Venturelli (top left center), remembered by PLAYBOY readers from our uncoverage of *Camille 2000*, was a stag-film star in *The Lickerish Quartet*; and another Swedish expart, Marie Liljedahl (top left), was subjected to Lesbian advances in *Ann and Eve*, not to mention whips and chains in *Eugenie —The Story of Her Journey into Perversion*. A pair of American-made films, Russ Meyer's *The Seven Minutes* and John Avildsen's *Guess What We Learned in School Today?* featured, respectively, Edy Williams (bottom far left)—previously revealed in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*—and newcomer Rosella Olsen (bottom left).

of 1962 with an electrifying song-and-dance number, Ann-Margret (nee Ann-Margret Olsson) was promptly cast to type as the teenaged fan of a rock-'n'-roll idol in *Bye, Bye Birdie*—and seemed destined to go no farther. She played a series of vacuous sexpots opposite such well-known but not particularly challenging stars as Dean Martin, Elvis Presley and, more recently, "Broadway Joe" Namath. When Stanley Kramer announced that she was to play the graduate student who shacks up with Professor Anthony Quinn in *R. P. M.*, it seemed like a triumph of miscasting unparalleled since Otto Preminger presented Jean Seberg as Saint Joan. Ann-Margret gave the film a couple of memorable nude scenes but not much more. It took Nichols to bring out her heretofore hidden talent for projecting raw emotion.

The curious thing about Ann-Margret is that in her private life she is quiet, shy, almost mousy. She rarely entertains and even more rarely goes out, preferring the seclusion of the mountaintop estate (once the property of Humphrey Bogart) that she shares with her husband/manager, Roger Smith. The Smiths live without

**MODEL PERFORMERS:** Before they switched to the silver screen, all four of the young actresses at right were sought-after photographer's mannequins. Marisa Berenson (top), elegantly displayed in PLAYBOY's October issue, appears in *Death in Venice* and *Cabaret*; Jennifer O'Neill (center right) is in *Summer of '42* and Otto Preminger's next film, *Such Good Friends*. Paula Prentiss (center far right), unveiled in a December 1970 PLAYBOY pictorial, won applause for her pivotal part in *Adrift*; and Lauren Hutton (bottom)—a former Bunny at the New York Playboy Club—earned meaty roles in *Little Fauss and Big Halsy, Pieces of Dreams* and, with Marcello Mastroianni, in *May I Introduce Myself*, Racco Papaleo.



**COMING ATTRACTIONS:** Promising new entries in the stordom sweepstakes include (clockwise from top far left): Jo Ann Harris of *The Gay Deceivers, The Sporting Club* and *The Beguiled;* Barbaro Leigh of *Pretty Moids All in o Row* and *Junior Bonner;* Brendo Scott of *Simon, King of the Witches;* Saroh Kennedy, whose Goldie Hownesque big eyes ond little voice enlivened *The Telephone Book*—and will be featured agoin in *Sammy Somebody;* ond Rosalind Cosh, for whom smoll roles in *The All-Americon Boy* ond *Klute* led to co-stor billing (plus enthusiostic reviews) in *The Omego Mon.*

ostentation—except, perhaps, for the gold-plated golf cart in which they guide their guests up the last half mile or so of the winding road to the house. But Ann-Margret on the job is a different person entirely. Onstage—at Las Vegas, in the Penthouse showroom of the Playboy Club-Hotel in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, or during the taping of her recurrent TV specials—she becomes a woman of almost terrifying dedication. No stunt is too risky, no routine too demanding, no idea too far out for her to pour into it all of her energies and talent. But so insecure is she that back in her dressing room, the plaudits of the audience still ringing in her ears, she will ask tremulously, "Was I all right?"

It was this quality, no doubt, far more than her implicit eroticism—eroticism, after all, drips from the trees in Hollywood—that Mike Nichols wanted for Bobbie in *Carnal Knowledge*. He needed a girl who was not only sexy but vulnerable and insecure; and Ann-Margret is all of these. "I'm all emotion," she said recently. "Mike convinced me I *was* Bobbie. I lost myself during the weeks of rehearsal and shooting"—done, incidentally, in a Vancouver studio chosen purposely by Nichols for its quiet and seclusion. Although her revealing nude scenes in the film disturbed her residual puritanism, she played them with an honesty that added notably to their artistry and conviction. Now in demand for complex roles of which no one hitherto had thought her capable—she describes her next film commitment, *Radioland*, as "a kind of female *Five*

**FROM PLAYBOY, WITH LOVE:** Centerfold exposure helped propel the lovely Playmotes at right into Hollywood studios. Victoria Vetri (top), who as Angela Dorian wos our Playmate of the Yeor in 1968, starred in *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Eorth;* Claudia Jennings (center), Playmote of the Year in 1970, mode *Jud, Impulsion* ond *The Love Mochine*—the last of which also featured the Collinson twins (for right), Misses October 1970. Sue Bernard (bottom), our gotefold girl of December 1966, has a role in *The Toy Factory*, with Orson Welles.

*Easy Pieces*"—Ann-Margret has suddenly shot into the forefront of stars who project sexuality and can act.

It is typical of Ann-Margret that shortly after *Carnal Knowledge*'s Hollywood preview, she confided to a female friend, "I couldn't tell a thing about my own performance, but I knew that Candy was great." The film did, indeed, provide a kind of affirmation of artistry for its other female star, the beauteous Candice Bergen. Blessed with patrician good looks, a sharp intelligence and, through father Edgar Bergen, ready access to any avenue of show business she might choose, Miss Bergen frequently asserted that she had no desire to be an actress (to which a number of critics unchivalrously responded that there was no need for such disavowal—she wasn't one anyway). Actress or no, since her first appearance as the Lesbian member of Mary McCarthy's *The Group* back in 1966, Miss Bergen's blonde presence has been in constant demand by the studios—in recent years, to the tune of $200,000 per demand. But mere money has never been enough to silence the outspoken Candy. After having been raped (cinematically) in two successive Westerns, *Soldier Blue* and *The Hunting Party*, she told a magazine reporter: "I can see the reviews now—'Candice Bergen grimaces as she loses her virginity.' All I do in the film [*Hunting Party*] is get raped and have orgasms. But I've got the orgasms down pat now. It's your token ten seconds of heavy breathing, followed by my baroque expression, eyes heavenward."

Now a mature 25, Candy has stopped claiming that she doesn't want to be an actress. Again, director Mike Nichols seems to have made the big difference. He used her cool, level glance and cryptic smile to such devastating effect that her presence continued to pervade the picture long after she herself had disappeared from the scene. Perhaps it was this experience that induced Candy to say, as she undertook the title role in *T. R. Baskin* as a mixed-up Midwestern girl: "It was time for me to begin some sort of serious involvement with acting." Her involvement, however, has not sent her to a nunnery. She is constantly being spotted at Hollywood's class-A parties and smart restaurants, generally on the arm of producer Bert Schneider. She has also taken over John Barrymore's old home (formerly occupied by Katharine Hepburn) and installed her bed in what was once Barrymore's aviary.

For Henry Fonda's leggy daughter Jane, 1971 was a year that not only enhanced her already considerable reputation as a talented young actress but also added to her offscreen image as one of the country's hotter firebrands. As the neurotic Manhattan callgirl in *Klute*, she gave what most critics acclaimed as the finest performance of her career—even better than her work as the suicidal marathon dancer in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, which brought her an Academy Award nomination last year. But if she won critical kudos on the entertainment pages, her performances offcamera were met with less enthusiasm on the front pages. When she and some kindred spirits attempted to put together an antiwar revue and take it to Army bases here and abroad, the Defense Department—not unexpectedly—declined the offer. She has also stumped for liberal politicians, demonstrated for peace, lobbied for ecology and lectured for women's lib. Last winter, when she flew into the country from Canada via Cleveland, Jane was jailed after a Customs officer discovered a large quantity of pills in her luggage. What the zealous inspector took to be drugs were, on analysis, merely an assortment of vitamins, but it's a safe bet that he would have been considerably less suspicious had the actress in question been somewhat less controversial. Meanwhile, as her public image has intensified, her private life seems to have deteriorated. Insiders say that Jane's marriage to Roger Vadim has long been on the rocks and, though they're still legally wed, both go their separate ways quite casually. But the composite picture of Jane Fonda, the taut actress and energetic activist, is one that commands wide respect these days. Gone is the cliché that an artist must not lend himself to causes. Miss Fonda, speaking out with conviction, has demonstrated beyond question that she has a mind of her own.

Julie Christie, although much less outspoken than Jane Fonda, expresses her independence in her unconventional life style. Surely there are few movie fans or gossip-column readers unaware of her long-standing, intercontinental romance with Warren Beatty. This year their careers merged in the making of *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, in which the beauteous Miss Christie, her hair frizzed like a Raggedy Ann doll's, played a lusty whorehouse madam with Beatty as her procurer. Not only does she charge him for their lovemaking but when he's killed at the end of the film, she solaces herself by smoking opium in a Chinese doss house. Far more genteel, at least superficially, was her role as a British manor-house patrician in Joseph Losey's *The Go-Between*. Because Julie Christie's special kind of beauty suggests at once intelligence, reserve and the possibilities of unbridled passion, she has inherited some of the most challenging, larger-than-life roles of recent years—in *Dr. Zhivago*, *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *Petulia*. It's to her credit that she has created in them a gallery of outstanding portraits; but there is also the nagging suspicion that one reason for her success is that these headstrong yet romantic heroines are, in fact, all extensions of Miss Christie herself.

There has always been, of course, a high correlation between a film star's image and the role he plays. Unlike the theater, where performances are carefully, even tediously constructed through weeks of rehearsal, in the movies the actor works by the "take," and often with a dozen or more takes and angles for a single scene. Unless an actor is exceptionally gifted, what he basically projects is himself—speaking the lines of the character the screenwriter has created. A new kind of character on the screen generally requires a new kind of personality to play the role, as Julie Christie tellingly demonstrated in *Darling*, the film that shot her to success. Sally Kellerman—tall, clear-eyed, sensuous—is another case in point. After knocking around Hollywood and Broadway for the better part of a decade, Sally scored overnight with her sultry performance as Hot Lips Houlihan in the award-winning *M*A*S*H*. She scored again as the sexy birdwoman (or womanly bird) in *Brewster McCloud*, even though the film itself broke no box-office records. But an odd little movie that, on the strength of her name alone, has been making its way through the 16mm circuits reveals that the real and the reel Sally Kellerman have a great deal in common. Titled *Venus*, it records with startling specificity her short-lived romance with photographer Lawrence Hauben, even down to their bedroom antics. She comes across as a kook—free-loving, egocentric, vulnerable, appealing: in short, as Hot Lips Houlihan. She is currently at work on a romantic role in *Labyrinth*, in which she plays the mistress of the accomplished British star Robert Shaw. Doubtless, her own unabashed experience will lend verisimilitude.

Cast in much the same mold as Sally, but even busier during this past year, has been Karen Black, with her tumbled tresses, exquisite profile and slightly crossed eyes. She won a New York Film Critics' award for her striking performance as the dumb, oversexed traveling partner of Jack Nicholson in the much-esteemed *Five Easy Pieces* and has been constantly sought after ever since. Still in her mid-20s, Miss Black lives in a small (for Hollywood) and cluttered home that bespeaks *la vie bohème*. But if her free and easy home life is to her liking, that same sort of existence has generally turned out rather badly for her on the screen. In *Easy Rider*, one of her first small roles, she was a New Orleans prostitute playing drug-induced games in a graveyard; in *Five Easy Pieces*, she was a pathetic baggage ultimately deserted by her lover; in *Drive, He Said*, after callously cuckolding her

*(continued on page 304)*

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*"oooooooo," she*
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*"that'll be thirty-five cents,*
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On Griselda's first birthday, her father gave her a dollhouse. The walls were shabby, the floors scuff-marked, the windows smudged with soot. The little doorknobs were tarnished, the tiny tables dusty; even the miniature dishes were caked with microscopic egg yolk. There was an itsy-bitsy broom closet with teeny-weeny dustpans, feather dusters, squeegees, infinitesimal bottles of Clorox,

# GRISELDA AND THE PORN-O-PHONE

*humor* **By ALLAN SHERMAN**

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Windex and Drano, and a garbage can made from a thimble.

Griselda spent all her time sanitizing her marvelous house. She never associated with other children of either sex. When she reached puberty, her father took her aside to tell her about men.

"Men are all the same," her father said. "They only want you-know-what."

"But I *don't* know what. *What?*" Griselda asked.

"Never mind," her father said. "Just remember, men ain't reliable. But a clogged drain—that's something you can depend on. Removing stubborn grease stains—that's where the *real* action is."

When Griselda was 18, her father gave her a bus ticket to Los Angeles and said, "Make me proud of you, my darling daughter. Go on out there and scrub your way to chardom."

Griselda registered at the Hollywood Career Girls' Club, unpacked her apparatus and began feverishly pursuing her sacred calling. She never went out. She never thought about boys.

Then one night, about six months after she moved in, the phone in the hall rang. All the other girls were out on dates, so Griselda answered:

GRISELDA: Hello?

MALE VOICE: Oh, baby, I'm hot for your body! When I get my hands on you again——

GRISELDA: You ought to have your mouth washed out with new-enzyme detergent.

MALE VOICE: Come on, Florence, baby—you raunchy little——

GRISELDA: My name is Griselda.

MALE VOICE: You're not Florence Gundlefinger?

GRISELDA: No. I'm Griselda Thrindle.

MALE VOICE: Oh, sorry. Bye.

When Male Voice hung up, Griselda felt an inexplicable pang. It went away. Then an hour later, the same Voice called Florence again, murmuring sensuously about *getting it on*. This time something deep within Griselda began to flutter. That night—and the next—she dreamed about Male Voice. After that, she couldn't sleep at all. She tried to lose herself in a wild binge of sanitation, but it was no use. Every night she found herself subconsciously scrubbing her way into the hall. Griselda was a woman possessed; now she knew what *you-know-what* was. She took to Simonizing the telephone day and night. No other telephone in history ever sparkled so brightly. Then, after a week that seemed an eternity, it rang—right there in her chamois.

GRISELDA: Hello?

VOICE: Where in the hell are you, Florence, baby? I'm here at Bumbles' waiting. We gonna ball tonight or not?

GRISELDA: This isn't Florence. It's Griselda Thrindle.

VOICE: Gosh! I'm sorry, Griselda. You see, I was making this obscene phone call to Florence. Well, so long.

GRISELDA: Wait! Don't hang up!

VOICE: I've got to. I feel so awful, Griselda. You sound like such a—swell kid.

GRISELDA: But there's no harm in trying. Go ahead. Talk dirty.

VOICE: No. I'm not good enough for you. I'm just a disgusting obscene phone caller. I would only bring you unhappiness.

GRISELDA: I don't care. Please—for *my* sake. Strip me of all human decency. Degrade me. Corrupt me. Turn me into a whore and then laugh in my face. Go ahead, be a rotten bastard. Ask me anything——I won't refuse.

VOICE: Anything?

GRISELDA: Anything.

VOICE: OK. If you see Florence, would you tell her I called? (*Hangs up*)

Griselda was unhappy. She was feeling all kinds of strange new feelings and she didn't know how to deal with them. Suddenly, her career seemed meaningless. She tried to concentrate on Ralph Nader's "Dissertations on Dishwater," but after *him*, it seemed dull as dishwater. On Sunday night, she sought out Florence Gundlefinger.

"Florence," she asked, "why don't I ever get any phone calls? I'm jealous. How can I get one of those hot-pants people to call me in the middle of the night? There must be more to life than making toilet bowls shades whiter."

Florence was reluctant. But Griselda, in her pent-up sexual ardor, began to throw things and scream.

"All right. All right!" Florence said. "I'll tell you. Subscribe to Porn-o-Phone, like I did."

"Porn-o-Phone? What's that?"

"Porn-o-Phone, formerly Call-a-Ball," said Florence, "is a trademarked new telephone service of the Micro-Morals Division of Sex-a-Tronics."

"Where can I find it?" Griselda begged.

"In the Yellow Pages."

Early Monday morning, Griselda Thrindle was at the Hollywood office of Porn-o-Phone. She filled out her application in the purple, incense-filled reception room. A chime rang; she was ushered into the office of the young bearded president, Darryl Krudd. He asked her to lie down on his giant bed for her interview.

"I'm very shy," Griselda said. "If it's all right, I'll just curl up on the perimeter here."

"Whatever turns you on," Krudd said. "Now. What is it you want?"

"I want to be a sex symbol."

"What do you mean?"

"Like Mia Farrow, Ava Gardner, Jane Fonda, Ann-Margret, Raquel Welch, Jacqueline Onassis——"

"Why do you think *they're* sex symbols?"

Griselda blushed. "Why—er—they must be fantastic—uh—in bed."

"How do *you* know?" Krudd asked. "Have you ever been in bed with any of them?"

"Of course not," Griselda said.

"Neither have I," said Krudd. He turned up his office intercom. "Has anybody here ever been in bed with Mia Farrow, Ava Gardner, Jane Fonda, Ann-Margret, Raquel Welch or Jacqueline Onassis?"

There was only silence. He started to dial the phone.

"What are you doing?" asked Griselda.

"I'm calling Joe Namath. If anybody knows, he will. Or George Plimpton. Maybe he's writing a book. Or Justice William O. Douglas, or Strom Thurmond. I'll call everybody and find out if anybody's ever been in bed with anybody."

"Never mind," Griselda said. "You've made your point."

"All right, then. You finally understand. Sex image *has nothing to do with bed*. It has to do with what other people *think* you do in bed."

"Remarkable," Griselda said. "Whatever it is, I want some."

"You've come to the right place," Krudd enthused. "At long last, even a mousy type like you can have a red-hot reputation, for as little as twenty-seven cents a day. American technology has finally caught up with our ever-advancing morality! By George—I'm going to do it!"

"Do what?" Griselda asked expectantly.

"*Up your sex image, Griselda!*"

"I *beg* your pardon," said Griselda.

"I can see it's going to be an uphill battle with you," he said. "We'll have to do it by degrees. We'll start you off easy, with the Beginner's Service—eight dollars a month, plus five dollars for Total-Coverage Call Insurance."

"What's that?"

"We guarantee that no call is ever wasted. You get a *completed* obscene phone call *every time*."

"Fantastic!" Griselda said. "But what if no one answers?"

"In that case," said Krudd, "our Degenerate automatically calls your next of kin. Here. Read this."

SUBSCRIBER'S NEXT OF KIN: Himmelfarb residence.

DEGENERATE: Mrs. Himmelfarb?

S.N.O.K.: Speaking.

DEGENERATE: It's about your daughter Shirley.

S.N.O.K.: Is she all right? I begged her to wear something warm. It's those goddamn miniskirts. She's always catching colds in her thighs.

DEGENERATE: It's nothing like that. I just want to leave a message for her.

S.N.O.K.: Whatever. Thank God she's alive.

*(continued on page 260)*

# CRAZY KIDS CROSS THE OCEAN

*. . . to touch an arab, kill a rabbit, write a book*

memoir By HERBERT GOLD GIRLS WITH LONGISH, roundish heads mysteriously charmed me. I thought it was the smile, walk, intelligence, grace, but it turns out to be the head. Other strengths later come into play—the soul, the *person*—but first the head. I married a lady with a round head, but not a long one, and tried to forget the girl with different strengths who made me shriek in a darkened room of the Ben Franklin Hotel in Philadelphia on a weekend of Army leave.

I saw myself as the Young Veteran Energy Disposal Company. I was searching the community of art—that was who I was and where I belonged, I thought. I hoped to join the race of natural isolates in a joyous and tender collaboration. Such was my *(continued on page 230)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILL RENAUD

# *the ballad of dan homer*

**Australian underground song** Ribald Classic

Oh, me name is Dan Homer; I'm blind as the Jews
And I travels about with me head full of news;
But the gods call me Danny and teach me the rhymes,
Though I've never been home since the classical times.

Now, all yez young women from Dublin to Greece,
Gather round me and take home a warnin' apiece:
There's a terrible feller called Zeus-Take-the-Lot
And yez never can tell if he's up yez or not.

Ye'll not see him come and ye'll not see him go,
But he'll have the drawers off yez before ye sez no.
Sure, a girl may be walkin' as trim as a queen
And the next thing she knows, she's arse up on the green.

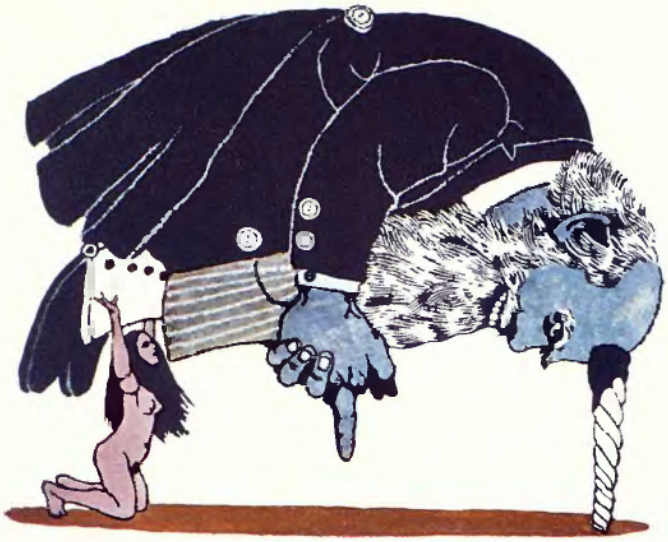
Oh, the girls that he's ruined, yez wouldn't believe,
And each time, bedad, a new trick up his sleeve;
And none of your Mollys-Come-Roll-on-the-Grass,
But fine, genteel girls of the good social class.

There was Leda was takin' a bath in the brook
When a bloody great bird paddles up for a look.
Sez she, "Where's the harm?," never thinkin' of Zeus;
So she goes for a tickle and gets the whole goose.

There was Danaë's dad, just as cunnin' as mean,
Shuts her up in the top of a brazen machine.
'Twas no trouble at all, sure, for Zeus-Take-the-Lot;
He soon found a penny to place in the slot.



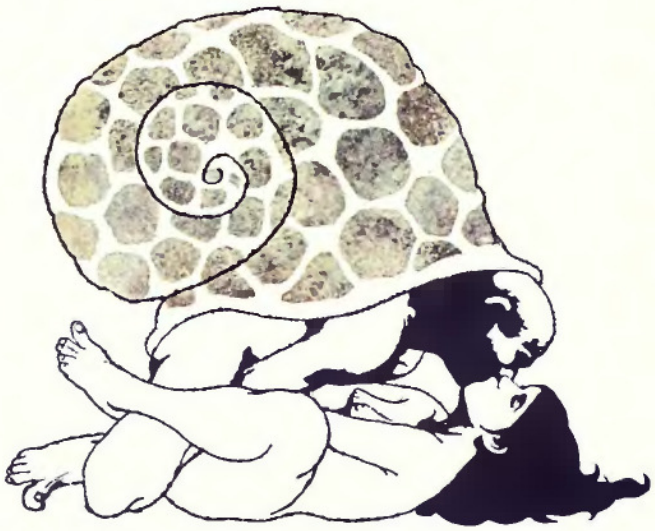
ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND



Europa was keepin' the cows from the corn
When a well-spoken bull comes up dippin' his horn:
"Would yez care for a turn, ma'am?" She gets up astride,
And I gives yez one guess, then, who had the last ride.

So every young woman that walks out alone,
If a stone sez, "Good day, ma'am," don't sit on that stone;
If Barney's bull speaks to yez, hurry indoors
And never go out without two pairs of drawers.

There was Semele set with her back to the fire,
For the ease of her arse lifts her petticoats higher;
When the hearth gives a heave and the fire gives a crack
And it's Zeus gives her beautiful bottom a smack.



If he knocks on your door, girls, don't answer at all,
For he'll not wait to hang up his hat in the hall;
And once yez allow him a dip in the pot,
Ye'll be rockin' a cradle for Zeus-Take-the-Lot.

There was Io mistook him for love-in-a-mist;
Alcmene—but there, now, to tell the whole list,
Callisto, Antiope, girls by the score,
Would take me a month, faith, and still there'd be more.

So here's to the lass with the big, meltin' heart
And the pretty mavournin that thinks herself smart.
Faith, the run-of-the-mill boys is easy to fix,
But a girl can't keep up with a god and his tricks.

*—By A. D. Hope*

# SPIRITS OF CHRISTMAS PAST...

*drink* By EMANUEL GREENBERG CHRISTMASTIDE is no time for martinis, manhattans or other conventional nostrums. The mood of the season is open and convivial; *Gemütlichkeit* is loose in the land. The idea—to paraphrase Simon . . . or is it Garfunkel?—is to make the feeling last. And it isn't that hard. All you need is a group of *simpatico* souls and a complement of cheery libations whose color and content evoke thoughts of yuletide.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

# ...AND PRESENT

*old favorites and new concoctions to help you wassail your way through the holiday season*

Whether you opt for spirits past or present is a matter of personal choice. Saxons once guzzled wassail from cups made of their fallen enemies' skulls. Such raffish behavior would be considered bad form by today's standards. But don't let that spoil your merriment. You can still quaff the venerable wassail and other legendary brews once imbibed by the likes of Charles Dickens and Mary, Queen of Scots—albeit in more conventional vessels. Or you can

brighten the holidays with lighter and simpler, but equally festive, contemporary drinks—which may become the stuff of romance and tradition for future generations.

The December season of celebration actually predates Christianity by many centuries. Singing, lighting of candles, exchanging of gifts, masquerades and parades were often part of the fun. Apparently, the longing for a freewheeling frolic at the time of the winter solstice stems from some deep atavistic impulse. So turn on to the seasonal excitement. And keep in mind that carousing is a participatory sport. Skoal!

### *Spirits of Christmas Past*

#### GLOGG
*(Serves 20)*

Some form of *glögg* is traditionally known as Christmas wine to the people of northern Europe.

Spice bag: 4 each whole allspice and cardamom, 1 stick cinnamon
10 dried apricots, cut in half
2 bottles dry red wine
½ lb. lump sugar
1 pint aquavit or vodka, warmed
½ pint cognac, warmed
Nuts and raisins

Tie spices in a cheesecloth bag and heat, along with dried apricots, in wine. When wine just comes to simmer, remove the bag and pour into a large, prewarmed heatproof punch bowl. Place a wire-mesh rack on top of the bowl (a cake rack is perfect). Build a castle on the rack with the sugar; be sure it's solid. Carefully pour the warmed aquavit or vodka over the sugar and ignite with a fireplace match. As sugar melts, extinguish flame and turn the sugar into the bowl. Add cognac. For each serving, place a few raisins and a nut into a cup or a mug and add about 4 ozs. punch, including half an apricot.

#### DICKENS' CHRISTMAS WASSAIL
*(Serves eight)*

Charles Dickens has preserved for all time the record of Christmas in mid–19th Century England. Here is a wassail from his own recipe . . . they say you can still get it at the King's Head at Rochester, one of Charley's favorite inns.

1 quart English ale
¼ teaspoon each powdered nutmeg, cinnamon, ginger
½ bottle oloroso sherry
1 lemon
¼ cup sugar or to taste
2 baked apples

Heat ale in pan over low heat until foamy. Remove from heat and add spices, sherry, juice of the lemon, sugar and rind from half the lemon. (Carefully remove rind before squeezing juice.) Stir to melt sugar. Return wassail to very low heat. Scoop pulp from baked apples and fluff with a fork. Add a bit of this "lamb's wool" to each portion.

#### MR. MICAWBER'S PUNCH
*(Serves eight)*

"I never saw a man so thoroughly enjoy himself amid the fragrance of lemon peel and sugar, the odor of burning rum and the steam of boiling water, as Mr. Micawber did that afternoon. It was wonderful to see his face shining at us out of a thin cloud of these delicate fumes."
—DAVID COPPERFIELD

1 lemon
¼ cup sugar or to taste
Pinch each powdered nutmeg, cloves, cinnamon
1 cup brandy
1 cup rum
1 pint boiling water
Lemon slices

Grate the lemon rind and place in pan with sugar, spices, brandy, rum and boiling water. Heat to just below simmer. Squeeze lemon and strain juice into punch bowl. Add hot mixture from pan and serve. Garnish with lemon slices.

#### HOT BUTTERED APPLE

A cockle warmer from way back.

3 ozs. apple juice
Pinch each ground nutmeg, cinnamon
¼ baked apple (canned is fine)
1 oz. dark Puerto Rican or Jamaican rum
Pat salted butter

Heat apple juice with spices. If you're using sweet butter, add 1 shake of salt to pan. Place baked apple in mug or heavy old fashioned glass. Add rum and apple juice. Top with butter.

Note: Freshly grated nutmeg is surprisingly more pungent than the prepared. You don't need a grater; just scrape the side of a whole nutmeg with the tip of a paring knife.

#### THE FARMER'S BISHOP
*(Serves 20)*

There are literally dozens of versions of the bishop, including a cardinal and a pope. The mull, negus and what the French call *vin chaud* are all akin to the bishop—essentially hot, spiced wine that may be laced with some spirit. This farmer's bishop, made with hard cider, is one of the most interesting.

3 oranges
18 whole cloves
2 quarts hard cider
2 slices fresh ginger (about the size of a nickel) or a chunk of dried ginger root
½ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
Sugar
1 fifth brandy, warmed
Apples

Stud each orange with 6 cloves. Place in pan and roast in 350° oven for 45–50 minutes, until cloves turn grayish. Meanwhile, heat cider with spices to just below simmer (it should not bubble). Remove roasted oranges to heatproof serving bowl with tongs. Prick the skins with a fork. Be careful, as oranges sometimes spurt hot juice. Sprinkle several tablespoons sugar over oranges, pour in warm brandy and ignite with a long-handled match or taper. (To warm brandy, remove cap and place bottle in bowl or kettle of hot water for 10–15 minutes.) Let it burn for a moment. Pour in the heated cider, first removing ginger. Stir in sugar to taste, if desired. Add a wedge of cored, unpeeled apple to each serving.

#### SYLLABUB

Mary, Queen of Scots, called this potion "silly bubbles." Samuel Pepys was fond of it, too. An old recipe for London syllabub says to put wine into a bowl, "then milk into it near 2 quarts of milk, frothed up." The drink is rich and indecently delicious. You can reduce the amount of cream, but you sacrifice some of the bubbles.

1½ ozs. sherry
1½ ozs. milk
1½ ozs. heavy cream
1 teaspoon sugar or to taste (more will be required for a dry sherry)
⅛ teaspoon grated lemon rind

Chill all ingredients, as well as bowl and beater. Combine and beat vigorously. Serve in large chilled wineglass, as the mixture expands when beaten. Let it stand a moment after pouring. The bubbles rise, forming a frothy collar.

### *Spirits of Christmas Present*

#### THE SKI BISHOP
*(Serves 12 to 15)*

2 oranges
1 lemon
9 whole cloves
Sugar
2 fifths red wine
2 short sticks cinnamon
Few whole allspice
Lemon-peel spiral

Moisten oranges and lemon with wine and stick each with 3 cloves. (First puncture lemon rind with tip of knife, if necessary.) Roll each in sugar to coat. Place fruit on foil-lined pan and roast in 375° oven until sugar caramelizes—about 45 minutes. Meanwhile, heat wine just to simmer (do not let it boil) with remaining spices. Add roasted fruit to wine and about ¼ cup sugar—you can add more later, if desired—and let mixture stand about ½ hour. Strain; discard spices; place fruit in heatproof bowl. Reheat wine to just below simmer and pour over fruit. Taste for sugar. Serve in

*(concluded on page 270)*

*"I don't know what Santa is bringing me tonight, but come next Christmas, he's going to remember me well."*

# CRAZY KIDS (continued from page 223)

confused idea. I knew that men had allegiances, and I wanted some. I was still reluctant to seize the ones naturally offered me—family connections, kinships in history—and thought to carve my own out of the brotherhood of wine drinkers, carousers, poetry declaimers, exiles in lack of silence and borrowed cunning. Candle drippings on wine bottles and spaghetti drippings on red-checked tablecloths: Oh, but there was a vision of devotion to cause, too. I took arms for the cause of fair bohemia.

In my mind, anyway. In soberer fact, I was also busy doing things. I was one half of a couple of young marrieds in school on Morningside Heights. My disposition was a cheerful rather than a loving one, but it was the best that nature and history could provide me at the moment and I was not yet ready to provide myself with a better one. My will was only coming into focus. Crucial events floated in colloidal suspension.

Dwight David Eisenhower, inserted as president of Columbia University in order to prepare him for higher civilian office, expressed disappointment that his new rank did not permit him to see more of the fellas. He seemed to think it was Culver Academy and wondered when the college boys would march. We marched when they raised tuition, marched in front of his house on Morningside Drive, and with pounding hearts thought we had done great deeds: marched, shouted and waved banners. The GI bill did not cover the new fees. My homosexual professor stopped making myopic, knee-craving gropes at me, because I had disappointed him deeply: first married, then an agitator. It was the war that had changed me so, he sighed. He sent me a philosophic poem about the embittering and hardening of a sweet lad who had come to New York by Trailways bus from Lakewood, Ohio. And asked one last time if I would let him show me his favorite Turkish bath. He was wrong about many things; for example, I got to New York by Greyhound.

I ran around the track three times a week with a former bombardier-navigator. We ran at dawn, hearing the chirp of blood in our ears like the birds of various country posts. This was Manhattan, on the hill just above Harlem.

I discussed Saint John of the Cross and the problem of religious versus secular life with Allen Ginsberg. We sat at the West End Bar and shouted at each other about crime, Rimbaud, Wilhelm Reich and weeping saints on bloodied crosses, and swore never to meet again—our characters and causes too disparate—and met again devotedly.

I watched my wife walking toward me on campus and thought: Well, she's pretty, she's smart, she has a nice walk, and I'm married to her. We were like incestuous brother and sister, not yet sure whether we liked or disliked each other, not yet blaming each other for any ill or evil in our lives.

I envied my friend Morgan Delaney, who adored his wife, all his wives, cared only for them, each one of them in turn, and wanted to swallow his life wholly into theirs. I was looking for a community other than marriage, but believed that if I failed with this one, I could not succeed with the other, no juice to claim it. Love begets love, and only love begets it; but the duty to love begets dry boredom, which begets anxiety, which begets the desire to destroy.

I wouldn't have won the Clear-Thinking Returned GI Prize. My head was crowded with words like illusion, need, hero—Nietzsche, Freud, Carlyle—and coziness was far from my idea. Yet in fact I was trying to make cozy when I required depth in love. There were worse casualties of the time, but I was one of them. It was the age of togetherness, tract houses and the baby explosion, and although we lived in a Manhattan slum, our romance was dimmed by family intentions.

Sometimes one of us sulked over a failure to share the housework. Sometimes the sulker gave up sulking and made toasted-cheese sandwiches, followed by conjugal love. Good friendship was not my best dream, but it was the highest possibility of the fix we had chosen. We were sharing a life in the new postwar bohemia—there's that healthy but creative couple, confident yet not disgusting, serious but not solemn, a pair of genuine laughing spirits, Midwestern, honest, friendly, reliable. . . . Marvelously tolerant of souls weaker than their own, even ardently admitting to flaw while somehow managing to be treated as the hope of Morningside Heights. . . . There they are again, the two of them walking together down Riverside Drive and through life, making likable jokes while they search for the Truth—*a burden to everyone.*

Unknowing, obscurely fettered, I sought community in the memory of Hart Crane and Plato, Whitehead and Blake, Homer, Dostoievsky and Kafka. And Rudolph Carnap. And Ernest Nagel. I drifted through the vocabulary and disciplines of philosophy, looking to become wise, because surely I was not. I felt hair prickle and skin crawl at simple lines and phrases—"vexed by a dream," said Shakespeare, and I was a child again, vexed by repetitive dreams I could barely remember, and by the memory of those dreams. I had doubts. I needed to find my history and its meaning, and to give myself something beyond idea and self. Instead, I just went from day to day, cheerful and fretful.

One night we were invited to my friend Allen Ginsberg's cold-water flat on the Far East Side, across Harlem. Allen understood about my wife, he had great resources of tolerance even then: but I was early married for a graduate student in those years, and the others in the rat-tracked rooms stared—a couple? a couple? a *couple*?—as we pushed the door aside and entered. Oh, Lord, here they come, one husband, one wife, the spouses. There were mattresses and orange crates and extension-cord rootlets striving out into the hall for the nourishment of sockets. (Bohemian bulbs are hungry and must eat, bohemian radios are thirsty and must drink.) Some of the men in the room were poets, also a recent profession of mine, and they looked at me as if my new full-time occupation were husband. Oh, but I'm not, I'm not! I wanted to declare. I'm married, but all I am is not what you'd call a husband!

"Why do you talk so funny?" a furry, plump little nonversifier asked me.

"I'm from Lakewood, Ohio," I said. "That's a suburb of Cleveland." I skated on Rocky River. I sat in trees, looking at Lake Erie. I longed for Susan Norton.

The poet bugged out his big brown eyes. "Moshe Pupik, the All-American boy," he said.

I decided to destroy him with a look. He didn't melt or faint, so I tried words on this early hyperthyroid case: "You're Jack Armstrong," I said, "if Jack Armstrong used a dildo."

I was trying to be abusive, like native New Yorkers. One thing I had trouble learning: the friendly street gaming of it under all the crowded rage. When I was abusive, I was really nasty—Dick Whittington studying Manhattan ways, which are not so simple as a shove and a curse.

"I'm beginning to get you," said the poet. "You make yourself clear. You're a cunt."

Allen threw his arms around both of us. "Come on, come on, come on, you're two of my dearest friends, come on now."

Passionately I wished to understand Manhattan.

Red wine and some healing herbs. We passed gifts among us and lay on mattresses. Everyone seemed to settle into ease. My wife was unhappy. Due to the entire situation.

Her unhappiness was gradually transmitted to the young men strolling, lying about and waiting for something to happen. To be the lonely only lady was not her dream at that moment—not in this place carpeted with extension cords and empty saltine boxes. Nor was it the young men's dream that she be the lonely only lady. She sat on a lurched, bitterly arthritic mohair couch with an Esso map of Africa tacked to the wall behind her. Allen was saying, "I'm going

(continued on page 236)

# SAFELY DEPOSITED

*fiction* **By CALVIN TRILLIN**

*were mr. paige and the parade of beauties up to something nonmonetary in the bank's private rooms?*

MR. BILLINGS realized that he had raised his voice for the first time in his 17 years with the Manhattan Trust Company. Instead of silently reminding himself that self-control in front of subordinates was a prerequisite for executive success, he raised his voice again—louder. "They're doing *what*?" he shouted.

Frank Shaughnessy, the chief attendant of the safe-deposit section, cleared his throat nervously, swallowed and repeated himself. "They're fornicating in the safe-deposit rooms, sir," he said.

A great calm came over Mr. Billings. "That's what I thought you said, Shaughnessy," he managed to say in a quiet voice. He was gratified by his own display of calmness. The same course that had taught him about the necessity of being particularly controlled in front of subordinates had emphasized executive calm in general. The unexpected crisis for which the instructors had tried to prepare him had been a long time in coming—in the 17 years that it had

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL BERKMAN

taken Mr. Billings to rise to a third-vice-presidency of Manhattan Trust, in charge of the entire safe-deposit operation of the Fifth Avenue branch, nothing had come up that had seriously tested his ability to remain calm—but the crisis had arrived at last. They were fornicating in the safe-deposit rooms. Fornicating in *his* rooms, he thought, struggling to control a sudden flash of anger. Mr. Billings presided over his department of the Fifth Avenue branch with a sense of executive responsibility that verged on the proprietary. He personally made a daily inspection of the rooms furnished for clients who wanted to go over the contents of their boxes in private—the rooms that had now been violated. He personally greeted longtime box holders when they arrived at the desk in the main safe-deposit room to sign in—a show of courtesy he secretly believed was at least partly responsible for the willingness of so many wealthy and distinguished clients to entrust their valuable papers and jewels to the Fifth Avenue branch. He personally inspected Shaughnessy and whichever other attendant was on duty, to see that their uniforms were immaculate and their brass buttons shined. He personally made spot checks to see that the bank rule of having at least one attendant near the alarm in the main room was always observed. He would personally handle this crisis. He would begin, as he had been taught, at the beginning.

"Now, Shaughnessy," he said in a level voice, "who is involved in this matter?"

"A man named Bremerton Paige, Mr. Billings," Shaughnessy said.

"Not alone, I trust," Mr. Billings replied, silently congratulating himself on managing some urbane levity under the circumstances.

"No, sir," Shaughnessy said. "There's a woman involved."

Mr. Billings found himself relieved that the violation of his rooms was at least heterosexual.

Shaughnessy went on with the story. Bremerton Paige had begun renting a safe-deposit box about three months before. He was a courteous man in his late 30s or early 40s who dressed stylishly but rather conservatively in double-breasted suits and silk ties. Shaughnessy had always assumed he was a lawyer. For the first couple of months, Paige had come in about once a week, always declining Shaughnessy's routine offer to take the box to one of the private rooms rather than to one of the tables in the main room. Then, a couple of weeks ago, Paige had come in with a girl. There was nothing unusual about that. The rules permitted box holders to bring one or two people with them. Some businessmen liked to have their secretaries with them to take dictation; attorneys often needed a witness while examining documents. It was also not unusual when Paige, in the company of the girl, asked to take his box into one of the private rooms. Those were the rooms Mr. Billings had maintained so carefully, replacing the ever-so-slightly worn carpeting with a deep pile in dubonnet, making certain that the cleaning woman polished the simple but elegant tables to a high shine every morning.

Mr. Billings began to regret that he had chosen such *deep* pile. "What made you think anything unusual was occurring?" he asked Shaughnessy.

"Well, the first time he used a room, Mr. Paige says to me, when I was giving him back his key at the desk, something like, 'Just a quickie,'" Shaughnessy said. "I didn't think much about it then. I mean, he could have been talking about a quick look at some papers or something. But I got to thinking. Because this girl he was with was really, uh, you know, built. Perkins was on the door and he was just staring at her. Like he was a statue. When they left, Mr. Paige had to tap Perkins on the shoulder before he woke up enough to let them out. Then, the next time, Mr. Paige said it again—about the quickie. And this girl was kind of, you know, adjusting herself. Putting on lipstick and all. And this time, Mr. Paige says to me, 'Just a noontime quickie.' And I got to thinking: I never heard of anybody looking over some client's will or something and calling it a noontime quickie."

"It still could have had some harmless meaning," Mr. Billings said.

"That's what I thought, sir," Shaughnessy went on. "But then, the next time they come out—which was the very next day, because all of a sudden, Mr. Paige is finding a lot more reasons to look in his safe-deposit box—the next time they come out, this girl looks like she's really been through it. And he says to me—— Just a minute, I got it noted down here." Shaughnessy withdrew a piece of paper from his pocket. "He says to me this time, 'Well, they say some are nighters and some are nooners and some are any-old-timers.'"

Hope fled from Mr. Billings.

• • •

At home that evening, Mr. Billings sat at the desk in his study with a single sheet of white typing paper in front of him. The paper was folded in quarters—the first step in the IWAC system of objective analysis he had learned in his management course. At the top of each quarter page, Mr. Billings wrote a question whose first word started with a letter in the system's title: Is the analyst objective? What is the dollar factor? Are other executives involved? Can action be taken? IWAC. Mr. Billings felt that he was objective. He was certainly no prude, he thought, although he agreed with his wife that there was no place, including the marital bed, where dignity was not called for. He wrote, "Yes, of course" in the first quarter page and went on to consider the dollar factor.

Renting a standard-sized box at the Manhattan Trust cost $15 a year—and that was the first figure Mr. Billings wrote on the quarter page devoted to the dollar factor. Then he nearly filled the rest of the space with figures. He stared soberly at the results: If the private rooms at the Fifth Avenue branch were considered hotel space and used as that, say, every other working day, the cost was approximately 12 cents per use. In terms of the dollar factor, they might well be fornicating in the safe-deposit rooms.

The two remaining questions were not difficult to answer. Obviously, no other executives were involved and none could be permitted to learn about what might be happening in Mr. Billings' area. Obviously, no action could be taken right away. Until Mr. Billings learned for certain what was going on, he could hardly challenge Bremerton Paige. The IWAC analysis clearly pointed to further study—which, in Mr. Billings' experience, happened to be what IWAC analyses always pointed to. Mr. Billings decided that he would arrange to be summoned the next time Bremerton Paige disappeared into one of the private rooms with a girl.

That turned out to be the following day. Shortly after noon, Shaughnessy pressed the special buzzer next to the alarm—the buzzer that sounded in Mr. Billings' private office—and Mr. Billings hurried into the main safe-deposit room. Shaughnessy and Perkins were alone—their eyes fastened on the door to one of the private rooms. Mr. Billings stood silently next to Shaughnessy. It seemed to be taking a long time. He considered trying to creep close to the door of the private room to listen for suspicious noises, but then he remembered that, as an added privacy measure, the rooms had been soundproofed, even though the loudest noise inside was usually the sound of scissors clipping coupons.

Finally, Bremerton Paige emerged, idly putting in one of his cuff links. The blonde with him, Mr. Billings instantly realized, must have been the blonde who had turned Perkins into a statue on the previous visit. She seemed to be bursting out of her dress everywhere it touched her; Mr. Billings didn't see how the material could possibly hold together all the way down the hall to the sign-out desk. She was clutching Paige's arm tightly, occasionally whispering in his ear. Mr. Billings noticed that her hair was in slight disarray.

When they reached the desk, Paige

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# A man can never have too many friends.

Black & White Scotch. Gift wrapped at no extra cost.

put the box down, signed out and started toward the door, where Perkins had been resculpted into *Man Staring*. Then the blonde whispered something into Paige's ear and he began to laugh. Turning to Shaughnessy and Mr. Billings, he said, "LuVerne here has a suggestion about my safe-deposit box. She says I should keep a safety in it, in case I want to make a deposit." LuVerne started giggling. Paige managed to get Perkins' attention by clapping loudly several times and they left. They returned the next six workdays in a row.

After the seventh visit, Mr. Billings sat down at his desk and tried to make a list of what was known about the situation. But he couldn't concentrate. IWAC no longer seemed relevant to a problem that included a girl whose contact with the material of her dress defied every rule of textile stress. He thought about LuVerne for a while. (He had begun to call her by name in his thoughts.) He tried to consider her as one element in the problem, but soon he was imagining her lying on the deep dubonnet pile in the private rooms. The sound of the buzzer startled him.

"You mean he's back?" Mr. Billings said when he joined Shaughnessy at the desk in the safe-deposit room. "He just left an hour ago."

"He said something like, 'Practice makes perfect,'" Shaughnessy said, shaking his head in admiration. At the door, Perkins was staring out into space, a half-smile on his face.

In 15 minutes, Paige reappeared from the private room. The girl with him was not LuVerne but a tall, slim girl who was wearing a dress that looked like a T-shirt that had shrunk in the wash. Mr. Billings realized that his first reaction to her was not that she was another element to be considered in the problem but that she certainly was not wearing any underwear. The girl was wrapped around Paige's arm and when he extricated himself to sign out, she absentmindedly wrapped herself around Mr. Billings' arm instead—as if one support had been pulled away and she had routinely grabbed for another.

"Oh, sorry," Paige said when he noticed the girl wrapped around a blushing Mr. Billings. Paige's tone was like that of a mother in a grocery store who has just noticed her child bruising the tomatoes and is apologizing as she searches for the right brand of soap powder. He wrapped the girl's arm around his own, adjusted her once and walked to the door.

Mr. Billings wiped his face with a handkerchief. Shaughnessy said, "Jesus H. Christ." Perkins, again struck dumb, had to be shaken by the lapels before he could manage to unlock the door.

"Well, see you tomorrow," Paige said from the doorway. "Samantha here and a couple of other girls are joining me tomorrow. They'd like to go over a few things."

Samantha whispered in Paige's ear. "Samantha corrected me," he said, smiling. "She says they'd like to go over as many things as possible."

• • •

That night, Mr. Billings had trouble sleeping. What was to be done? There was little doubt in his mind that they were fornicating in the safe-deposit rooms. In fact, his mind was constantly filled with pictures of their orgies. But Bremerton Paige had never explicitly acknowledged what was going on. How could he be approached? It wasn't possible just to walk up and say, "Excuse me, sir, do you happen to be fornicating in the safe-deposit rooms?" What if Paige admitted it? After all, he didn't seem at all secretive. In fact, he seemed to flaunt his affairs. A sexual show-off, probably. And if he admitted it, could Mr. Billings point to some rule against private sexual intercourse during banking hours, on bank property? Not really; no one at Manhattan Trust had foreseen the need for one. But what if the word got around? How many people would leap at the chance of a 12-cent nooner? Mr. Billings could envision dozens of couples lined up, waiting to sign in—Perkins staring dumbly at the women, Shaughnessy frantically trying to get one couple out so another could have its turn. Couples! Paige had talked about coming in with *three* girls. Pretty soon, people would be strolling in with tattooed men and one-armed Turks and farm animals. What would Paige and the three girls *do* in there? Mr. Billings thought about that for the rest of the night.

The next day, shortly after noon, Shaughnessy hardly had his finger on the buzzer before Mr. Billings appeared in the main room. Paige was, indeed, there, and so were Samantha and LuVerne and a redhead who was so staggering

*"Hey, that's not mistletoe—it's money!"*

that LuVerne, standing beside her, testing the strength of some DuPont polyester, was made to look almost demure. The redhead, who was at least six feet tall, was wearing a see-through blouse and an amber-leather midiskirt.

"Hi, there," Paige said cheerfully. Then, as he started to sign the required slip, he noticed that Samantha was draped around his writing arm. "Oh, do you mind holding this for a minute?" he asked Mr. Billings, unwrapping Samantha and draping her around Mr. Billings. "Thanks."

"Not at all," Mr. Billings mumbled. "Always glad to be of service."

When the form had been completed and the box removed from the vault, Paige reclaimed Samantha and started for a private room. Then he stopped and said to Mr. Billings, "It might be helpful to have a bank official in there while we go over a few things."

Mr. Billings was silent for a few moments. He looked at LuVerne and Samantha and the redhead. "Well," he finally said, "always glad to be of service."

"Dandy," Paige said, transferring Samantha back to Mr. Billings.

Then the redhead leaned down and whispered something in Paige's ear. Paige turned to Shaughnessy and said, "Join us?"

Shaughnessy turned to Mr. Billings, but Mr. Billings seemed oblivious of everything except visions conjured up by what Samantha was whispering in his ear. "Jesus H. Christ," Shaughnessy said and joined the group.

The redhead leaned down to whisper again and Paige said, "She says that if the other man comes along, too, we might be able to go over things in a more interesting way."

"Well, I don't know about that," Shaughnessy said. He had more or less taken charge, since Mr. Billings no longer seemed to be acting his old executive self.

The redhead whispered to Paige once more and Paige shook his head in regret. "That's a shame," he said. "She says otherwise it wouldn't be interesting enough. She's heard there might be a very swinging group at New York Commercial Trust down the street."

"C'mon, Perkins," Shaughnessy said.

• • •

When everyone was inside the private room, the redhead started whispering in Paige's ear again. "She thinks you can't guess what's under that midiskirt of hers," Paige said to Shaughnessy.

Shaughnessy was unable to reply.

"A submachine gun," Paige said.

Shaughnessy smiled hesitantly, as if wondering what submachine gun might mean in orgy slang.

Then the redhead reached under her midiskirt and withdrew a submachine gun.

*"Six months for possession of a cigarette? I got thirty days for possession of a deadly weapon."*

"What do you do with that?" Shaughnessy said, still half smiling.

"Rob banks," Paige said. "Don't look so disappointed. You and Perkins still get to take off your clothes. We need them."

Shaughnessy and Perkins were forced to disrobe and their uniforms were put on by Paige and the redhead—who, with her hair under a male wig and her feet in Shaughnessy's highly polished black shoes, managed to look burly instead of sexy. From his briefcase, Paige withdrew handcuffs and used them to handcuff Mr. Billings and his staff to the simple but elegant table. He furnished silencer-equipped pistols for himself and the redhead. Then, leaving LuVerne and Samantha with the submachine gun and another pistol to guard those in the private room, he accompanied the redhead to the main room, where they politely signed in each of the afternoon visitors before escorting them to the same private room. There, the bank customers remained in handcuffs while their safe-deposit boxes were looted.

Mr. Billings still hadn't said anything, but there was a lot on his mind. He knew his career at the Manhattan Trust Company was over. He had been hoodwinked. What surprised him was that he had less regret about losing his job than he had about missing the anticipated experience with Samantha and LuVerne and the redhead in the private room.

When Paige and the girls were ready to leave, Mr. Billings finally spoke. "I was just wondering," he said to Paige. "Were you really, uh, you know—in the rooms?"

"Well, an expenditure of twelve cents actually has an adjusted dollar-factor value of more like seven and a half cents if it also produces a useful by-product," Paige said. "IWAC."

Then, with Samantha on one arm and the loot in the other, he walked out of the Manhattan Trust Company's Fifth Avenue branch.

# CRAZY KIDS (continued from page 230)

to Africa this summer. I'm really going this time."

"Where?" my wife asked.

"Like Rimbaud. I'm going. I might not come back. Africa is the cradle."

"Where? Where in Africa?" my wife asked.

"I'm going by freighter. I don't know what I'll do when I get there."

"Where, Allen?"

He seemed to be starting to point, but then his arm changed its mind and drew back and a glass of wine started on the long voyage to Africa, past my wife's shiny dark hair, smashing against a cluster of French colonies on the west coast, sending shards of glass and streaks of wine down Esso-modified Mercator projection and clean, well-brushed lady's hair. "There," he said, "that's where I'm going."

"Christ!" I said.

There was a still frieze of boys. Someone giggled. Allen looked morose and pensive, not quite proud. My wife aimed a steady righteous rage straight into my heart, wanting me to hit him, but a man doesn't do this to an old friend, a fellow poet, given to mysticism and the wisdom of the body, who surely wouldn't strike back. I knew him: He would suffer my assault with Alyosha-esque forbearance.

"We're going," I said, trying to make this sound masterful. It was not masterful.

Allen stood courtly at the door to bow us out. In the green plastered hall, vines of extension cords led out to the place where a light bulb had been removed and a dense nest of double sockets had been planted. The revolution against Consolidated Edison was off to a slow start. Allen watched us down this sad corridor.

We quarreled that night, my wife and I. She hated my friends. A smell of red wine arose from her hair as her wrath mounted, and I wanted to love her, to bury my head in her red wine, to say never mind, never mind, you're my only dearest friend; but instead I only promised never to inflict embarrassment upon her again. Another promise I didn't keep.

I also promised that we would go to Paris. We could agree about that. We needed a change and Paris was where changes took place. New friends, new civilizations, the wisdom of the Old World, plus romantic strolls in storied Montmartre. With her fluent French, she could lead me around like a mute man and, in her spare time, tell me about matrimony and its duties. I asked the philosophy department to mail me my certificate; I was now a Master of Arts in Philosophy; and now all Europe would be my teacher. Like Rastignac, I would stand in the Père Lachaise Cemetery and cry out to the City of Light, "It's between us now!" Or, depending on the translation: "Henceforward there is war!" Or, if I learned well enough: *"A nous deux maintenant!"*

I read a poem that said that Paris is the Paradise of Misery and the Capital of Hope. I was ready, then. We needed a community of serious thinkers. Paris was where the existentialists and the Cold War exiles were gathering. The recent war was real and the coffee drinking serious and the wine better in Paris. We would not settle for the facile careering of our fellow graduate students, scattering to temporary housing in universities all over the country. Forward, into mysterious *Wanderjahr*!

Our life was a thrilling series, and the title of the new volume was *Crazy Kids Cross the Ocean*. My wife laughed at my buffoonery when we were in company. Now she said, "I think that would be nice. Can we afford it? What are we getting into?"

"Don't worry," I said, "I don't want you to worry about a thing."

• • •

On the Nieuw Amsterdam over, we met a first psychedelic couple, Charles and Wendy, he a painter, she a painter, we instant soulmates. They were itching to get away from Minneapolis. We were itching to get away, too. "You wouldn't believe the level of insight in Minneapolis," he said.

"It's so low," she said.

"New York is crude, too," I said.

"So is Detroit," my wife said.

"Not to mention Lakewood, Ohio, where I came from," I said.

"That's not Manhattan or the Bronx or Brooklyn?" Charles asked, puzzled.

I was accustomed to this problem and all it meant. "No, actually I'm from the Midwest, like you," I said. "My wife, too."

"Oh, we didn't mean anything by that," Wendy said. "Actually we're all artists, aren't we?"

The Crazy Kids Meet Other Crazy Kids, I thought.

Charles looked at me slyly. "We, too, married young——"

"Married young," echoed his loyal wife.

"But we haven't sold out."

"—sold out," echo said.

We waited for details. They were cautious. They liked us, but were not sure they fully trusted New Yorkers. Later, a day later—the pattern of friendship speeds up on ocean voyages—it turned out that they were experimenting with expanding their consciousness here in 1949. They fasted, they took seasickness pills, and then they went to bed with a bottle of champagne. Terrific results. They didn't reappear for a whole day on the North Atlantic while all we did was watch the squall and drink tea. Salt blew in our faces, my lips were swollen with impact of spray, and what the devil were Charles and Wendy up to? Mere seasickness?

When we saw them again, they looked gray, stunned and goofy, and had joyous private smiles. "We're gonna eat for a day," Charles said.

"Fatten us up good," Wendy said.

"Then," said Charles, as if that were a complete sentence with subject, verb and firm clauses.

"And then," Wendy said, as if this was all Charles had left out. They smiled upon us. We were friends. Ohio and Michigan are the Midwest, too. We were chosen.

"Wanna join us next time?" Charles asked. "Wanna?"

"We never did a foursome with Jewish kids," Wendy said. "We're not scared if you're not. OK?"

We rode the boat train from Le Havre to Paris with our friends Charles and Wendy. They were innocent and grudgeless. They forgave us for our refusal to join the intersexual, interracial (as they put it) foursome in the shared pleasure of our first taste of French bread, French butter, which we took together and interracially in the dining car on the war-battered road through Normandy. "As an artist, a man has no other home in Europe save Paris." *Ecce homo*. Nietzsche said that, and so did Minneapolis Charles and Lakewood Herb.

That postwar town of glories and drear. Paris was a village—few automobiles, little food, black market. I walked the streets trod by Roman legions, and listened for their footsteps; I searched the Rue St.-Jacques for the Maison Vauquer, where Vautrin challenged Rastignac to become a criminal cynic—I thought he might win me over, too; I learned French by reading Gide, Sartre and Villon in the garden of the little Russian Orthodox church at the corner of the Boulevard St.-Germain and the Rue des Saints-Pères. My wife and I took bread, cheese, wine, and our solemn selves, to lunch in all the public gardens of this town of which we were the newest natives. We had always known it would be like this.

Stunned and goofy without pills, fasting, or champagne, we remained friends with Charles and Wendy but lived on different schedules, marching to different drummers. They painted and practiced sex in a hotel near St. Julien-le Pauvre. We practiced marriage and philosophy at the Sorbonne and in our little hotel on the Rue de Verneuil, where I set out to study France, Europe and world unity. By reading, walking, bicycling and keeping my eyes open a lot, I would become an artist-philosopher, a stroller on two banks, unlike

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FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

other men but brother to them all. I developed strong leg muscles, anyway.

And pride! Saul Bellow winked at me! Lionel Abel explained the differences between Sartre and Heidegger while eating a *croissant*! James Baldwin, called Jimmy by everyone, became my coffee companion in addition to our neighbor in the next room at the Hôtel de Verneuil! And I made many enemies, too, young writers, other writers, nothing-to-do bohemians and hard-working gossipmongers, and some who were simply flabbergasted by my callowness (I'm on their side now).

An established surrealist, Philippe Soupault, then working for UNESCO, gave my wife the benefit of his insight into my character: "*Il est sadique.*" To be called a sadist in French was impressive. How many of my friends in Lakewood or at Columbia had been called *sadique* by a man mentioned in every significant history of Paris literary bohemia between the two wars? Maybe he knew something important, this poet who was present at the founding of many movements.

"I hadn't thought of that," my wife said.

"*Oui, oui, il est sadique,*" he said firmly, with the assurance of a man who had traveled with the surrealists, Aragon, Breton, Eugene Jolas, since the beginning, and now, wise and weary after life's voyage, was resting his freckled, careworn hand on my wife's thigh.

Alas, I mongered a few opinions myself and merited some of my enemies. It's easier to recall these excited encounters than the blessed hours when I ordered pieces of my mental debris into notebooks and the debris seemed to obey orders, thus calling for more debris, more filters, more orders, more dizzy convictions. Isolated in the Paris mornings, coffee crazy in the neighborhood cafés (it was always cold except in the cafés); and then, on abruptly sunny afternoons, I ran down the Rue de l'Université, trying to teach my wife to ride a bicycle. I had married a lady who spoke French, read books, played the piano, but whose mother had forbidden her to bicycle because she once scratched herself in a hedge. Well, now she had damn well better learn to hurt herself (*sadique* husband). I panted as I ran alongside, trying to steady the machine until she could do it herself, that delicate childhood task of balance, pump, play, and dodge the curbs and hedges with bold steering. You have will and motion; a hedge is a mere natural object. Hope and skill do it, darling, no matter how your mother feared the blemish seeking out your knee.

The purest moments: those alone with the self and intention united, when word and dream meet and the body staggers as it floats in the mind. I was I and only I; I had come into the world to tell each person who he was; I would set an example.

How easy to make fun of that person I was! But that other is still my secret self. When I meet a young man with the love light of vanity and desire, conviction and passion in his eyes, I want to say, *Brother*, though I know he is likely to see only a middle-aged competitor.

Those were sweet afternoons on the empty Rue de l'Université, running slower, then as fast as I could, steadying a wobbly bicycle, past seventh-*arrondissement* manses, gray stone, gray sky, blood hard in my throat, cobblestones, babies crying behind closed shutters. Suddenly I began having daymares about Lakewood, Ohio, and I was writing a novel about a man like the French Resistance heroes I knew, nonetheless living in Lakewood. There was the nice joggling and loosening of memory occasioned by a sense of freedom among xenophobic Frenchmen who stared at me and saw not the despised Semite but the hated Coca-Cola-bringing American. It was not Lakewood, where all was simple. It was Paris, where everything was clear. But Lakewood was a complicated place and Parisian logic was a myth. I planted the spirit of difficult resistance, of *la Résistance*, in a mild homebound bureaucrat on Hathaway Avenue in Lakewood, Ohio.

From our hotel room we could look out onto the street and see the little painted clay urn placed against a wall at the corner with the words ICI EST TOMBÉ POUR LA FRANCE . . . ROLAND LAPORTE, 17 ANS. A man had died in a pool of blood at that place only a few years ago. The *patron* at the hotel had seen it happen. Surely Roland LaPorte's family someplace in these anonymous buildings were the ones who replenished the flowers in the urn. I watched for hours, and the fresh flowers appeared, but I never saw who put them there.

We were busy defining ourselves in this hotel—artists, students, bohemians, *zazous*—not children and not adults, either. I was not the only one who sometimes wished he could be Roland LaPorte, age 17. That was the dramatic self-pity of the expatriate, sugar low in the blood, and it was unnecessary to imagine ourselves in his place to think of the family LaPorte, creatures of habit, buying flowers on Saturday and watching them dry to straw and fall scattered to the pavement after the weekend. I thought constantly about the war, which I had passed in schools and training, crawling under fake bullets, while my cousins and brothers and friends died. Sometimes the memory of Roland LaPorte was a merely French-loving image, like the baguettes swung home in the evenings, the little bouquets of flowers carried with the bread, the intensely nervy, cursing drivers who tried to run down my bicycle with their 4-CV Renaults, the bleary, aquiline sexuality of the girls at St. Germain-des-Prés who were imitating Juliette Greco (one of them was Juliette Greco).

The money wasn't going as far as it was supposed to. I took to selling my clothes to North Africans who haunted the streets near Pigalle with that odd uprooted mask of woe and hope, looking for Americans whose money wasn't going very far or who wanted it to go further. At first I thought I looked like these Arabs—brown, squinting, sharp elbows, knees and teeth, spoiled mouth. Then I decided they were really different from me. My only suit: Well, it too was brown and unwelcome, anyway, and I never wore it. The man at the Clothing Café, as we called it, counted out a series of greenish francs. His tongue darted between his teeth, stinging each watermarked paper as he snapped it out. He was mumbling numbers that sounded like a Moslem prayer. My wife looked at me as he counted. I thought she was sentimental about my passing clothes. I wore GI leftovers most of the time, anyway, so what difference did it make?

I took the money. She took the money and cracked it in her fingers. She ran to the Algerian, who was leaving the café with my suit already strange to me, bundled under his arm. "Give me the money!" she cried.

"You have it, madam!"

"*Fausse! Fausse!*"

He drew himself up with dignity. "It is as good as any money you will find in Pigalle."

"Give me that suit!" she said. No one in the bar moved. Men at the zinc with their morning cognacs and coffee stared into the mirror or at each other. Madam in black, the lady at the cage, was stacking coins. My wife rubbed her fingers across a bill and it smudged. "Give it back to me!"

He tried to move out the door. "I'll get some other money."

"Leave the suit!"

"Take your hands off me! No woman touches me!" His rage was genuine. He was murderous. I was pulling her away, saying, *Leave him, leave him alone, don't touch him*; and she wanted to claw his eyes out, to claw his flesh until she found noncounterfeit payment for what he owed her. I felt an insane pride in my passionate wife, and a crazy pity for the Algerian, wounded in his soul by this American girl who invaded his flesh, touched him, just because he was trying to steal my clothes. He was shrieking in Arabic now. We were strangers and enemies. His eyes were closed and red: How could they be both? He had a knife in his hand.

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like a film of disaster played again and again for clues to its meaning. We were pulling back slowly. He was dropping the clothes slowly. I took my wife's hand and dropped the fake money slowly. It fluttered across the floor. No one moved in the Pigalle café. He was backing out the door.

We were alone with my suit rumpled and dusty on the floor. My wife was crying. I took her home in a cab. "You're strong," I said.

"I am not, I'm not!" she cried.

"That was admiration. I didn't say you're tough. I meant it."

"I'm not, I'm not!"

"We could have gotten knifed. I'd just as soon have let him have the suit."

"You think I'm stupid!"

"I didn't say that. But maybe you shouldn't stand on principle every time——"

"You don't like me!"

"Well, when you're right, you're strict, and maybe you shouldn't always be right——"

"Stupid, stupid, stupid world!"

We had a bitter quarrel in our tiny room of the Hôtel de Verneuil; what begins as self-deprecation makes the worst of quarrels in marriage. After adrenaline strength and power in the Arab café in Pigalle, she wept out of girlish need of comfort. She wept for her father, dead when she was still a child. She wept for her mother—not the mother she needed. She wept for me.

I stroked her hair until her scalp must have felt sore, for she pulled away and gazed helplessly at me out of swollen eyes. "Now, now," I said.

In a dry and distant voice she said, "Maybe you're doing your best."

Could I say yes to that? Or no?

We were building our lives together. I couldn't admit I was only doing my best.

This time it was healed in the way young quarrels often are, and by morning I had convinced us both that I admired her marvelous resolution in a back street near Pigalle, daring to face a knife-wielding Arab. However, from now on I would sell my clothes by myself. There was a whiff of determination in her assault on the Arab that frightened me—a rage and pride that I put away in my memory with other recollections of dangerous rightness.

It reminded me later of the righteousness of an older literary man—call him Francis Roan—who had just come back from attending a conference of the Committee for Cultural Freedom, where he urged the dropping of an atom bomb on Moscow. "They don't have it, we do," he said, meaning the bomb.

Someone at the table of the Royal St.-Germain argued with him. He replied in an irritable tenor, rasped with smoke, drink, too many meetings, too many disappointments. He was a great man of my boyhood; I had read his books in high school, and now here he was, dandruff flecking his shoulders, flesh heaving and sweating through a nylon shirt, telling us that the Communists had let him down and he wanted to finish them off for it. I changed the subject. Paris was something we could agree on. In love with Paris, a walking and bicycling city in those days, I asked about his own time in Montparnasse—the time of Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Robert McAlmon, James Joyce. "There were pretty girls then," he said jovially, and then more severely: "And geniuses. I don't see the pretty girls." He looked past the three young writers gathered for a word from an older master. "I don't see any geniuses. Nope, no geniuses, it's all gone dead."

Me! me! me! we wanted to cry.

"Oh, there really are some pretty girls," I said modestly.

"Nothing like it was. Nothing like it was, boy."

And in truth, for the onetime happy Marxist, whose monumental book had been called great by a generation, here in a new time nothing was as it had been, no beautiful girls anymore; and as to the weedy young writers growing up about him, with their frayed faces turned toward him as toward the sun, he wanted only to make them wince. He was drinking sweet vermouth for his cough. He knew the remedy for each of his troubles, he had made his deal for remedies, and sweet vermouth for the cough was one that a corrupt world still provided him. Other remedies—a great book, a great love—were now out of reach.

He turned the conversation back to the atom bomb and his vision of its proper use: that is, as soon as possible. I was beginning to learn about people who want things their own way, now now now, just as they imagine it in some dream of revenge and final clarity. I envied their rightness and the charm of conviction it gave them. And marveled at the persistence of the will to do murder upon others in the interests of one's own cause, the only true and just one.

I'm not sure I like the young man who looked at the older writer and saw only a brutal fool. Perhaps he deserved no credit now for the books I had admired. He wanted to murder a population, the race of his enemies. But I'm not sure I like the young man who gave him no shrift in his decline.

A few weeks later, celebrating the Fulbright award that had surprised me in Paris, I was staying with my friend Ben Johnson in Rome. He had given a story of mine to the *Illustrissima ma Principessa Marguerite Caetani di Bassiano*, born in St. Louis or Connecticut, U. S. A., who published a trilingual magazine called *Botteghe Oscure* (*Dark Shop*). He telephoned to ask if she would like to meet me. "No," she said, "I don't like to meet writers unless I publish their work."

"Oh." He hung up. "She doesn't want to meet you unless she's publishing it."

"Oh."

A moment later the telephone rang. "I'm publishing it," she said crisply. "Bring him around."

Half an hour later a valet with a silver tray and a check appeared at Ben's apartment, saluted, passed me the money, tucked the tray under his arm and was gone. At teatime we climbed onto Ben's Vespa and rode off to the castle of the literary princess, patron to Truman Capote, Dylan Thomas, Valéry and some now forgotten. Ben is a black man—not really black, of course—and so the urchins would scream "Tarzan! Tarzan!" at him as we scootered through the streets and plazas of hallowed Rome. It's true that he has good manners, like Lord Greystoke. The kids paid homage, and also thought he might cure hunchbacks by touching them.

The house of the princess is a historic place. Despite those days of depression and rationing after the war, she had the use of dry cleaning, footmen and food stamps. We were bowed past doors by men in livery. I waded through a snow-white carpet. Ben took it more seriously. He leapt a snowbank of fur and slid ingloriously, untarzanly, upon his rump. A footman extended one finger to help him up. When we found the princess in her cozy library, fire burning, she was in tennis shoes and my apprehension disappeared. She would be nice! She was just an American! "Thank you for liking my story," I said.

"I thought you were a Negro," she said. "Isn't Gold an, um, Southern name?"

"No. I'm staying with Ben," I said, "but as you see by the color of my skin——"

"Yes. One lump or two? Lemon? Cream?"

I was greedy enough to take all three, lemon, sugar and cream. Good sense prevailed.

The lady was related, she said, to T. S. Eliot. She loved literature and writers. She had money, name, a magazine, and I supposed I had reached some pinnacle of literary elegance, despite her bobby socks and tennis shoes. We swore eternal correspondence.

A few days later Ben led me to another literary gathering. "They're rounding up all the niggers in Rome to meet Richard Wright. You're invited."

We spent the day on Ben's Vespa, stopping to spy through giant keyholes at monasteries or to drink Frascati. Ben translated the gossip about us as we toured the ancient city, his elegant

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head tilted, listening, laughing. He told me that Italian Jews often have the names of cities, such as Milano, or sometimes they translate Cohen into the Italian for Servant of God, Servadio. I visited ancient Jewish cemeteries. I remembered the few Sephardic Jews I had met in New York, and the tiny wedge of cemetery on West 11th Street, a still moment of stones and deaths and Spanish names.

At the reception for Richard Wright, the great man had a joyous grinning joke for everyone but me. To the white American he was friendly. Later he told rambling anecdotes about his stardom in the movie of *Native Son* and teased and punched at people, making them easy, playing the buffoon. It was a touching performance. Everyone had been frightened of him, so he made us laugh. There is a generous way to play the buffoon, and this generous sick man did it to help pass a moment that might otherwise have been painful. He gave us the right to feel superior to him, but I would have been ashamed to take his invitation. He had a complex nature, a complicated heritage, a good heart. I mourned his death.

Back to Paris and the life of serious floating. Italy without my wife had made me feel acutely the strain between Young Married and the difficult community of bohemia. I was committed to conjugal strictness, the good kids from Cleveland and Detroit, and yet I was indecently unstrict and unformed, not such a good kid. I preferred loitering around, waiting for miracles, but I had to do the shopping. I had a notion of trust and understanding—only that mattered between people—but I was mistrustful and impatient. My black painter friend said, "You're in the noose, man." My older philosopher friend said, philosophically, "Maybe you married kind of young." My advisor at the Sorbonne said, "*Elle est mignonne, ta femme—et alors?*"

My wife said, "Sometimes I'm lonely, I don't know what I'm doing day after day."

"I missed you in Italy. I shouldn't ever go away without you," I declared, and believed the words I heard. Oh wanted to believe them! I held her tightly and rocked her to sleep. We wanted to be as strong as two sticks bound together, two aimless twigs wrapped in marriage and thus powerful, defended, a gathering.

One morning a delegation of our colleagues in the Hôtel de Verneuil came to our room while I was supposed to be writing and my wife was out shopping for the cheese, bread and tomatoes that we took to lunch with a bottle of wine in the Luxembourg or the Tuileries or the little garden of the Russian church. There was the Norwegian Lesbian and the American film maker and the novelist and the Belgian painter, all knotted up with their solemn, high-level proposal. "Ve vill all cheep in," said the Norwegian girl, "OK? I arrange the exhee-beeshen."

There was barely a moment when I thought she meant paintings.

"You vill join us. You vill bring your vife." It sounded more like *fife*.

Such youthful solemnity—but it was all we had heard about Paris. Having read our Henry Miller, our Villon, Francis Carco and Henri Murger, having seen the Opéra-Comique version of *Les Mamelles de Tirésias* and the folk singers at the Lapin à Gilles, it was now time for more basic Paris stuff. We were too young for tourist shenanigans at the Lido. We were too shy to lurk about the White Russian doormen on the Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette. We were too free, independent and unfettered to do anything that wasn't advanced, artistic and shared with our gang.

"I'd like to go to an orgy," I said, "but I'm not sure my wife will let me."

"She, too," said the stern Lesbian.

"Not an orgy, a circus! Exhibition!" stated the pedantic novelist. "She won't have to do anything, necessarily," he added.

"I'd really like it," I assured him, my heart thumping.

Some of the fear came from the exhibition itself—me? watching that? a mere lad from Lakewood, Ohio?—but most of it had direct connection with my wife's response. I felt bound by duty to tell her about it. She would be enraged that I even mentioned the matter. But we believed in an open frankness with each other. Principle. Utter honesty. But I had no right to insult her that way. But if I *didn't* tell her, that would be keeping secrets; and if I did, I would be betraying my base curiosity and worse—an invitation to violate her deepest convictions about purity and high purpose. . . .

A bad night. She wept, I wept. Between times I explained about the difference between an exhibition and an orgy, and then the tears flowed once more, a Cuyahoga, a Detroit River of tears, sometimes turbulent, often painfully choked by the debris of intentions. At dawn we reached a statesmanlike compromise. I wouldn't mention it again. The subject would never be proposed in the better future that lay ahead. But I could continue acquaintanceship with these old friends, even if she personally didn't ever want to see them. She would forgive me this immoral loyalty—maybe. After all, she had forgiven Charles and Wendy, hadn't she?

Alone, I contemplated the quality of such forgiveness. I also had a public task to perform.

"I'd like to go to an orgy—excuse me, exhibition," I said to my friends like a little boy making his bedtime wish with folded hands, "but I don't think we will."

There were whispers which I heard as laughter down the halls of the Hôtel de Verneuil. I tried to sustain myself with pride against trilingual ridicule, but I felt like a fool. And then later: No, I have the right to do what I want to do, even if I don't want to do it. Er, I mean, after all, I'm a married man. I have the right to, um, a little disgrace in the eyes of my friends. This is not the group I need to belong to. They're not healthy and wholesome expatriate citizens like me and the missus.

She could now ride her new red bicycle straight and unwobbly down the Rue de l'Université. How many of those perverts and fun-loving sex fiends could say they had successfully instructed a lovely young girl, once afraid to climb on, now willing to steer straight through the seventh *arrondissement* toward the Rodin museum on the Rue de Varenne?

But I was a child groom, in the noose, and as lonely as my wife, only making out from day to day. The dream of young marriage is to find meaning by gazing into each other's eyes. Eye to eye, soul to soul is all we need. It turns out that the world's noises cannot be drowned out, partly because the rumble also comes from the complex miniature civilization within each body—history, instinct, heart, brain, blood, the mysteries of eternal privacy within continual linkage to an electric emission of signals between past and present, world and intention, hope and need and conscience. What folly to dream of wrapping these potencies in a gift of loving looks. Even loving actions, a loving plan can never be complete. Within cannot be done without, nor should it be, but lovers try and would-be lovers strive. Poor crazy kids, glaring tenderly into each other's eyes.

One gaze or another flinches under the effort. Romance is not a recipe for peace, nor romantic marriage a prescription for marriage. Two crazy kids from Cleveland and Detroit sought to build their lonely fortress in the turbulent city. When I taught her to balance a bicycle, I did a dance called Plastercast lumbering against a street lamp.

Beneath my mask of buffoonish ease, studied like an inspired instruction from Richard Wright, there lay another creature that felt sullen and brooded. Surely Mr. Wright sometimes felt sullen and brooding, too. There are always afterthoughts when things go only as well as possible.

Shyly one morning my wife interrupted this modified stoical state. She had a bottle with a specimen in it. The doctor said . . . and if the rabbit and the specimen interacted with proper enthusiasm. . . .

We embraced. She was finally forgiven

for not attending the exhibition with me. Unlike those friends, who were merely artists and free spirits, we might soon be parents. I knew what I had to do next. "Where's my bicycle?" I pedaled furiously away, doing my duty along with some mild exercise, across the Seine to a medical laboratory on the Rue de Rivoli. On the Pont Neuf a pant leg caught in the bicycle chain and I was thrown to the pavement, but arose merely bruised, protecting the precious bottle by lifting it in my right hand like the torch of liberty. Secretly I was convinced that the bottle already contained an invisible infant.

A day later I picked up the report from the lab. "*On a sacrifié le lapin*," it began elegantly, "One has sacrificed the rabbit," and continued with the good news. Yes. Yes, we were prospective parents. "Would you like to take the rabbit home?" a lovely assistant asked me. She was petite, white-gowned, and in my joy I wanted to do French things with her. "Many people offer themselves a festive dinner, best with a fine light Chablis."

But I returned without the ritual animal. My own ears were pink. My wife and I celebrated by eating sausages and *choucroute garni chez* Lipp. "You'll have to give up smoking and eat lots of red meat, vegetables and oranges," I informed her.

"Mm," she said dreamily, not quite listening.

We were happy. She had a right to say no to the bohemians of the quarter and their circuses and orgies. We had invented a better way of life. We were the first in the Hôtel de Verneuil to think of having children. We had stumbled onto our discovery—perhaps on one of our good bicycling afternoons, perhaps during one of our many reconciliations. Smugly I reported my fantasy: I wanted her to cook the rabbit with a fine Chablis. She shivered and I was delighted at my masculine lust for very horrible suggestions. I worried only an instant, basking in conjugal love, over the fact that the idea had come from a little French lab technician with bruised eyes and a sharp-toothed smile. My skinned knee still stung against flannel pants. As a father and responsible, I would have to keep my bicycle in good repair.

When we returned down the Rue Jacob and the Rue de Beaune to the Hôtel de Verneuil, the door to our room was ajar. Someone had entered and taken the carton of Pall Malls. Later I saw Toke, the American film maker, smoking a king-sized cigarette in the hall near the w.c. He knew he would eventually find me there.

"Are those my wife's cigarettes?" I asked.

He laughed.

"Why are you laughing?"

He laughed.

*"A round on the Star Novelty and Toy Company for our grand men in uniform."*

"What kind of idiocy is that?"

He laughed.

"You stupid-ass creep," I said. "By the way, my wife's having a baby."

He came toward me with an intense and withdrawn expression on his sallow face. He removed the cigarette from his mouth. "Oh Jesus Herb that's great. Oh Christ that's wonderful." He touched me on the shoulder. Gradually a light was dawning, an inner radiance. "So that's why you didn't want to go to the exhibition. Shit, it was a bore anyway. I didn't have a girl, but it would have been a terrific bore, but that's why. . . . Oh Christ, I'm sorry." He stopped for a moment by that gurgling closet and threw his arms around me. He pressed the *minuterie* to get some extra radiance on the subject. One watt of light. "Ah that's swell," he said. "Lemme tell people, OK?"

The next morning the remainder of the carton of cigarettes lay wrapped in a copy of *Le Monde*, along with a bottle of wine, at the crack of our door.

I carried the cigarettes back to the sleeping Toke's door and left them there. She shouldn't smoke anyway. I kept the wine.

I told her what I had done and she ran to rescue her cigarettes.

"Don't run, don't run!" I hissed as she hurried barefoot down the hall.

"They're mine," she said when she returned.

But I didn't want this to be our first quarrel since we knew she was carrying our child. Not the Arab for whom I had felt sorry when he recoiled at my wife's hands on his almost-real money, not my fellow would-bees, disapproving of the bourgeois couple in the room next door, but this fretful lady was to be the mother of that flesh and spirit we shared. Who was this child and to what community did it belong? It was ours and we its, his, hers.

During the calm of waiting—in his office the obstetrician kept a lit statue of Motherhood rising from a floor mirror, like Poseidon from the sea—we made new friends. My mother-in-law visited us from Detroit. We met a man who could barely talk because of damage done to his adrenal glands in a concentration-camp experiment: his jaw, his tongue, ears, hands and feet were growing inexorably, until his tongue would choke him to death. When I shook his hand, my hand lay in a great horny wrapping: there was nothing to grip. The distorted face looked apologetic: it regretted. He in turn introduced me to an old man named Schwartz who was writing a book about the Jewish artists killed by the Nazis, including photographs of them and their work and short histories of their truncated careers. He had been a survivor but had given up his own painting to perform this act of penitence and homage. "I lived. I lived," he said, still not believing it. "I'm alive."

I wished that I could speak Yiddish. I couldn't. I spoke Russian and French with the refugees from everywhere, incomprehensibly cast up alive in Paris, some with heavy new flesh loose on their skeletons, some puzzled ones taking up their former lives as if nothing had happened. A few even thought of saving their money and having the tattoo removed (SS men were tattooed in a different place). The ones I came to know best lived permanently in the sight of their history. Not all of them walked with crippled adrenal glands,

hunched like terrified wrestlers, apes in blinding glasses, but all had ears cocked and eyes distanced by unbearable recollections. They seemed to be listening for the past to be rescinded. The man with swelling nose, ears, hands, feet, tongue, came to sit with his arms dangling between his legs. He talked to me about a Polish city that no longer existed. I tried to understand his painful French past the cartilaginous tongue.

And yet my wife was swollen and heavy and happy, as was I, as we were with each other at that moment. Peace to the couple, peace to ourselves. I sat with the old man and his album of the murdered artists, puzzling over the photographs and reproductions, trying to remember all these men and women. Dead. Dead. Dead. The book was written in Yiddish. I asked Schwartz to translate his summaries for me. They were spare, mild, and said not so much as the eyes looking out of the book into mine. Those eyes were relics; they existed no place anymore. They existed for Schwartz. I asked him to read the dedication of his book: *To the gypsies.*

"Why?" I asked.

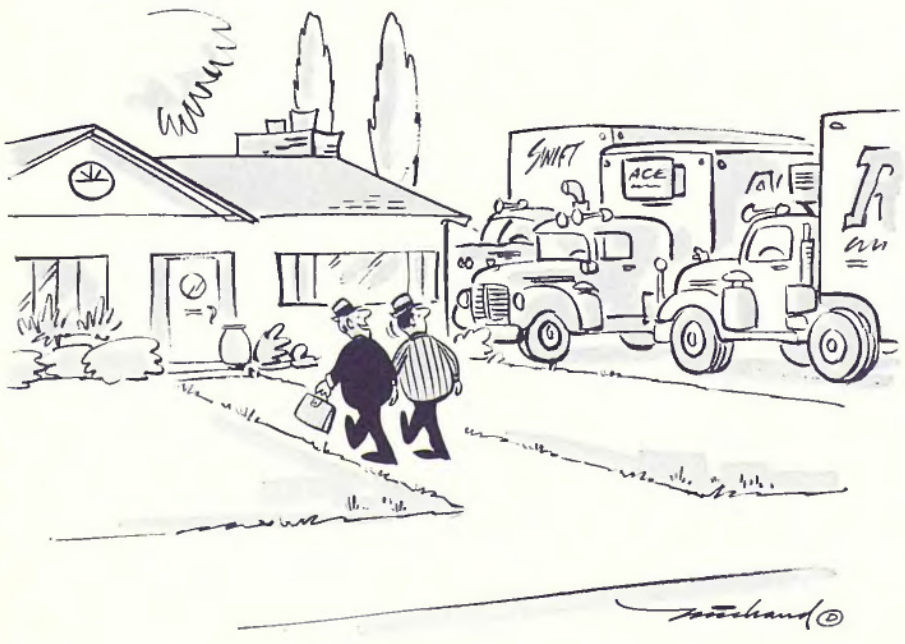
"When I was in Auschwitz," he said, "I met a gypsy. He said, 'We will all die. You Jews will die. We will die. But the world will remember the Jews.'" This ferocious old man Schwartz, collecting his Yiddish album, which was published by subscription from Jews in America, said, "I want them to remember the gypsies. I want the gypsies to be remembered, because no one will remember them, either."

• • •

As the child was born at the Hôpital Foch in a gray workman's quarter of Paris, I stood outside the door and heard a nurse screaming at my wife, "*Poussez! Poussez, madame!*" Those moans and shrieks were strangers to which I had given birth along with the child. I marveled at them, and wondered why so much pain and pushing, starting so young, just to get into the world, and it doesn't stop there.

We held the child and looked at something outside ourselves. What we felt we called happiness, but that's only a name. To know about the child and weakness is to begin to know about men and power—Charles and Wendy, Saul Bellow and the Arab counterfeiter who hated to be touched by the fingers of women, Philippe Soupault and the Red-crazed novelist, Ben Johnson and Richard Wright, power and powerlessness and the human state in between, and the ones whom I now came to treasure equally with my own life, of which I was becoming the custodian. Roland LaPorte, the murdered Jews and gypsies, and my first child.

My first novel was taken by a publisher in New York. We went back to Cleveland to live. In my mad pride—new father, new novelist—I expected to see the statue to my glory in the Public Square, next to the hectic Civil War heroes on their horses. While awaiting the final casting of events, I took a job managing a hotel on Prospect Avenue. It was the time of Korea, Senator Joe McCarthy, the Eisenhower mumble. I wanted my child to grow up an American. I hoped to discover both what that was and what it could be.




*"I told you my wife was a terrific cook."*

## CAN HOWARD HUGHES...

*(continued from page 145)*

created a factory to build them. He developed an intercontinental airline. His monumental stubbornness and intelligence sparked the creation of a great scientific hatchery, where major elements of our missile systems, lasers, communication satellites and space-age hardware were developed and made practical. He endowed a medical-research center. He bought over a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of hotels, gambling halls, mining claims, ranchland and other real estate—as well as a television station—in and around Las Vegas. He brought new life to Vegas, a place he somehow loved. He did all this without a conventional office, keeping no hours nor counsel but his own—increasingly his own as the years went by. He worked without stopping, often 72 hours at a stretch, drinking and eating very little. Like other great American inventors—Eli Whitney, Thomas Edison—he was, and is, profoundly eccentric. Over the past 25 years, he has retreated from business associates, reporters, the world in general, deeper and deeper into isolation. And no one really knows why. No one knows what makes this alternately magnanimous and despotic, timorous and forceful, mightily successful man tick. Of those few who know him, some feel that Howard Hughes himself has no answer for what drives him. For he *is* driven: obsessed with work, obsessed with ideation, perhaps obsessed with fear and guilt.

• • •

Young Howard's mother, an upper-crust Texas lady, was concerned—unlike her husband—with the proprieties. She taught her son to be polite. He was a good little boy, quiet and withdrawn, who sought refuge in things that were safe and easy to understand. At three, he took pictures with a box camera and during his childhood spent every spare minute in a tool shop behind their Houston home tinkering with machinery. His mother once said of him: "He thought a puppy dog was a machine of some sort."

Big Howard may have regarded a boy as a machine of some sort. As his son told writer Dwight Whitney, "He never suggested that I do something; he just told me. He shoved things down my throat and I had to like it. But he had a hail-fellow-well-met quality that I never had. He was a terrifically loved man. I am not. I don't have the ability to win people the way he did. I suppose I'm not like other men. Most of them like to study people. I'm not nearly as interested in people as I should be, I guess. What I am tremendously interested in is science, nature in its various manifestations, the earth and the minerals that come out of it."

Big Howard was almost the stereotype Texas tycoon. His excesses ran beyond those of ordinary mortals. He would eventually leave more than $250,000 in personal debts. He filled his private railroad car with friends, champagne and what were then called demimondaines. Beautiful women glittered on his arm. While he loved his dark-haired wife and dressed her as beautifully as himself, soon after her death he was cheerfully buying and squiring young women all over Texas and Los Angeles.

The ease with which big Howard buried his wife, the speed with which he forgot her, must have wounded and offended his son, who understood the etiquette of grief.

In time, young Howard began to use his sense of courteous, proper conduct as a psychological technique. As long as he was gracious, he came to believe, he could do most anything to anyone and get away with it. Today, those who know Hughes still speak of his politeness over the phone. If he disturbs someone at four A.M.—a favorite time for work and talk—he begins with, "I'm terribly sorry to disturb you at this hour. I wouldn't have done it, but something important has come up." An hour later, the recipient of the call hangs up and stumbles back to bed. Half an hour later, the phone rings again. The Man is on the wire, once more apologetic, but something important has again come up . . . and so it goes.

Howard had always been interested in planes. At one point, his father, a Harvard alumnus, intoxicated by a victory over Yale in the boat races of 1918, told him he could have anything he wanted. It was a dangerous thing for any father to say, but this one meant it—and could afford it. Young Howard pointed to a moored seaplane and said he wanted a ride. In 1918, a plane ride involved considerable risk, but he got his wish. It was the first pale taste of what was to become his great pleasure.

What big Howard never knew was that upon their return to Houston, his son took secret flying lessons, becoming one of the first amateur pilots in America.

For Howard Hughes, flying became an addiction. In 1932, at the age of 26, he took a $250-a-month job as a copilot with American Airways, calling himself Charles Howard. He was amiable and cooperative, an earnest listener and observer. His questions were direct and searching. He watched and learned for two months, then walked out on his job, having absorbed what he needed to know. No one can say whether or not he cashed his pay check. Those who know him feel certain he did.

This marked the beginning of Howard Hughes's involvement with airplanes. He designed them, built them, flew them and helped create the aerospace industry.

In 1935, he broke the world speed record for landplanes—in a machine of his own design—by more than 35 miles per hour, flying faster than anyone had flown before: 352 mph. In his haste to put the machine in the air, Hughes perhaps overlooked some final mechanical details, for he had to crash-land the plane. He was able to walk away from the wreckage. In 1936, he broke the transcontinental speed record, taking off from Burbank Airport near Los Angeles and landing at Newark, New Jersey, nine hours and 27 minutes later. The following year, he did it again. This time, he flew the 2490 miles between Los Angeles and Newark in seven hours, 28 minutes and 25 seconds. He averaged 332 mph.

In 1938, flying a customized Lockheed aircraft—so thoroughly modified that little remained of the original design but the shell—Hughes flew around the world in the record-breaking time of 91 hours, eight minutes and ten seconds. He named his plane the New York World's Fair 1939. After his touchdown at Brooklyn's Floyd Bennett Field, there was a ticker-tape parade in Manhattan many witnesses said surpassed the reception accorded Lindbergh 11 years earlier. It was one of the few times people saw Hughes smile. He even shook some hands.

The next morning's news photos gave Hughes's divorced wife, Ella, a rare opportunity to recall what her ex-husband looked like. They had been married in a rose garden on a warm Houston summer day in 1925. She was the former Ella Rice, a dark-haired, cheerful girl from the wealthy family that had given Rice Institute (now Rice University) its name. She was slightly older than he and physically very much like his mother, which gave rise to speculation about Hughes's need for a mother figure. If this were at all true, he nevertheless ignored the replacement and increasingly found airplanes pleasanter company than his wife. So Ella Hughes gave up on her husband and returned to Houston and in 1929 won a divorce settlement of $1,250,000.

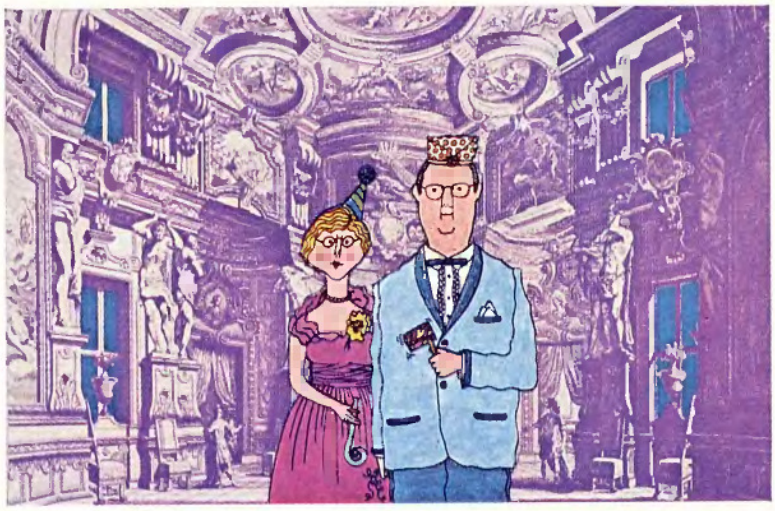
Hughes's second marriage, to actress

*(continued on page 218)*

*"Before you say 'Go away, little boy,' let me tell you I have a hundred dollars in my pocket and I'm a very horny midget!!"*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*



## HISTORIC OCCASION

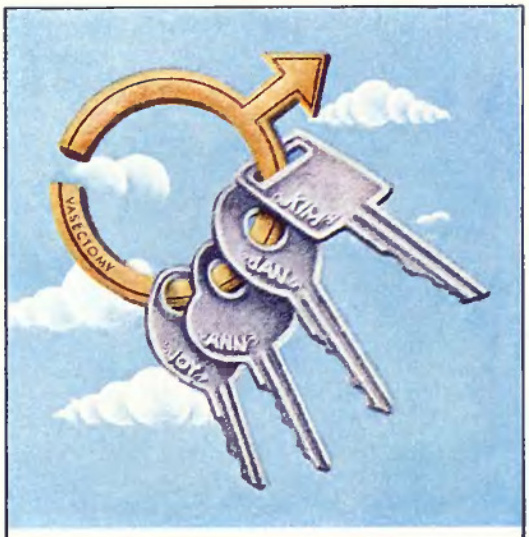
Those of you seeking a location for a charity ball, art exhibit or folk-music festival should drop a line to The National Trust for Historic Preservation, Washington, D. C. It's now renting ten historic sites across the country to recognized nonprofit, civic, cultural and educational organizations. Among the famous mansions and estates available is Lyndhurst, the creepy Gothic castle on the Hudson used in the vampire flick *House of Dark Shadows*. Or you might prefer Shadows-on-the-Teche, an antebellum mansion in New Iberia, Louisiana. Others include Belle Grove, a Virginia town house built in 1794 for James Madison's sister; Oatlands, a house located in the Virginia hunt country (it's available with 261 acres that could be used for horse shows and races); and the Pope-Leighey House in Mount Vernon that was built in 1940 by none other than Frank Lloyd Wright. Rentals from $15 skyward.

## HOG WILD

Trivia question: What did Peter Fonda wear to keep his pants up in *Easy Rider*? Answer: A Harley 74 primary chain, of course. And now bike freaks of both sexes can fashionably go whole hog with the same belt, available chrome-plated ($18) or 24-kt. gold-plated ($36) from M&M Limited, Chicago. Other styles, above, include a chrome Indian 80 ($28) and a gold Sportster 54 ($36). Heavy!

## LIE-DOWN COMICS

First it was the midiskirt and *Dames at Sea*. Next came greaser rock and Buffalo Bob. There's no getting away from it, nostalgia is back; and considering the rerelease of such monuments as Fifties music, Forties economics and Thirties fashions, who can blame Fieldcrest for getting into the act with comic-strip sheets and pillowcases? The cartoon twin, full, queen or king-sized cotton-polyester no-iron sheets are adorned with four full-color strips—*Little Orphan Annie, Terry and the Pirates, Moon Mullins* and *Gasoline Alley*—as drawn by their original illustrators. The sheets come in both flat and fitted styles and start under seven dollars. Move your arm, baby, so we can read the next frame.




## INFERTILITY CULT

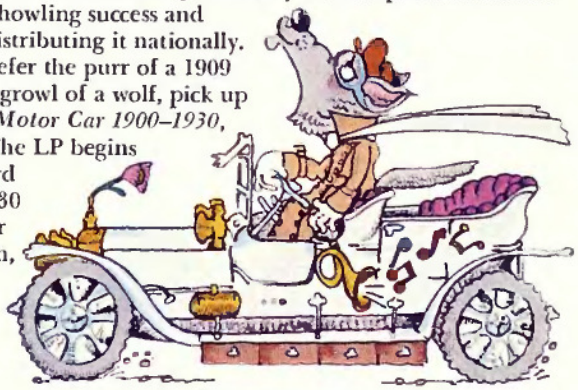
Some 10,000 vasectomy veterans are currently sporting badges of their sterility, according to the Association for Voluntary Sterilization in New York City, which offers gold lapel pins—in the shape of the male sex symbol with a break in the circle—for one dollar. (Tip to female readers: The association has no way of authenticating pin wearers. When in doubt, ask to see a doctor's certificate—or check for a scar.)

## SORRY, THIS TABLE'S TAKEN

Antique buffs who dig fondue will enjoy dining amid the charming clutter of yesteryear found in The Wine Cellar restaurant at 531 Hudson Street in Greenwich Village. And should you develop a fondness for one of the nearby relics, simply take it with you. Owner Buddy Noro has priced many of his furnishings for sale, so that you can include the cost of dinner and, say, an old wine press, all on one check. *Garçon!* Two corned beef and a credenza to go!

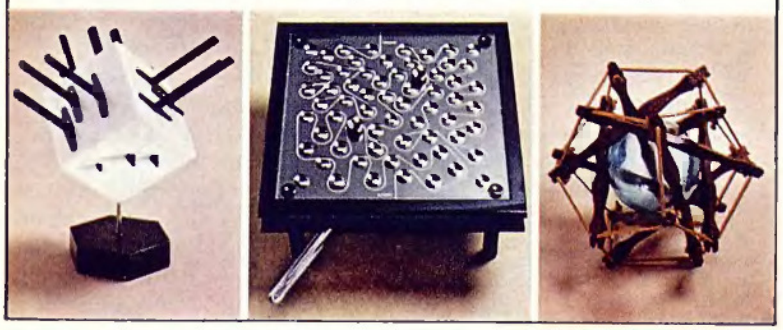
## HOWLS AND PURRS

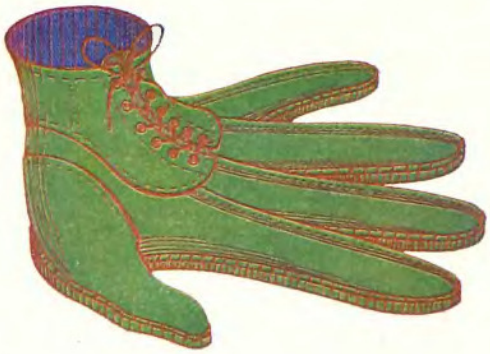
Some time ago, *Natural History* magazine decided to give its subscribers more for their money and offered them a free album poetically titled *The Language and Music of the Wolves*. Side one featured Robert Redford narrating *The Wolf You Never Knew*; side two was 11 cuts of wolves in full song. To everyone's surprise, the album instantly became a howling success and now Columbia is distributing it nationally. However, if you prefer the purr of a 1909 Rolls-Royce to the growl of a wolf, pick up *The Sound of the Motor Car 1900–1930*, on Marble Arch. The LP begins with a 1901 Panhard and ends with a 1930 four-and-a-half-liter Bentley. Gentlemen, start your engines.



## PUZZLING ART

Remember when Mom kept making you put the Monopoly set away because it cluttered up the living room? Well, the latest in adult games and puzzles are designed to be left out on the table as sculptures as well as brain stretchers. The Nine of Swords ($10) challenges 20th Century Lancelots to replace a set of interlocking swords in a white cube; Pitfalls ($10) asks players to maneuver a steel ball through a maze; and Plato's Plight ($5) dares puzzle nuts to free a ball from a snare of pegs and cords. All are marketed by Reiss Associates in Manhattan.





## THOMAS EDISON, EAT YOUR HEART OUT

"When your feet are tired and aching, try walking on your hands," reads the caption to the shoe glove shown above. This and such other bizarre inventions as a group urinal and a motorized boomerang can be found in Ballantine Books' *Catalog of Fantastic Things* ($2.95), a remarkably inventive put-on by French sculptor-illustrator Jacques Carelman.

## AND FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING: FROSTBITE

If the standard vacation scene of salubrious Caribbean breezes, sun-drenched lagoons and bikinied maidens is beginning to wear on your imagination, why not be the first on your block to visit Santa Claus land? Yes, we're talking about the North Pole, where, from the last week of March to June 1, 1972, you, experienced arctic aviator Welland Phipps and his twin-engined Otter can rendezvous with the ice floe of your choice, all for a cool $2500. Phipps's week-long package to the pole includes transportation via DC-3 from Montreal or Edmonton to his home at Resolute Bay, Northwest Territories, and a stopover at a camp on Lake Hazen. Then, after landing on the north magnetic pole, you'll fly on to the geographical pole. We'll refrain from pole-ish jokes.

## CAN HOWARD HUGHES...

*(continued from page 215)*

Jean Peters in 1957, lasted 14 years. When she finally divorced Hughes this year, it was said by some that he had not seen her—to touch, at least—for six years. Others claim she was an unwavering weekend visitor and traveled from California to Vegas—after he moved there—every Friday.

One thing is certain: Jean Peters Hughes remained in stasis for longer than any of Hughes's girlfriends. He treated her the way he treated the others—but on a much grander scale. Still, in essence, Jean sat in her rented quarters (a large house in Bel Air) and waited. She whiled away her time with college courses (she had once prepared herself to be a high school teacher) and with shopping sprees. Then she got tired of waiting. When Jean later announced her engagement to 20th Century-Fox vice-president Stanley Hough (they were married this past September), Hughes sent her a telegram of congratulations.

• • •

For many years, Hughes used his fame as a Hollywood producer and maker of stars to recruit lovely young girls from all over the world. (By 1932 he had profitably produced *Hell's Angels*—thus making Jean Harlow reasonably immortal—*Scarface* and *The Front Page*.) The photographs of these would-be starlets were collected and forwarded to him wherever he might be. Occasionally, he would look over the glossies, pick out the one he wanted, and some ambitious young lady would find herself signed to Howard Hughes Productions at a salary of $75 to $150 a week. She would be given free voice and dramatic lessons, live in a small, comfortable, rent-paid apartment and eat in good restaurants, constantly guarded like a queen. And she would wait—and wait—to meet Howard Hughes. Most of these girls (there is no way of knowing how many there were; it was part of their contract that they keep their mouths shut forever) waited in vain. After some months—or years—their contracts would not be renewed.

The most famed of his ladies in waiting was Ernestine Jane Geraldine Russell. She was a ten-dollar-a-week receptionist in a doctor's office when some photos of her reached Hughes. When Hughes saw Jane's glossies, he blinked and almost immediately signed her for the starring role of Rio in the first sexy Western, *The Outlaw*.

Hughes was obsessed with Jane Russell's breasts. Impersonally. He decided, he told his publicity man, Russell Birdwell, that he "wanted to get some mileage out of her tits." Throughout the movie, Miss Russell, dressed in picturesque rags, was continually bending over someone or something, her cleavage aided by one of Hughes's minor inventions, the cantilevered bra, which he personally designed. The results infuriated the Hays Office, which was in charge of cinema censorship in those days. Howard Hughes refused to cut an inch of film. The battle between The Man and the Hays Office lasted for months. It was resolved some time after Hughes invited Joseph Breen—Production Code administrative director—and other censors to a meeting. On the walls of the room where this conference was held, Hughes had pasted blowups of famous screen actresses. With calipers and a ruler it was proved that, comparatively speaking, he had shown less of Miss Russell than, for instance, had been unwrapped in the case of Jean Harlow, a less nobly endowed woman.

*The Outlaw* premiered in San Francisco in 1943. It was possibly one of the worst Westerns ever made. Publicist Birdwell, faced with a monumental money loser, set in motion a whispering campaign to the effect that reel three of the movie was the damnedest thing ever screened. The Catholic Church quickly denounced it. The United States Army kept the picture off Service bases. Throughout the country, reel three was furtively discussed. There was, of course, nothing special about the third reel; it was just as bad as the rest of the picture.

Then, in the midst of all the furor and whispering, The Man inexplicably recalled the film. He had a special lead-lined room built to house the fragile negative in complete sterility at an ideal temperature. For three years *The Outlaw* rested there. When it was re-released, in 1946, it was once again in the eye of a legal storm. Finally, Hughes gave a little, Breen gave a little and Jane Russell's most sensuous 18 minutes were cut from the original. The picture grossed over $5,000,000.

Miss Russell remained under contract to Howard Hughes Productions for more than a decade. During that time she, too, sat, drew her $1000-a-week salary and waited. She never made a second film under his personal direction.

There was another celebrated victim of Hughes's loving inattention: the Hercules, a vast wooden seaplane he designed for the U.S. Government during World War Two. It was dubbed the Spruce Goose, a nickname Hughes loathes to this day. And in the course of its conception, Hughes, for once, was in the position of being manipulated by someone else. In 1942, California industrialist Henry Kaiser became convinced that one of the ways to win the war in Europe was to develop huge cargo planes capable of flying entire platoons of combat troops to wherever they were most urgently needed. He talked to Hughes about his idea. Hughes was impressed. However, since any decision involved the terrible ordeal of making up his mind, Hughes did little but listen to the shipbuilding magnate and doodle mentally with the idea of a super flying boat. Finally, exasperated by Hughes's delay, Kaiser announced that the two of them would jointly design and build the largest hydroplane in the world. Thus, publicly committed to a project that he had envisioned in only the sketchiest fashion, Hughes went hurriedly to the drawing board.

The partnership, flimsy at best, was dissolved almost before it began. Hughes has never worked successfully with anyone. Kaiser was, in his way, just as stubborn. Hughes finally agreed to build the prototype of the giant cargo-carrying hydroplane. From then on, Kaiser would take over to build the production models. Kaiser had said publicly that the plane could be designed and built in ten months. Hughes thought it would take two years. It took five.

Hughes, involved as he always was in five or six overlapping careers, took the passage of time with equanimity; he was used to waiting. Kaiser, his patience worn away by the attrition of years, finally returned to building ships.

With metals all but impossible to procure, it was decided to build the huge plane out of wood and a laminate called Duramold. By that time, the Government was almost certain Hughes would never complete the prototype. The Man had been given $18,000,000 to construct three planes within two years. He managed to finish the Hercules by 1947, with all the money spent on one hydroplane. Hughes described it:

"The wing span is 320 feet. That is more than a football field, more than a city block. The length is over 200 feet. The circle on which the hull is built is 24 feet in diameter. It has eight engines with a present rating of 3000 horsepower each. It was really designed for a great deal more power. The wing area is 11,460 square feet, which, I believe, is almost three times that of any plane that has ever been built at this time. . . . I believe the wing span is almost three times that of the Consolidated [Coronado] airplane, which is the biggest one that I know of in the world today."

Perhaps the most important single benefit to emerge from the costly and ill-fated venture was Hughes's answer to an almost insuperable obstacle: how to *control* such an enormous machine. It could not be done manually. So Hughes designed workable power controls of a sensitivity undreamed of in the middle Forties. This alone made the entire Hercules project worth while. Without this technological breakthrough, mammoth

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jet planes might not have been developed until the Sixties.

The Hercules flew only once, on November 2, 1947, with Hughes, appropriately, at the controls. At 100 mph, Hughes pulled on the joy stick and the huge plane trembled and rose to an altitude of some 70 feet above the choppy water. The Hercules remained airborne for nearly a mile.

Howard Hughes had achieved his desire to build and fly the largest plane in his time. The Hercules was returned to its hangar, where it sits, at a rumored cost of $500,000 a year in hangar space and labor. Like all his possessions, the Hercules waits in luxury.

• • •

On July 11, 1936, in Los Angeles, Hughes and a ladyfriend, Nancy Bell Bayly, were driving slowly on Third Street around 11 P.M. in Hughes's $16,500 Duesenberg. Here is his statement of what happened:

"I was driving west . . . when a car passed me on the right and pushed me over to the left. . . . Just as we reached the intersection, a man ran out in front of the other car. . . . The man ran ahead, right in front of my car. I tried to turn to the right to miss him and put on the brakes, and it was impossible."

His car struck Gabe S. Meyer, a 59-year-old salesman, killing him instantly. Hughes was exonerated by a coroner's jury. However, it is one thing to be judged innocent by a court of law, quite another to pronounce yourself blameless. Some time later, while driving to a restaurant where one of his starlets was waiting for him, Hughes ran over a dog. He stopped the car, picked up the animal, drove to a veterinarian and showed up two hours late for dinner. He sat down beside the girl, his coat stained with dog's blood, and proceeded to ignore her throughout the meal, making frequent dashes to the phone to call the animal hospital to check on the dog's recovery.

He was to have another accident that brought severe physical injury and—some amateur Hughes analysts believe—permanent damage to his psyche. On a Sunday afternoon in July 1946, he climbed into the cockpit to test-fly the XF-11, a photo-reconnaissance plane of his own design. In mid-flight, the rear half of the right propeller complex reversed itself. The four front blades were trying to pull the airplane ahead, while the four rear blades were trying as hard to push it backward. Hughes was helpless at the controls. The XF-11 crashed in the middle of Beverly Hills, plowing through the roof of a house, a nearby garage and smashing into the home of an Army colonel.

A Marine sergeant, William Lloyd Durkin, discovered Hughes's broken, bleeding body and helped pry him away from the wreckage. His chest was crushed. Nine of his ribs were broken. His left lung was collapsed. His left shoulder was broken. He suffered a lacerated skull and a broken nose. He was seared by second- and third-degree burns. He was not expected to live.

Three days later, Hughes, in great pain, summoned an aide. He had been working on an idea. He asked for a bed to be built made up of three-inch foam-rubber squares covered by cloth. Each square was to be mounted on a platform and under each platform was to be a screw jack attached to a motor: 80 squares, 80 motors. Each square could then tilt independently in any direction. The bed was built and even included a hole in the middle so a bedpan could be slid in and out without disturbing the patient.

When Hughes had finally recovered enough to leave the hospital, he was a changed man. The trauma induced by his accident and the suffering that followed have lasted to this day. A man who survives such terrible wounds is particularly susceptible to respiratory infection; conceivably, he might not survive pneumonia. This may account for the sterile, air-conditioned, controlled environment in which Hughes lives today. One guesses that the wreckage of his body damaged his spirit. His distaste for public exhibition grew rapidly. So powerful did it become that 17 years later, Hughes was willing to risk a $145,000,000 default judgment rather than appear in person at the TWA court hearing.

For Sergeant Durkin, the man who helped save his life, Hughes arranged a lifetime annuity. Durkin (probably under orders) never mentioned it. Years later, the story came out and Hughes was furious. His passion for secrecy is consistent: He wants *no* publicity—bad or good.

There is something capricious about Hughes's charitable impulses. He gets them while reading the paper (practically every magazine and newspaper published in the United States finds its way to Hughes's sanitized cell) and acts on them arbitrarily and instantly. He may learn about a child stricken with a rare disease; four eminent specialists are rushed to the bedside. It may be the wife of a Hughes employee who has died; she receives a naïvely anonymous check for $20,000.

These are about the *only* times Hughes makes up his mind quickly. In his business dealings, he procrastinates intolerably. Decisions intrude on his passionate absorption in detail. Yet personally, he lives as austerely as a monk.

"I am not a man of mystery," he said in 1952. "I run several businesses, and the people associated with me read those stories and do not understand them. There is nothing mysterious about me. I have no taste for expensive clothes. Clothes are something to wear and automobiles are transportation. If they merely cover me up and get me there, that's sufficient. In a Chevrolet, I can go where I want without being noticed. I can drive up to the curb without getting the *Hail the Conquering Hero*. I want to avoid any ceremony and pomp. I eat in my office or wherever I happen to be because I want to be unobtrusive."

• • •

If Howard Hughes were to spend all his worth, both invested and liquid, he could possibly run the entire Federal Government for a 48-hour period. For that length of time, he could assume interest on the national debt, pay the cost of keeping our unemployed, underwrite the country's wars and the operation of its agencies.

How did he amass such an incomprehensible sum? The great fortunes of the world have their roots in the past. The Rockefellers, the DuPonts, the Mellons, the Rothschilds all began building their wealth generations ago (in the case of the Rothschilds, hundreds of years ago). With time, their interests have proliferated into a tangled skein of subsidiary companies. Some of these subsidiaries grew of themselves; the growth of others was part of a successful and continuous attempt to avoid the bugaboo of the very rich: taxes.

In comparison, Hughes's empire is young and baldly simple. Its basis is the Hughes Tool Company. Ever since big Howard invented his drill bit, Hughes Tool has been a faithful and munificent provider. Hughes owns it wholly. The company strength is twofold. The first is the product itself, initially protected by patents and diligently improved by research. The company manufactures the tool joints used to couple sections of drill pipe. It also makes over 400 types and sizes of rock bits—roughly 75 percent of all bits used in drilling oil wells in the non-Communist world. Hughes's metallurgical-research organization is second to none in the United States. It has continuously developed new equipment while refining the technology of metal hardening. Wisely, the company has always leased its drill bits. No one can *buy* one. Therefore, no one can retip the dulled cones and resell them at lower prices.

Its other strength is a highly efficient and pervasive sales-and-service organization. This facility makes the oil industry extraordinarily dependent upon Hughes Tool. All bits in use are under constant surveillance by a company representative. So are the oil-rich Texas plains; Hughes Tool salesmen have been known to keep rig owners posted on when and where

*"Oh, yes—do come in!"*

*"Lionel! . . . That's your good suit!"*

new fields are ripe for exploration.

Another factor contributes to the company's success. Hughes Tool is the only one of his enterprises the boss has left alone. He has been seen in its offices once since 1926, two years after he walked from the Houston courtroom with Judge Monteith's permission to become a billionaire. His management team is left to run the business its own way. The result: an estimated gross yearly income of more than $75,000,000.

The second of Hughes's major companies is Hughes Aircraft—which has not manufactured airplanes since it produced the Hercules prototype. After returning the seaplane to its hangar, Hughes lapsed into weeks of deep and eager brooding over his next business venture. He presciently concluded that a great breakthrough would soon occur in the electronics industry and, furthermore, that Hughes Aircraft could become the finest electronics corporation in the world. This decision was quite in line with the general order he had given Noah Dietrich—his longtime top assistant who stayed with him for over 30 years—when he hired him. Dietrich asked his new employer what he wanted him to do. "First," Hughes answered, "help make me the richest man in the world." [Hughes's life in the present is trenchantly discussed in the accompanying article by James Phelan; it looks at Noah Dietrich today, at 83, and at other principals in the current confusion surrounding the Hughes empire.—*Ed.*]

Now The Man had to find someone to run his electronics corporation, which consisted so far only of what was in his head, plus a few scribbled notes. Hughes always has had trouble hiring top executives. As he has grown older and stranger, so has his notoriety spread among top management. As early as 1947, most of the eligible executives in the country felt one had to be insane to take a job with him. Lieutenant General Harold L. George—who had run the Military Air Transport Command during World War Two and had retired from the Army to run a Peruvian airline—was no exception. When Hughes wrote to George, whom he had met during the war years, and asked him to head Hughes Aircraft during its changeover to an electronics concern, George turned down the job with alacrity. So Hughes phoned him. Against his will, General George found himself agreeing to go to Los Angeles with his family at Hughes's expense. Hughes reasoned that at least George could use a vacation.

The general checked into the Beverly Wilshire Hotel and called 7000 Romaine Street, saying that he had arrived. Days later, a crisp young voice phoned to tell George the appointment had been arranged. He was to be at a certain street, at a typical Howard Hughes business-conference time: two A.M. At the designated hour, a battered Chevrolet pulled up beside him. Hughes was at the wheel. George got in and they proceeded to drive solemnly and aimlessly around Los Angeles, while Hughes told him about his ideas, punctuating his conversation with increasingly tempting job offers. All the while, Hughes was patient, kind, courteous—and would not take no for an answer. George accepted the job at a salary of $50,000 a year.

He hedged his acceptance with a choice array of disclaimers. Hughes was not to interfere in George's operations. Hughes was to make himself available for discussion and consultation; and, *mirabile dictu*, such discussions were to be held during the ordinary business day. Hughes agreed to everything and the two men shook hands. The electronics company, under the protective hat of Hughes Aircraft—which, in turn, carried on its business under the umbrella of Hughes Tool Company—was launched. At first, things went smoothly enough. George recruited top scientists and gave them free intellectual rein. By 1949, Hughes Aircraft delivered to its customers almost $9,000,000 worth of equipment. In 1953, it delivered gross orders amounting to $200,000,000.

Over 1000 electronics engineers, mathematicians and other assorted technicians were working for Hughes Aircraft. At that point, the enterprise was actually making more money than its parent company. But by then, the inevitable pattern had begun to work its way past George's adamant conditions of agreement. He couldn't reach The Man for important decisions—sometimes not for months. In order to make good on its numerous and enormously profitable commitments (mainly to the Air Force), Hughes Aircraft needed additional capital. Specifically, General George transmitted to Hughes, via Romaine Street, a request for additional laboratory space costing close to $4,000,000. George, and the huge complex for which he was responsible, waited impatiently for The Man's reaction.

Hughes's eventual reply suggested that any additional facilities be built in Las Vegas. He wanted to use some land he had recently acquired there. The solution was wholly impractical. Quite naturally, George didn't want his increased laboratory space in a separate state. After weeks of delay, General George was allowed to expand his plant in Culver City.

But an irritated Hughes decreed that all blueprints had to be submitted to him for approval. Routinely, plans were sent to Hughes, held sometimes for weeks and returned with detailed instructions on such things as a change in the placement of windows or the color of paint.

The petty demands multiplied like locusts and Hughes Aircraft still waited interminably for major decisions. General George lost his usually calm disposition and a number of pounds.

At that point, Noah Dietrich, sulking

jealously in his Tool Company office as George's impressive sales figures passed over his desk, decided he wished to run Hughes Aircraft directly. He tried to accomplish this in various direct and indirect ways, calling on existing corporate imbalances to help him. For, while Toolco was running Hughes Aircraft, there was no representation on Toolco's board of directors from Hughes Aircraft. Dietrich had no understanding of electronics and his insensitive meddling so enraged George that, after a few months, his secretary was careful to keep Dietrich's name out of any conversation with her boss.

The affair ended in 1953, when George, preceded by two of his top scientist-executives—Dean Wooldridge and Simon Ramo—sent his resignation to 7000 Romaine Street. Wooldridge and Ramo built an immediately successful electronics firm of their own. (The Ramo-Wooldridge Corporation later merged with Thompson Products, Inc., and is now TRW Inc.) General George simply faded from the Hughes universe. There were many more top-level resignations. The Man wondered if it was all the work of Communists.

After this wholesale desertion, The Man turned his attentions to other matters. In a short time, Hughes Aircraft began to fulfill its potential. In fact, so successful did it become that it was quickly imperative for Hughes to find a use for its mounting profits. As a result, in 1954, Hughes became philanthropic and established the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, a nonprofit organization for medical research. His first gift to that foundation was Hughes Aircraft stock—*in toto*. A portion of its profits were siphoned off to feed this new institution.

Next, Hughes had to find someone to run the company, as both the Air Force, his biggest customer, and his own management had repeatedly requested. He found Lawrence Hyland, a Bendix Corporation executive, who, from the beginning, enjoyed an advantage that General George saw evaporate after his first blissful months: He was allowed to run the company free from Hughes's intervention.

Hughes Aircraft is still an extremely successful electronics firm. It is still run by Hyland and its profits are enormous. The company's net worth is calculated at slightly less than $500,000,000. It originated the Early Bird and now manufactures satellites for a global communications system subscribed to by 81 countries. It is a stunning success, and also predictably benevolent to another Hughes venture, since most of its profits go to the nonprofit Howard Hughes Medical Institute, which, of course, is wholly controlled by Howard Hughes.

• • •

There are failures in the life of any businessman, even Hughes. But his mistakes have invariably paid off—one of them overwhelmingly.

In May 1948, Hughes acquired, from Floyd Odlum, controlling interest in RKO studios. He paid $9.50 a share, for a total of $8,825,500, and became at one stroke principal stockholder in one of Hollywood's major motion-picture studios. Almost incidentally, he gained control of 124 theaters, thus giving him, for the first time in his spasmodic cinematic career, a ready-made distribution complex.

The resulting course of events followed the familiar pattern. The first executive to go was Dore Schary, a literate, immensely competent film maker, who couldn't disguise his dislike for Hughes. Peter Rathvon, president of RKO, followed almost immediately. Rathvon and Schary were followed by nearly 700 fellow employees. By the end of the summer, RKO was almost stripped of its staff.

About that time, Hughes put the ubiquitous Noah Dietrich at the head of RKO Corporation. True to his inverse logic, Hughes was never seen on the RKO lot but opened an office at the Goldwyn Studios, about a mile away, so he could transmit orders by messenger, telephone or carrier pigeon.

One of the first things Hughes did was sell RKO those properties that he actually owned, including *The Outlaw*, *Mad Wednesday* and *Vendetta*, believing that by distributing those films, the studio's financial picture would be given a quick boost. By the end of the year, the studio suspended production. It had managed to lose over $5,500,000 during the first year of Hughes's administration.

It became clear to those unfortunate executives whom RKO had hired to fill the spaces left by the vigorous Hughes broom that everything had to be cleared with The Man.

The motion-picture business is an impulse-buying industry. When you move for a script, for a star, you act quickly—or the other fellow gets there first. Clearly, such an impetuous business climate will prove uncomfortable for someone so daunted by the idea of decision making that he buries himself in trivial detail. At one point, The Man became interested

*"Where am I going to find pickles and ice cream at this time of night?"*

in an elaborate set that had been constructed at great expense on the RKO lot. He ordered the set dismantled and re-created for him a mile away, on the Goldwyn lot, where he could see it from his window. After his suggested changes were made, the set was again dismantled and reconstructed on the RKO lot.

Having become part of The Man's private universe, RKO moved as far from reality as Hughes himself.

During his reign at RKO, there was a marvelously complicated system of espionage in effect. Battered Chevrolets driven by crewcut young men shadowed top executives. Information was passed on to Hughes's message center by anyone who wanted a quick $100 in cash. He trusted no employee. Morale, never high, hit rock bottom.

Sometimes he tried to become the impulsive wheeler-dealer, buying picture scripts at ridiculously high prices on a whim; they were put into production and never finished. RKO's board of directors' disgust became increasingly vocal as RKO lost more money. The company became entangled in a cloud of legal disputation, a cloud that follows Hughes wherever he goes.

Hughes's reply to the board's persistent criticism was typically obstinate. As managing director of production, he declared that no script could be shot without his problematical consent. The quagmire thickened. An Ann Sheridan vehicle, scheduled for 1949, never got off the ground. Miss Sheridan ended up suing RKO. *Jet Pilot*, a modern *Hell's Angels*, took so long to complete that the Air Force uniforms worn in the film became obsolete during the movie's production.

Hughes continued to operate RKO in his own inscrutable fashion and the studio lost more money. He kept hiring people—good people, who had worked with the best, who were the best themselves. They endured for as long as they could and then they, too, left. Among the many distinguished dropouts from Hughes's RKO tenure is the producer-director team of Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna. They had been signed—after wild shenanigans involving the usual battered car and two-A.M. conversations had defeated once-firm resistances—to one of the largest five-year contracts in cinematic history.

Another RKO executive recalls his business days under Hughes with a mixture of amusement and horror. He dealt with Hughes by phone from time to time.

> I'd just gotten divorced. I was asleep when the phone rang. It was after two A.M. It was Hughes. "Are you alone?" he asked suspiciously. I told him I was. "I asked you that because you've just gotten your divorce. You're sure you're alone?"
>
> He asked me, "How long will it take you to read a script?" I told him about two hours for a standard-length screenplay. "I'll call you back in two hours," he said. "There's a script on its way to you."
>
> Within one minute after hanging up, the doorbell rang. One of his crewcut young men stood there with a script in one hand and a receipt in the other. I signed for the script, got back into bed and read it. God-awful script. The phone rang two hours later.
>
> "Well? What do you think?"
>
> I remember I thought: Here goes. I said, "If you're considering this vehicle for someone of Miss Peters' abilities—I'd say it's far below her talents, Howard."
>
> He thanked me, apologized for disturbing me and, one minute later, there was the same guy ringing my doorbell. I gave him back the script, he gave me back my receipt and I went back to bed for two hours' sleep.
>
> When I got to my office, I didn't know if I still had a job. Then the other guys started to trickle in, all of them with bags under their eyes. We finally got to talking among ourselves. Everyone there had read the same script the night before. Hughes had staggered his calls at half-hour intervals. One poor bastard didn't get back to bed at all. He was low man on the totem pole.

Another favorite anecdote dating from Hughes's RKO days has come to be known as the "Rapunzel's Hair" story. The girl involved, Gail Ganley, was 18, pretty, a student at UCLA and looking for a career in the movies.

One morning she received a phone call. A pleasant voice told her that a very influential person was interested in helping her career. Would she mind having some photographs taken? If she agreed, the voice implied, she might become a movie star. That was sufficient urging for Miss Ganley. She reported to the specified Hollywood photo studio, where she was shot without make-up, flat-lit, so that she would look (she remembers thinking) as ghastly as possible. Afterward, she repeatedly questioned her agent for information. He acted as though she had been struck by beneficent lightning, but he said nothing.

A chauffeur driving a battered Chevrolet arrived some days later and the girl found herself at the studios of a famous dramatic coach. He let her know, finally, that he usually took in hand Howard Hughes's discoveries. She had been picked by The Man.

Every afternoon, the chauffeur picked her up and drove her to her lessons. Miss Ganley would work conscientiously for two hours or so and then be taken to the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she and her mother—who went along as a chaperone—would eat dinner. Everything was charged to Hughes. After dinner, Gail would return to her lessons and work until 10:30 or 11 at night.

The schedule was inflexible. After a while, Mrs. Ganley decided her presence as chaperone was unnecessary. The girl continued her rigid routine. After a month, however, she understandably grew bored and called her agent. He called his contact at 7000 Romaine Street, who informed him that there was a contract ready and waiting for Miss Ganley, but Hughes had not yet found time to sign it.

The arrangement, the coaching, the free meals seemed to go on indefinitely. Finally, Gail quit in disgust. A gifted musician, she joined an orchestra. Two years later, she received a phone call from Romaine Street. They wanted new glossies. This time they offered her a contract and expense money. They gave her an honest-to-God script—*A Pale Moon*—to read. She didn't like it. Hughes's representative reminded her it had cost a great deal of money and added that high-priced writing talent was busy reshaping the story.

The routine began again. This time she was allowed to drive her own car. She had free meals waiting at a number of top Hollywood restaurants but received no promised expense money. Finally, when her own funds began to run low, she gave Romaine Street an ultimatum. With earnest assurances, they arranged a way to give the 20-year-old starlet some cash. Hughes's people agreed to station one of their men in a car in front of 7000 Romaine at a specified time. When Gail appeared, driving her car, he would sound his horn in a predetermined pattern. A window would open on the second floor of the building and a white envelope would be lowered on a long string. The man in the car would get out, sign a receipt clipped to the envelope, take the envelope off its hook and ceremoniously hand it over to Miss Ganley. Inside, in cash, would be the agreed amount of money. Meanwhile, the receipt rose slowly back toward the open window, where an anonymous hand reached out and took it.

After a while, Gail was authorized to drive down to 7000 Romaine herself and do her own signaling. The envelope would be lowered. She would sign the receipt and pocket the cash. This went on for two years. By then, the girl knew every line of *A Pale Moon* by heart. She also knew as much about acting technique as money could buy. After this 24-month period had elapsed, she received another

phone call: Hughes had decided against doing the picture.

In 1962, Gail Ganley, stuffed with expensive food and expensive lessons, but thin in the pocketbook—the envelope had stopped descending from the window at 7000 Romaine—brought suit against Hughes for more than $500,000. The suit was settled out of court. She declined to talk about most of her experiences with the Hughes ménage, but once, much later, she told a friend, "I keep seeing that goddamn script. I know it by heart, every lousy word, every line, including the camera directions."

Between Hughes's selection of starlets whom he sincerely believed he would promote to stardom and of scripts that were never shot and the films that weren't completed, RKO's fortunes continued to fall. By early 1954, RKO publicly held stock had lost nearly 70 percent of its value under The Man's stewardship and the corporation could point to over-all losses of more than $38,000,000.

Finally, Hughes acted, in his own inimitable style. First he disposed of 929,000 shares of the theater-owning-company stock that he had obtained as a result of an antitrust ruling that divorced the theater chain from the studio. Hughes sold his shares to an investment group at $4.75 each. The stock had been selling on the exchange at $3.875 per share. Now The Man had recouped approximately 50 percent—nearly $4,500,000—of the sum he had originally disbursed to Floyd Odlum.

On February 8, 1954, Hughes offered to pay $23,489,478 in cash for *all* RKO assets. This would pay off all stockholders at the hefty price of six dollars per share—shares that were selling on the big board for under three dollars at the time. Together with this kingly offer, The Man issued a rare public pronouncement:

"There have been expressions of dissatisfaction among shareholders. I have been sued by certain of the stockholders and accused of responsibility for losses of the corporation. I would like to feel that I have given all the shareholders of RKO Pictures Corporation an opportunity to receive for their stock an amount well in excess of its market value."

On February 14, 1954, the RKO board decided to accept Hughes's offer; the stockholders ratified their acceptance a month later and Hughes became one of the few men ever to own a major studio outright. A bemused film industry watched and wondered. What would The Man do with his prize, undoubtedly the largest commercial white elephant ever acquired by one individual?

He sold it. He immediately entered into negotiations with Thomas Francis O'Neil, president of General Teleradio, which owned four TV stations, among

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to get our Christmas tree. The woods around Jack Daniel's Hollow are filled with them. We hope that you won't have to go to too much trouble getting ready for the holidays either. So you can sit back and truly enjoy this happiest of all seasons.

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other things, and was increasingly interested in the purchase of feature films.

It was Tom O'Neil's first exposure to the Hughes marathon of no sleep, constant talk, little or no food. After some days of this, the exhausted middle-aged executive, his eyes blurred and stinging, peered hazily at a document that The Man produced at the right psychological moment and agreed to sign it. But Hughes wasn't through. For some private, undiscernible reason, he refused to have the agreement ratified in California. Tired to death and confused, O'Neil found himself in a Hughes-piloted aircraft headed for Las Vegas. The contract was signed there, giving Hughes a profit approaching $10,000,000, minus a capital-gains tax of 25 percent.

O'Neil went to bed for 12 hours of exhausted sleep.

If RKO was a fiasco that eventually produced a relatively small—for Hughes—profit, Trans World Airlines was an unmitigated disaster, out of which The Man was to clear a mammoth sum.

His association with TWA began when he was 34 years old. It took over a quarter century for him to finally sell out, and he did so against his will. The story is more than instructive. Like Hughes's spasmodic life style itself, it is a mixture of outrageous events and undeniable serendipity.

In 1934, a young airplane pilot, Jack Frye, became president of an airline then named Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc. The airline operated between Los Angeles and New York and other scattered points in a sort of hit-or-miss fashion. (Indeed, such irregular performances were symptomatic of most airlines in those technologically prehistoric times.) Frye and Hughes had known and respected each other as pilots. Frye was looking for capital. He envisioned luxurious galleons of the sky moving hundreds of passengers from one end of the country to the other at enormous speeds. However, his shareholders had informed him they were in the airline industry and had little taste for such science fiction. So Frye gave Hughes a call and explained that he needed money. The Man listened to Frye and asked one question.

"How much money?"

"Fifteen million dollars," Frye said. He gulped and then added, "In cash."

Hughes exploded. "Good God! Don't you realize that's a small fortune?"

Frye, who must have gulped again at hearing $15,000,000 dismissed as a "small fortune," agreed that it was a "considerable amount of money," and Hughes retired to ponder the idea.

He decided he'd like to own an airline. He purchased controlling interest in Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., for more than $7,000,000.

The more Hughes worked, the more excited about the passenger-airline industry's future he became. Hughes and Frye spent nights dreaming of great ships traveling at supersonic speed while the passengers ate elegant meals and watched the latest movies in regal comfort. Most of their associates thought they were, to put it kindly, visionary.

But the planes were on the drawing board. Hughes spent most of his time on technical matters. TWA had a boss who was a combination of superconscientious test pilot and mechanic. Out of Hughes's absorption in technical detail there was born the Lockheed Constellation, which became—with the Douglas DC series—the standard of the commercial airlines.

Meanwhile, he neglected the business end of the company and TWA lost money with alarming consistency. That didn't seem to bother Hughes, perhaps because the airline was owned—here, again, the same structure existed—almost wholly by Hughes Tool Company. In fact, TWA was a valuable tax loss to Hughes. For the tool company was immensely profitable, and its profits, had they been paid out to The Man, would have been returned to the IRS almost entirely. But Hughes Tool Company did not pay out its earnings to Howard Hughes; instead, it explained to the IRS that most of its profits went into feeding its subsidiary, TWA, which was draining it. Result: Hughes Tool Company never did have to pay a truly ruinous undistributed-profits tax.

In the late Fifties, commercial airlines entered the jet age. In February 1956, after five years of study, Hughes placed his first order for jet airplanes. He ordered 33 Boeing 707s, 30 Convair 880s from General Dynamics and millions more in piston-driven aircraft. With some other commitments, Hughes had, in one grand gesture, placed TWA (and Hughes Tool Company) in the position of owing $497,000,000. Apart from this enormous commitment, Hughes's belated timing also put TWA years behind competitors in terms of actual delivery of aircraft.

While he waited for delivery of planes he didn't have the money to pay for, Hughes stalled for time while looking for capital. But by the end of 1960, the banks, Wall Street and the Federal Government were fed up with Hughes. They resented his arrogance, unpredictability and the fact that he could never be seen face to face.

For the first time, Hughes was out of his depth, afloat in a muddy sea of commitments he could not possibly fulfill. Though he had told his friend Odlum in 1958 that he would "rather starve in a garret than give up TWA," he was forced by his creditors to put his stock in a voting trust on December 30, 1960. In April 1961, effective responsibility was handed to new president Charles C. Tillinghast, Jr., and his management sued, charging that Hughes had taken advantage of TWA to serve his own interests. Hughes still owned the airline, but he could no longer run it. He had been told, and not subtly, to go away and let others thought more qualified take over.

Things improved almost immediately. TWA (which had showed a loss in 1961—the year after Hughes lost control) lost money in 1962, then showed a profit of some $20,000,000 in 1963, $37,000,000 in 1964 and over $50,000,000 in 1965.

TWA stock rose correspondingly. At the time Hughes was removed from active management, it was selling at less than $14 a share. When Hughes finally sold his stock—after giving everyone, including brokers and underwriters, a frantic last-minute run-around—he sold at $86 a share, very near the top of the market. And in selling, he made himself perhaps the richest man in the world.

On May 3, 1966, Hughes Tool Company accepted, on behalf of Howard R. Hughes, a check for the proceeds of his sale of 6,584,937 TWA shares. There was a strange expression on the faces of Hughes's representatives as they held the check gingerly, by its edges, toward the camera, as though it might explode at any moment. The check was made out for a total of $546,549,771. The amount was written twice—but in numerals only. There was no space on the front of the check to write out the sum in script. This check represented the largest amount of money ever paid an individual outright in the history of American finance.

• • •

On November 27, 1966, a large truck backed up to a huge service elevator at the Desert Inn Hotel and Casino on the Las Vegas Strip. When the truck doors opened, a man got up from a mattress and walked into a service elevator. The doors closed. Only a handful of people were ever to see Howard Hughes again. There on the ninth floor, in the Penthouse Suite, without a watch or a clock to remind him of the passage of time, he intended to spend the rest of his life. In his pocket—so to speak—was the TWA check that he planned to convert into income-producing properties and was thereby responsible for one of the great buying sprees in history.

The groundwork had already been laid. Among the shadowy figures who had arranged Hughes's entry into Las Vegas was a balding, vigorous man in his late 40s. The management of the Desert Inn Hotel knew him as a free-spending guest, Robert Murphy. This was a cover name for Robert A. Maheu, onetime FBI operative and, since 1953, owner of Robert A. Maheu Associates, a

management-consultant firm formed in Washington, D. C.

Beginning in 1957, Maheu Associates found themselves deeply involved with Hughes. They had successfully undertaken a number of minor chores for him. From 1957 to 1961, the small firm increased its involvement with The Man's affairs. Hughes liked the way Maheu handled his business. In 1961, Maheu moved from Washington to Los Angeles at Hughes's request. By 1965, Robert A. Maheu Associates had one client: Hughes, at a $500,000 annual retainer, plus lavish fringe benefits.

In September 1966, Hughes phoned Maheu from Boston and asked him to arrange accommodations for him in Las Vegas. He wanted to spend the rest of his life there.

Reserving space for Hughes was no easy matter, since he requested not rooms nor suites but floors. It must have taken some doing (since luxury penthouse floors were reserved for the big-time gamblers, who had come to expect them as their due), but Maheu managed it.

Maheu supervised Hughes's secret entrance into his eyrie. The special bugless phone wires and private switchboard had to be installed. The closed-circuit television, which allows The Man to talk from another room to those favored few who *do* speak with him, the elaborate amplifying system, which has become necessary with Hughes's increasing deafness, and the air purifiers and special air-conditioning systems also had to be emplaced.

Provisions had to be made for the praetorian guard: Hughes's army of silent, incorruptible, nonsmoking, teetotaling Mormons. The huge security system had to be briefed and organized. The bulletproof steel doors, painted to look like wood, had to be made and installed. Custom-built sanitary facilities had to be incorporated. Special hospital equipment, working on unusual voltages, had to be hooked up and made operative. And all this had to be done in absolute secrecy.

Hughes was now so terrified of the germs people carried that he refused to shake hands. He shaved himself, no longer tolerating barbers. His obsession with isolation had blossomed into paranoia.

Within two years, Maheu bought, for Hughes, the Desert Inn, the Sands Hotel, the Castaways Hotel, the Frontier Hotel, the Silver Slipper Casino and the Landmark Hotel. In Reno, he later acquired Harold's Club, the largest gaming room under one roof in the world. By 1971, much of Hughes's loose change—over $300,000,000—had been spent. Over 15 percent of Nevada's gambling revenue now flowed into the coffers of a man who did not gamble, smoke nor drink.

*"She was a center spread in "Field and Stream" last year."*

As chief of Hughes-Nevada Operations, Maheu controlled, under Hughes's direction, a gaming empire that employed more than 8000 people, with a total payroll of some $50,000,000 a year and a gross handle of some $500,000,000. Throw in a local airline, another $100,000,000 worth of desert land and a TV station and it can be understood that Nevada is as much the property of Howard Hughes as Tammany Hall once was of Boss Tweed.

• • •

On November 25, 1970, Howard Hughes left Las Vegas. He left it secretly, by night, as he had entered it. It was some time before anyone knew he had gone from the ninth floor of the Desert Inn. When the news broke in screaming headlines in the *Las Vegas Sun*, the city wailed; Daddy had left with the pay check.

Several days later, there was a quiet invasion. Hughes Tool, represented by Frank William Gay, senior vice-president, and Chester C. Davis, the company attorney, announced it had taken over the Hughes-Nevada Operations on Hughes's express command. Robert Maheu was fired and, with him, Jack Hooper, security chief for the network of private police that constantly patrols the Hughes hotels.

Maheu, unable to accept his dismissal, refused to quit. He hired an attorney, Morton Galane, and slapped a complex $50,000,000 suit on Hughes, Davis and Gay.

Rumors were thick: Hughes was dead. He was dying. He had been kidnaped by his top associates. Hank Greenspun, editor and publisher of the *Las Vegas Sun*, went on national television to express his fear that Hughes was merely a vegetable.

Thoroughly disturbed, Governor Paul Laxalt, together with an old Hughes acquaintance, Vegas district attorney George E. Franklin, Jr., pleaded for a phone call from The Man. Eventually, Hughes picked up the phone. He assured Laxalt he was fine—just recovering his health in the Bahamas. Twelve days later, a Vegas court ruled that Hughes, through the Hughes Tool Company's board of directors, had the legal right to fire Robert Maheu.

Why was Maheu fired? These are some of the reasons:

Hughes-Nevada produced in 1969–1970 something over one percent in profits. Most of Hughes's competing hotels produced nearer a ten percent profit during that same period.

Maheu is a high liver. His home, his yacht, his expense account, his clothes, his jewelry, are in contrast to the sober living standard of other Hughes executives—and Hughes Tool Company had greatly subsidized Maheu's life style.

Maheu had launched enterprises—that he's since sold—of his own. He bought, for instance, a fish-and-chips franchise. He bought controlling interest in Elpac, Inc., a bankrupt electronics firm. He became a partner of Marina City Corporation in Los Angeles. He invested in Radiarc, Inc., a distributor of

Japanese-made lights. In short, he became a reasonably active entrepreneur in his own right.

Hughes has a fatherly interest in his employees. He is often benign and protective. (One of the reasons he has hesitated to take Hughes Tool Company, complete with employees, to Vegas is his concern over whether the men on his payroll would lose their pay checks, not to mention their morals, in the casino pits. Also, executives of Hughes-Nevada Operations have been forbidden to use the Paradise Golf Course; its greens and fairways are supposedly watered by effluent. Lake Mead is *verboten*; it's polluted.) But he is also a harsh parent and never forgives anyone who competes with him on his own ground. (Noah Dietrich learned of Hughes's unbending sternness in 1957, when he mentioned once too often that he wanted to become more than just a salaried employee —he wanted some Hughes Tool Company stock. That request ended, peremptorily, their long association.)

Maheu had lived in a tremendous house on Country Club Lane—a private residential area of Las Vegas. It was complete with electronic alarm and built-in sprinkler systems. It had been built with Hughes's money. A week after Maheu's dismissal, his protective system, which included a direct wire to the Hughes security guards, was disconnected. His phone lines were cut shortly after that. He had seen this coming and had put in two phone lines in his own name.

Galane, Maheu's attorney, has argued, in the case, whether a man of Hughes's power could legitimately continue to hide. "If such a man is no longer in control," he stated in court, "that can be very serious for Las Vegas and for the entire state. Sometime, somewhere, Howard Hughes must make himself available to people. Some contact with him must be made." Galane believes that there comes a time when the right of a man's privacy is superseded by a moral obligation to a state and its people.

Since his retirement to Las Vegas in 1966, Hughes has seen no one except his secretary-nurses. He still has a few close acquaintances who remember times spent with him before he closed his bulletproof door permanently on the world. One of these acquaintances is Kirk Kerkorian, who had this to say about him:

"Hughes was a good businessman, but he was also lucky. He was forced out of TWA, but he was able to sell the stock at the right time. It could just as easily have gone another way."

Kirk Kerkorian knows about luck. He has managed to run a $12,000 stake, made during World War Two poker games, into an estimated $250,000,000 empire, which once included Las Vegas' Flamingo and International hotels. (They are now owned by the Hilton chain.)

Another of the very few who have actually known The Man on a more-or-less personal basis is Del Webb, himself a multimillionaire. Webb owns casinos and real estate in Las Vegas and various other profitable operations in different parts of the world. He has known Hughes for over a quarter century. He's probably the last outsider to have seen The Man, some four or five years ago. Webb remembers Hughes's eyes: "He's got black eyes. They look right through you when he talks. When I last saw him, he'd grown older, but he hadn't changed much. He still had his mustache and his hair was graying. He was still tall, stooped and underweight." Webb has always been fascinated by Hughes's *modus operandi*: "I wish I could work the way Howard does. He concentrates on one thing at a time. He doesn't let anything interfere. There may be a hundred other things needing his attention. But he'll finish what he's working on, right down to the smallest detail. Perhaps he won't work in the right order; but, eventually, he gets it all done. It's not an easy pattern for his executives to work with, but you can't shake him."

Webb and The Man used to go out together on the town.

"Once, we took our wives to a small night club on the Strip to hear Ben Blue. We had dinner. The girls had some wine. We watched the show and then called for the check. Howard reached for it and remembered he had no money on him. I'd forgotten my wallet myself. So the girls paid for the dinner. Howard hates to sign his name to anything. He doesn't charge. He likes to pay and get it over with.

"He's the kind of fella who'll surprise you by how much insight he has one minute; and the next, you feel he has none at all. When he was younger, he was quite attractive to ladies. At one time," Webb adds delicately, "Howard was occasionally interested in ladies of the evening. He isn't particularly interested in making friends. All his friends, if you can call them that, are made through his business. The older he gets, the more he gets that way. And then, a fellow in his position—my God, everyone's after you. Charities! Many are worth while, but there's a limit. You almost have to remove yourself to be able to live. Howard's developed a complex as he's grown older. He thinks everyone's trying to take advantage of him. He gets an odd view of the world through letters, newspapers and television.

"He's moved around from one hotel to another all his life. He once told me, 'I live around damn hotels just like a rat! I've got to get myself a home!' So we started looking for a home for him. He wanted to live near Vegas. Found a place he liked, but he got caught in a dust storm while looking over the site. He played around with the idea of building a shell around the house to catch the dust, but that proved impractical. So he dropped the idea. Then we looked around for a place in Florida. But he couldn't take the mosquitoes."

Webb laughs, dismissing stories of The Man's untidiness.

"Howard doesn't have many clothes, but what he wears is neat and clean. When he's working, he's in slacks with an open shirt. He's no fashion plate. He rarely takes time to buy clothes. He's just not interested in them."

Webb says that Hughes's one overriding ambition is "to leave two billion dollars to a new medical-research center. But he's come to an impasse with his advisors. He had in mind to build a clinic and a research center in some isolated spot. But he had no plans for a hospital. The doctors said he had to build at least a 2800-bed hospital to go with it. And it ought to be connected to a university. And he would need to be fairly close to an airport, even if he had to build one."

• • •

Hughes probably continues to function. Employees no doubt still dance like puppets at the end of a string of telephone calls, handwritten and teletyped messages. He's surely surrounded by security guards, air purifiers, amplifiers, his closed-circuit television system and his doctors (not to mention his hospital equipment). He is not well; he reportedly suffers from anemia, among other ailments. Hank Greenspun says with melancholy relish, "The richest man in the world and he's dying of starvation."

And plans for the clinic–research center, where he could be conveniently treated while his isolation was being honored, await a series of Hughes decisions. "The reason he wants it away from everything," explains Del Webb, "is that he'd like his name identified with it—like the Mayo Clinic. It's really what he's dedicated his life to. But he hasn't yet made up his mind."

The big Vegas money would probably say that he never will. For this time, the partnership is different. In the past, Howard Hughes has used time and they've worked well together. The longer he let it run, the more he won. The RKO sale and the TWA settlement attest to that. But money isn't the measure anymore—his health is; and Howard Hughes, plushly quarantined on a Nassau hotel's ninth floor, is losing.

# LOVE'S LABORS CAST

*(continued from page 200)*

early Sixties. In his sculpture, the first encounter with sexual love as a potential subject occurred in 1962, when he asked a newlywed couple who often came to visit to pose for him sitting on a park bench. Since the girl had posed for drawings, it seemed natural that the double portrait be in the nude—a traditional idealizing device with ample historic precedent. In this sculpture, the girl holds her hand possessively on the man's thigh. Segal recalls how the pose struck him as an ironic inversion of the tribal kings and queens in African sculpture: "Was this a young free breed sitting in tribal authority or were they mocking marital togetherness?"

As one pose prompted another, the young lovers were eager to comply. Segal cast them lying on a bed in tender embrace and called it *Lovers on a Bed*. The sheltering superiority of the woman, who was, indeed, the stronger of the two, is evident again in this sculpture. Segal admits that it taught him how people's private sensual lives can differ from their private mental lives.

This first version of the lovers was intimate and poetic. Reflecting young love and "early sexual bloom," to quote Segal, it steered clear of the self-doubt, disenchantment and downright hostility that marked later versions. As the models for *Lovers on a Bed* lost their last vestiges of self-consciousness in his presence and grew increasingly bold, Segal was led at their urging to cast them while making love to each other. The artist pondered the difficulty of "plunging in, almost as a participant, yet keeping the distance required for doing the job." It's ironic that loveplay, so familiar to all of us, is so difficult to record satisfactorily. It thwarts most artists' efforts to grapple with it. Grappling—to come back to Segal—has the extra connotation of physical contact, the constant touch of the hand on the bodies of the people he is casting. Only the film director is forced into so direct a confrontation with his subjects, especially in seeking to record erotic actions. Like the film director, Segal is dependent on the right vibrations from his subjects. With his *Lovers on a Bed* models, unfortunately, they were all wrong. Their relationship had deteriorated in a year's time to the point where a deep-seated hostility of the man toward the woman foiled their attempts to act lovingly. It turned Segal off, made him dissatisfied with the cast and killed the desire to put the pieces together. Thus, the "fuck piece," as he wryly refers to his abortive venture, lies sadly discarded in a corner of his studio.

The theme of lovers on a bed was taken up again in 1965, when the artist cast his *Couple on a Bed*, now in the Art Institute of Chicago. Most striking there is the acceptance of conflict, the falling out of grace. The man is seated on the edge of the bed, brooding and turned away from the woman, who is stretched out and relaxed. "I have noticed," Segal says, "how quickly after intercourse two bodies exist again within their own boundaries."

Segal has cast a great many women, generally alone and unobserved, absorbed by routine occupations, vaguely narcissistic and not altogether unerotic, if only by inference. What shines through clearly is the artist's love for women. He finds none of their activities too trivial to be treated fondly. There is a long procession of subjects: woman shaving her leg in a bathtub, stepping from a shower stall, washing her foot in a sink, hooking her bra, putting on her shoes, combing her hair, polishing her nails, fixing an earring that has come loose, looking in a mirror or simply sitting on a chair. Segal's work depends and thrives on watching the people around him. Just as he wrenches qualities from objects—color, shape, texture, memory associations—he selects pertinent gestures in people, favoring those fragile and delicate ones that flash by in

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the blink of an eye but are incredibly telling.

Could there be a subject more banal than a woman shaving her leg? Yet Segal revels in the eroticism of that bathroom scene: "If you live with a woman, the bathroom is a natural place to be nude and a place often inviting erotic play." Critics have compared *Woman Shaving Her Leg* to a Venus rising from the sea, seeing in it not a specific occurrence but an archetype and praising her not for what she does but for what she promises. In trying to understand the comparison of Segal's work to classical art and mythological themes, we have to conclude that the whiteness of the plaster has a great deal to do with it. Place the cast of a girl sprawled on a mattress upright against a wall and she turns into a caryatid begging for company that will help her support the roof of an imaginary temple. And since we are all living in a museum without walls, we will understand the sculptor when he refers to yet another great culture: "When looking at *Woman Washing Her Foot in Sink*, I was struck by how much her pose resembled that of women I had seen in erotic Hindu temple sculpture who stretched their bodies to their anatomical limits for the glory and celebration of sex raised to religion."

In a series of women sitting on chairs, Segal makes his purest statement. The artist's logic is simple and direct: "I love women's bodies. I love and collect chairs. Chairs are magical containers of the body." But what intrigues him in particular is the soft, voluptuous form of the women against the straight hard lines of the chair—"that springboard for erotic pleasure," he says. In no work has that precarious balance between woman and chair been better achieved than in *Pregnant Woman*, a 1966 commission for PLAYBOY (see *The Playmate as Fine Art*, January 1967) that seems to defy rather than comply with the PLAYBOY image. Yet the girl is beautiful, the scene is moving and the chair has all the properties Segal ascribes to it.

More powerful sometimes than a full form or statement is a fragment or allusion. In a recent interview, Segal admitted to Dick Bellamy, his longtime friend and onetime dealer, that the fragments must have their beginnings in some kind of erotic or sensual impulse, an attempt to "define bits of lips, fingers, breast, folds of flesh, intricate lines." He asked himself what they were: "Notations? Loving comments? Lyric statements? Glimpses of things seen before?" Their poetry is so strong that when left on the floor, they look like spring leaves and when hung on a wall, they seem like bits and pieces of a cubist collage—the highest accolade, in the artist's estimation. They are like words barely spoken and sweet compliments between lovers. One of Segal's most recent works, *Lovers on a Bed II*, is yet another version of the theme that haunted him throughout the Sixties. It is tender and intimate but much less virginal than that first bed piece. Obviously, the people portrayed are knowledgeable and mature; their pose radiates a long familiarity with sex and a capacity for sexual abandon. Stretched out, relaxed, their limbs touching, they are bathed in sensuality. It would seem that, for Segal, the good feelings are back again.

*"For God's sake, Murray! If you see one Pepsi, you've seen them all!"*

## PORN-O-PHONE

*(continued from page 222)*

DEGENERATE: Have you got a pencil?

S.N.O.K.: Yes. Shoot.

DEGENERATE: Tell Shirley I'm going to screw her brains out.

S.N.O.K.: Mm-hmm. Can I say who called?

DEGENERATE: She'll know.

S.N.O.K.: At least, are you a professional man? Lawyer? Doctor? Indian chief?

DEGENERATE: Hey—just give her the message. OK?

S.N.O.K.: Do you work for a profit-making organization? Are you salaried or self-employed? Do you earn more than——

DEGENERATE: Jesus. (*Hangs up*)

Excitedly, Griselda wrote out a check and went home to wait for her first call. Since it was Beginner's Service, it would be a Soft-Voiced Stranger. Other than that, she knew only that it would come during non–rush hours. (Porn-o-Phone research had shown that the least sexy times are 10:30–11:15 A.M. and 4:45–5:30 P.M. on weekdays.) The first call came at 11:02 on Thursday morning:

GRISELDA: Hello.

STRANGER: Griselda Thrindle?

GRISELDA: Yes?

STRANGER: I'm calling to persuade you to join me in a meaningful interpersonal relationship.

GRISELDA: I don't understand.

STRANGER: Well, it might include certain—er—intimacies.

GRISELDA: Could you be a little more specific?

STRANGER: I'm afraid not.

GRISELDA: Aren't you going to use any rotten language?

STRANGER: Sorry. For eight dollars, you get euphemisms.

GRISELDA: Aw, shit.

STRANGER: Yes, that's what they all say. Well, toodle-oo. (*Hangs up*)

The calls became the most important thing in Griselda's life. Her career was going down the drain. Her suds ranneth over. Her finesse with the Johnny-Mop grew stale, her short strokes careless. She lay awake nights having fantasies about men. She called Porn-o-Phone. She needed stronger stuff and she needed it quick.

For an additional six dollars a month, she ordered the Clinical Titillation Special. These calls came in the sexier evening hours. The new voice was manly and concise, a no-nonsense Sex Technician.

GRISELDA: Hello.

TECHNICIAN: Miss Griselda Thrindle?

GRISELDA: Yes.

TECHNICIAN: It is my intention to apply frictive activity to your *labia majora* and *minora*, thus bringing about oblate dilation of the voluntary sphincter musculature.

GRISELDA: Groovy. But what's in it for me?

TECHNICIAN: Well—I propose a program of erotogenic conditioning, including excitation of the clitoral reflex system, with consequent release of psychomotor inhibitions.

GRISELDA: OK—if I let you do all that, can we fool around afterward? You know what I mean—*tit for tat.*

TECHNICIAN: I'm sorry, my dear. I don't have any tats.

GRISELDA: Don't feel bad. I don't have any——

TECHNICIAN (*Hangs up*)

Griselda was hooked. She had to escalate her dosage—but she was out of money. In desperation, she sold her most prized possession—her masterwork—the brilliant formula she had once hoped would catapult her to the heights of chardom. No one had ever become a superchar without a secret ingredient. Griselda had worked for years perfecting hers—Propho-lax-o 26, with Instant Barnacle-Removing Action, for rubber ducks, plastic warships and other bathtub toys. It was to have been Griselda's gift to the children of the world—but now it would never see the light of day. The barnacle lobby snatched it up cheap—to keep it off the market. As soon as Griselda cashed the check, she called Porn-o-Phone and advanced herself to the Omar Khayyám Service ($48 a month).

The calls came from a Poetic Stranger. He had a high reedy voice and a soft erotic lisp (especially exciting to girls who like to prove their femininity by rescuing males from the brink of faggotry). These calls came at truly ungodly hours. They would wake up all the girls in the dorm, who were then forced to eavesdrop and, of course, would later gossip about Griselda's weird love life. An Omar Khayyám transcript:

GRISELDA: Hello.

POETIC STRANGER: Ah! My heart at thy sweet voice!

GRISELDA: *Wha?*

POETIC STRANGER: Thy silv'ry voice enchants my ear,
Transporting me to Shangri-La.
That thou shouldst deign to let me hear
Thy sweet immortal *Wha?*

GRISELDA: *Wha???*

POETIC STRANGER: Once more thou speak'st, O wondrous voice!
My blood bestirs; my loins rejoice—
My heartbeat leaps, my tongue doth burn
To sip the honey from thine urn
Yea, kiss thy hollow love balloon!
Alas, that's——

GRISELDA: Oh—could you repeat that? We've got a rotten connection.

POETIC STRANGER: Oh. Certainly. Where was I?

GRISELDA: Kissing my hollow love balloon.

POETIC STRANGER: Oh, yes.
Yea, kiss thy hollow love balloon!
Alas, that's all. I'll call back soon. (*Hangs up*)

The foulmouthed gossip of her good friends began to bear fruit. As soon as word got around that Griselda was really freaky, she began getting calls from young men who were not employees of Porn-o-Phone but genuine Hollywood studs, with almost-new Porsche Targas.

Since Griselda never knew which was which, she would answer the real studs with such comments as: "That don't rhyme, man," or "Prose won't get you nowhere, baby." These quips strengthened her reputation as a really *hip* chick. She began to comb her hair back. She covered her wart with mascara; it became a beauty spot. Her vacant stare became the talk of Laurel Canyon; everyone called it the look of love.

Griselda was close to a big breakthrough. All she needed was the right gimmick to burst onto the Hollywood scene as a full-fledged sex symbol. The registered letter from Porn-o-Phone was timed perfectly. For an additional $100, she could buy the exclusive Graffiti Service.

She could compose her own advertising message. The Porn-o-Phone Graffiti artists would reproduce it, in easy-to-read black felt-tipped pen, at eye level (20–34 inches above urinaltop) in Hollywood's 100 most eligible men's rooms. Their demographics analysts had carefully selected the top 100 for good traffic flow, easy access and availability of prime space. Griselda's copy would be read by an audience of eligible bachelors, held captive by their own bladders. Furthermore, it was just the kind of high-class readership she was looking for.

Griselda composed her copy carefully:

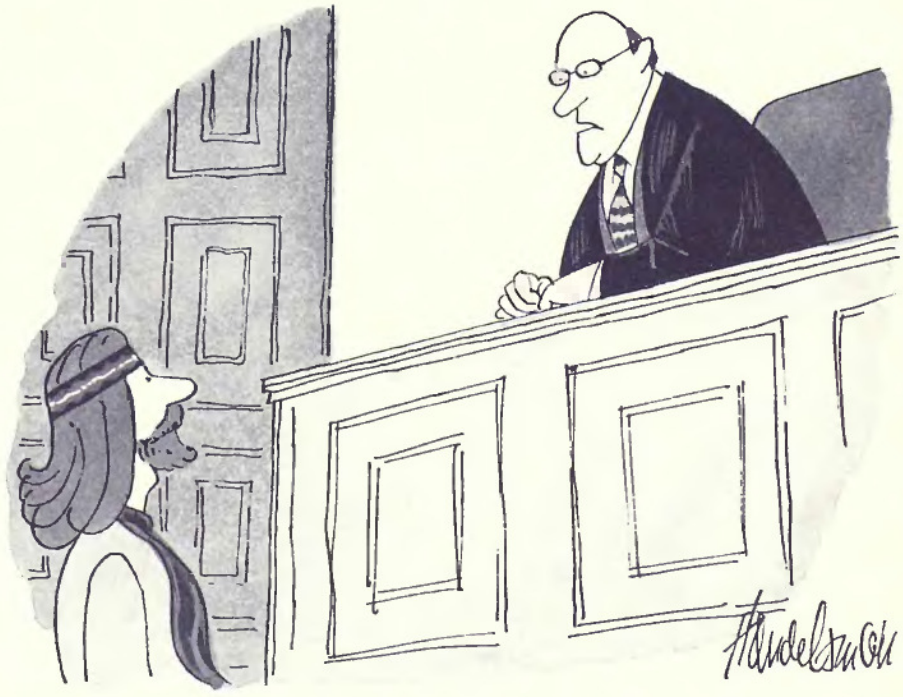
GRISELDA THRINDLE IS
ONE GREAT BIG
EROGENOUS ZONE
213-483-1483 DAY OR NIGHT

The phone in the hall began to ring incessantly, always for Griselda. Though she was still a virgin, every stud in Hollywood claimed to be making it with her. No one dared give a Hollywood party without inviting her. Her name appeared in Joyce Haber's column. She became the envy of charwomen all over the English-speaking world. Griselda Thrindle was *where it's at.*

• • •

Chester Standish came to Porn-o-Phone through different channels. Chester was self-oriented, much too shy to ever approach a girl. He lived completely in fantasy, forever studying what he called the good book—his leather-bound first-folio edition of *Portnoy's Complaint*, thoughtfully thumb-indexed by the publisher.

Chester had never taken out a girl. Once, long ago, he had noticed one. In a way, he liked her—especially those big



*"There hasn't been enough evidence to convict you, but it would be in poor taste for you to go prancing off, bragging to everyone that you're innocent."*

round bulb things on top. But though they fascinated him, the big round things also scared him. Chester's mother had had some.

When the 30-day free offer from Porn-o-Phone came in the junk mail, Chester thought, What the hell. He made an X in the square for The Narcissus Service.

A few days later, Porn-o-Phone engineers came to his apartment. After Chester filled out the questionnaire, they supplied him with a script. He made a tape recording; and once a week, his own voice would call him—always a pleasant surprise:

CHESTER: Hello.

CHESTER'S VOICE: It's me, you beautiful hunk of man.

CHESTER: I know. I've been waiting for your call.

CHESTER'S VOICE: Oh, God! I love you, baby. You're all I think of. You're my reason for being. Oh, how I want you.

CHESTER: I want you, too. No one else matters.

CHESTER'S VOICE: Are you naked?

CHESTER: You know I am.

CHESTER'S VOICE: You drive me crazy, you get me so horny.

CHESTER: Oh! Wow! Zowie! Oh, fireworks! Spiral nebulae! Domino effect!

CHESTER'S VOICE: Wait for me! Wait for me! Wait for——

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: I'm sorry, your time is up. Please deposit ten cents if you wish to continue.

At first, this service sent Chester into indescribable ecstasy. Eventually, it began to pale. Somehow Chester wanted to come out of his shell and face the outside world. He consulted the Porn-o-Phone experts. His tests showed that he was not yet ready for girls. He was still afraid of those big round strange bulbs. But for $28 monthly, Chester enrolled himself in The Eyes-Have-It Voyeur Service.

Through the miracle of closed-circuit pay-TV, Chester was able to tune in Channel 28 for one hour a night and watch qualified sexual athletes, exposing themselves and indulging in complicated gyrations for his viewing pleasure—without commercial interruptions. For each extra quarter in the special coin box, Chester observed 15 minutes of additional obscenities.

Though Chester was not basically a voyeur, this service helped him overcome his phobia of big round strange things. He was now ready to try a telephonic confrontation with an actual girl. Porn-o-Phone started him off with a service that was simplicity itself:

CHESTER: Hello.

GIRL (*Breathes heavily*)

CHESTER: Hello? Hello?

GIRL (*Begins to pant*)

CHESTER: Who is this?

GIRL (*Gasps and groans softly*)

CHESTER: This is Chester Standish. May I ask who is calling?

GIRL (*Shrieks. Heaves deep sigh. Moans*)

CHESTER: I don't understand. Would you repeat that, please—a little slower?

GIRL: Oh, wow, baby! You know what I just had? I just had an——

CHESTER: Attack of asthma?

GIRL (*Hangs up*)

Chester was doing well. But he still lacked self-confidence. For an extra $20 a month, he took the Male Ego-Booster Service. The calls came from a Throaty-Voiced Young Lady:

CHESTER: Hello.

THROATY VOICE: Are you Chester Standish?

CHESTER: I'm sorry, I can't help it.

THROATY VOICE: Oh, God, Chester, you drive me mad! Just hearing your voice causes sensuous heaving in my enormous pink breasts—my erectile nipples press their maddening imprint against my diaphanous peasant blouse. You arouse my deepest jungle desires and awaken in me gigantic reservoirs of primeval lust.

CHESTER: No kidding?

THROATY VOICE: No kidding. I dream of you every night. Deftly, you insinuate your experienced hand under my blouse; with incredible adroitness, your sensitive fingers open the clasp of my brassiere—yet I feel nothing but the warm delicious love pains of your pulsating lips and masterful teeth as you nip at the delectable ecstasy meat of my succulent ear lobes.

CHESTER: Say. You're some smooth talker.

THROATY VOICE: Thank you. Then, tenderly, you insinuate your throbbing tumescent member into the burning moist cavern of my insatiable desire——

CHESTER: Are you *sure* you dialed the right number?

THROATY VOICE: Yes, damn it!—and plunge within, thrust after mighty thrust. Heaven and earth disappear as our fire-frenzied bodies fuse into one glorious star shower. Oh, yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

CHESTER: Oh, me, too! Me, too! Sock it to me!

THROATY VOICE: And then, by the light of dawn, we——

CHESTER: Don't tell me! Let me guess—*do we dissolve in the molten lava of erupted passion as our limpid souls whisper farewell to paradise?*

THROATY VOICE: Right on! I'll call back Thursday. (*Hangs up*)

Chester Standish was hopelessly addicted. He had to have more dirty talk or die, but he was broke. Desperate, he took the good book to an auction gallery. He couldn't bear to watch; he didn't want to see who bought it.

With the proceeds, Chester raced to Porn-o-Phone and ordered the new Ménage-à-Trois Plan—an Obscene Conference Call.

Then came one of those trillion-to-one coincidences that give true love its serendipity: Griselda Thrindle was assigned to the same Ménage! When the time came, the operator plugged Chester and Griselda together, but the third party never showed up. Porn-o-Phone's soft-spoken ménageman, Low-Key Pierre, had taken his customary place in his deserted phone booth; but just as he inserted his dime, the Pasadena Chastity Squad came and busted him.

So Chester and Griselda had no one to talk to but each other. She found his Midwestern twang refreshing; he explained he was from Maidenhead Falls, Wisconsin (a stone's throw from Puritan Ethic). Emboldened by love, Chester suddenly asked Griselda, "Why don't you come over to my apartment for a nightcap?" To both of their surprises, Griselda agreed.

From his first sight of her, all Chester's childhood fears evaporated. *This girl didn't have strange big round bulb things.* She had a wide flat space.

Griselda began to examine Chester's apartment. "Just look at this place!" she exclaimed.

"I'm sorry," Chester said. "It *is* a bit messy."

"Look at all that tough caked-in dirt in those hard-to-get-at crevices."

"I shouldn't have brought you here," Chester said. "I'm ashamed."

She looked inside the toilet tank. "Look at that corroded flush ball."

"Can you ever forgive me?" Chester whimpered.

"And the kitchen linoleum—those ugly scuff marks." Griselda began to weep uncontrollably.

"Please don't cry," Chester said. "It's my fault. I ruined everything. You're a princess—and I brought you into a place that isn't fit for a charwoman."

"That's not why I'm crying," Griselda sobbed. "I'm crying because I'm so happy. It's a miracle. A sign from heaven. It's kismet."

"What?" Chester asked.

"Your filthy apartment," Griselda said. "It's exactly like my filthy dollhouse!"

"Will you marry me?" asked Chester and Griselda simultaneously.

"Oh, yes, my darling right number," they both replied.

With destiny's telephone ringing in their future, the happy couple embraced.

And they and A. T. & T. lived happily ever after, except during periods of interrupted service.

*(continued from page 178)*

virgin. (For the benefit of modern women, a virgin is defined as a girl who has never had sexual intercourse.) As Joan matured, her belligerent inclinations directed themselves at grown men. France was then at war with England and she took command of a 4000-man army to liberate the besieged town of Orléans. This noble enterprise was almost frustrated when a bunch of male-supremacist swine insisted that she be examined by an assembly of learned theologians. Ostensibly, their idea was to explore her religious convictions, but their explorations carried them far afield. The chief inquisitor, Dom Perignon Trente-Neuf, charged her with having served as a mattress for half the garrison and ordered a gynecological examination.

As by this time the dedicated maiden's hymen had grown to some six inches in thickness, the examiners were compelled to exonerate her. She was released, raised the siege of Orléans and went on to become King of Judah. No, excuse me. I'm on the wrong page of my encyclopedia. But as long as we're talking about Joash, we might as well finish the story. "When challenged by Amaziah of Judah, Joash uttered the famous fable of the thistle and cedar and a battle was fought at Beth-shemesh in which Israel was completely successful."

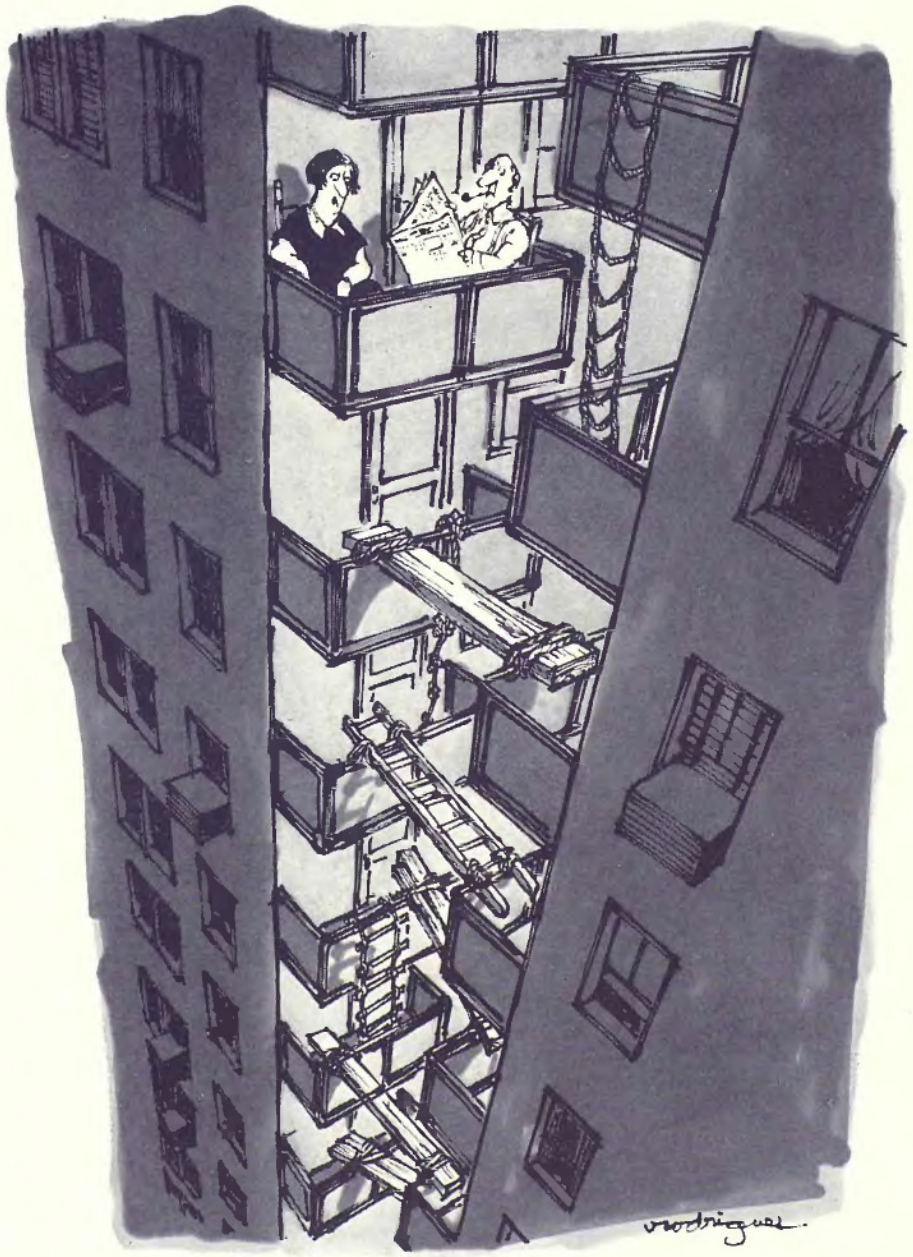
Beth Shemesh, one of the few female historians whose head is in the right place, reports the continuing harassment Joan suffered at the hands of male tormentors because of her "boyishe dresse and gaye wayes." She was finally summoned to appear before a tribunal. The chief interrogator demanded to know why she insisted on wearing pants. Joan, eyes twinkling with pixy humor, answered, "De debbil made me buy dem pants." Regrettably, the joke was lost on the members of the tribunal and they drew up a condemnation consisting of 12 articles, six short stories and a one-act play. Not long afterward, this martyr to sexism was sent to her doom murmuring the Gallic equivalent of "Right on."

I have saved the most flagrant form of historical abuse for last, for it testifies to the almost incredible lengths to which males will go to protect their sexual hegemony. I am referring to their deliberate alteration of the sex of some of the greatest women in history—so that future generations would believe they were men!

If a surgeon today were to attempt a sex-change operation with a fountain pen (or, worse, a ballpoint), he would undoubtedly be subject to censure by the American Medical Association. Yet untold numbers of male historian-butchers have managed, with a few strokes of their pens, to append male genitalia to such female immortals as Caesar, Charlemagne, Milton, Michelangelo and Wellington without having to account to anyone. It is due only to the patient, unrewarded work of a handful of dedicated female historians that a true picture is beginning to appear.

The first major alteration of this kind was rendered on Aristophanes, the Greek satirist. Her real name was Glæria Stænem. Legend has it that she was the spawn of a Harpy, but this myth was undoubtedly contrived by a spurned lover.

After free-lancing for *Athens* magazine for a couple of years, she turned her incisive wit to the problem of war. Actually, war had not been a problem for the Athenians until she raised the question, for they passionately loved it and would invade places like Peloponnesus and Persia at the drop of a hat. But Aristophanes, as the town wags came to dub her (I don't know much Greek, either, but I can imagine what it meant), had a boyfriend in the army and resented his spending so much time on foreign campaigns. Finding many women of Athens to be of like mind, she wrote *Lysistrata*, which portrays a boycott by Greek women on sexual




*"This was a nice place until they started all this wife-swapping business."*

intercourse, aimed at forcing men to end war. This is the play, by the way, in which the famous line -*Αδύνατα εἰκότα* ("Hades no, we won't go") appears. The play was devastatingly effective, forcing the Athenians to withdraw all troops from foreign service. That this led to the collapse of Athenian commerce and the fatal decline of this magnificent city-state is neither here nor there: Glæria Stænem wanted her boyfriend back and, by Zeus, she got him!

Other playwrights who were really women were Dryden, Congreve, Racine and Oscar Wilde. And it goes without saying that Shakespeare was.

It always surprises me that with all the ink spilled over Shakespeare's identity, no one has picked up on this. Shakespeare herself left ample clues to future scholars, even in her name. If you take the word Shakespeare, drop the two Ss, the three Es, the K, P and R, rearrange the remaining letters and add an H, T, A, W and Y, you get Hathaway. Yes, the author of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* was none other than Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's wife. Shakespeare himself was a costermonger in Bloomsbury, by the way, and was said to mong the best costers in London, for what that's worth.

There is much in Anne's personal life to document the conclusion that she was the real Shakespeare, such as her tendency to speak in Elizabethan prose. She would say things like "Come, let us to the banquet" and "Quick, quick, I pray thee." People just didn't talk like that unless they were trying to attract a producer's attention.

So many of Shakespeare's lines suggest a female hand that her works virtually shriek to scholars, "Jerk, I'm a woman!"

Take *As You Like It*, act three, scene two, line 263: "Do you not know I am a woman?" Or *Julius Caesar*, act two, scene four, line eight: "I have a man's mind, but a woman's might." And while we're talking about Caesar, what do you make of this stage direction from act two, scene two of Shakespeare's play: "Enter Caesar in his nightgown." Hah? Hah?

Literature is only one of the arts in which great women have suffered sex alterations. Such painters as Giotto, Rubens and Rembrandt are now generally acknowledged to have been women (Grandma Moses was actually Grand*pa* Moses, by the way, but that's another story). And in the field of music, there is growing evidence that Beethoven was female.

Biographers always mention that of the seven children delivered of Maria van Beethoven, four died in childhood. The town records of Anschluss-auf-Austria, however, show burial of only three. The missing Beethoven, Betty Lou, was surreptitiously raised in an abbey by 40 friars, 30 elk and a Kiwanian.

She mastered the usual accomplishments that women of her day were expected to know, such as trepanning, spelunking and tatting—she could outtat half the girls in the Flemish Brabant—but she soon began to exhibit a dazzling musical virtuosity. Just for kicks, she'd devise fiendishly intricate little fugues, such as her wry musical pun on *Verzeichnis der nicht in der Gesamtausgabe veröffenlichten Werke*, which cracks me up every time I hear it.

At the age of 12, she was summoned to the court of the Elector Maximilian Frederick. The fact that she was female put the Elector in an untenable position, which says a lot, considering the fact that untenable positions were a commonplace among the profligate courtiers. Betty Lou thereupon prevailed on her brother Ludwig to substitute for her whenever public appearances were called for, and this Ludwig did with alacrity. He was a born ham and a passing fair musician and could rope and yodel with the best of them.

That Beethoven never married, in spite of the countless women who threw themselves at his feet, is a good indication that he was a she, but other clues beckon to the alert historian. She frequently composed in the key of C minor, a dead giveaway; and then of course there are those opening notes of the *Fifth Symphony*—BA-BA-BA-BOOOOM—which musicologist Shulamith Bullpizzle has so cannily interpreted as: "I am not *male*!"

In politics and statesmanship, one finds numerous examples of great men who were really women. Metternich, Disraeli and Edmund Burke ("To tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men") come readily to mind. The same holds true of the military: Alexander the Great, Napoleon and Patton (and what a job Hollywood did on *her*!) are just a few.

The most flagrant example of male supremacism in this country is the conspiratorial attempt of scholars to disguise the true sex of William Howard Taft, 27th President of the United States. Ti-Grace Taft (as her name really was) displayed from the very first all the traits of the true feminist: She was dumpy, sloppy and dull, but all heart. In her teens, she took up the study of law and in 1880 was admitted to the Ohio bar in Dayton. When the bartender refused to serve her, she hit him in the throat with a beer stein and he went down like a wheat sack. Despite this Pyrrhic victory, however (the bartender's name was Pyrrh), Ti-Grace experienced great difficulty competing in the legal profession against males and in desperation turned to soliciting. Her first big break came when President Benjamin Harrison, during one of those nocturnal prowls for which he was nicknamed "the Nocturnally Prowling President," picked her up and took her back to the White House and spent the night with him—with her—with . . . see how complicated sexism makes things? In any event, Harrison appointed her Solicitor General in 1890.

It was just around this time that Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were making names for themselves ("Bitch" being the most common) in the women's-suffrage movement, and it was they who put a flea in Taft's ear about becoming President. Taft suffered a ruptured cochlea but assured them she would think about it.

She rose to the post of Secretary of War under Teddy Roosevelt and that put her in an excellent position to fulfill a lifelong dream, the building of a canal across Panama to expedite the importation of lichees from the Orient, for which she had a consuming passion. As a result, she swelled to stupendous girth, but not before being drafted by her party to run for the Presidency (she could not throw her hat in the ring because it would give her sex away). She ran on a free-trade platform that collapsed during a speech in Lincoln, Nebraska. Her opponent was William Jennings Bryan, whose "Cross of Gold" speech electrified the Democratic Convention. For a $50 bonus and a chance to beat the other couple, do you have the faintest idea what that speech was about?

Ti-Grace Taft won handily and her first official act was to purge all women from offices higher than janitorial.

Today, two important organizations are into the historical-revisionist movement. Matrons for the Encouragement of Female Ideological Studies Toward the Official Formation of an Effective League for Ending Sexism (MEFISTOFELES) is the more activist of the two, conducting sit-ins in front of the Library of Congress, picketing Will Durant's home and desecrating the tomb of Edward Gibbon. The other group, The Historiettes, is less militant, preferring to draw attention to sexist inequities by dancing in formation during half-time ceremonies at football games.

In the words of Thomas Moore:

*Disguise our bondage as we will,*
*'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.*

Moore understood the heart of woman better than almost any poet that ever lived. But then, why shouldn't she have?

# INTRODUCING THE MIST-AIR HOT COMB.™ IT HELPS YOU PUT THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF MOISTURE IN YOUR HAIR. SO YOUR HAIR WILL STAY PUT.

Use *The Hot Comb*™ styler/dryer on a wet head of hair and you'll get more style and body than you ever knew you had.

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If it's too dry, it'll never style the way it should.

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To put an end to all this, we've developed the *Mist-Air Hot Comb*™ styler/dryer.

All you do is fill up the spray attachment with water. And at the touch of a lever, the *Mist-Air Hot Comb* directs a fine spray of water onto your hair. The dampened hair is now ready to be styled.

The spray attachment also makes easy work of keeping your hair damp throughout the entire styling operation. In case your hair dries before you're finished.

The *Mist-Air Hot Comb* comes with a bristle brush, a fine tooth comb for fine hair and a regular tooth comb for regular hair.

It also comes without something. The need to figure out the best way to wet your hair before you style it.

If you'd like to know more about what the *Mist-Air Hot Comb* can do for you, send your name and address to: Remington, P.O. Box 534, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

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# THIEF ISLAND *(continued from page 158)*

Airport was shrouded in fog. Whether Wrong Way knew this or not was questionable, but, undaunted, he took off in his new Piper Tri-Pacer and, finding the sun, flew toward it. As luck would have it, he found himself where he was supposed to be, above Matinicus Island and the early-morning blue-green calm of the surrounding waters. Left behind was the fog that obscured the mainland. He proceeded, from 1000 feet up, to look for schools of fish; if he saw any, he would report their whereabouts by radio to his relatives in the trawlers below.

By 9:15 the fog had redistributed itself so that Wrong Way could see nothing below. An uncle on the radio said, "Time to go home, Wrong Way. Which way you headin' in?"

"Guess I'll aim her for Eagle Head Light and from there I can pick my way in over Thief Island."

"Finestkind, Wrong Way," said the voice on the radio. "We know you can find the Light. The question is, can you get past it?"

"Go to hell," replied Wrong Way. "Over."

Another voice chimed in: "Hey, Wrong Way, if you don't run into Eagle Head Light within seven minutes, keep your eyes peeled for the Eiffel Tower."

Wrong Way Napolitano uttered a crude suggestion and headed for home.

• • •

At this approximate time, on Thief Island, Trapper John McIntyre and Lucinda Lively finished breakfast and luxuriated in the warmth of the sun that had begun to penetrate the fog. On all sides, there was gloom, but Thief Island was blessed with an ethereal sunlit haze that, like almost everything else, turned the highly suggestible mind of Trapper John to thoughts of love. He and Lucinda had discovered (actually, Lucinda had led him to) a tiny cranberry bog in one corner of the island's central clearing. In June, a cranberry bog is no good for cranberries but, with a blanket placed upon it, provides a soft, secluded area in which to express one's tenderest sentiments.

Trapper John preferred indirection in these matters, so, instead of saying, "Let's go over to the cranberry bog and get laid," he said, "How about a swim?"

Lucinda countered with, "Cranberry bog first, hon. Then a swim."

Fifteen seconds before consummating their tenderest sentiments, the lovers heard a sound that became a noise and then an all-consuming roar. Wrong Way Napolitano, flying at 50 feet, spotted Thief Island, breathed a deep sigh of relief, skimmed the treetops on the south shore, looked down, saw the action in the cranberry bog and reacted instinctively. Wrong Way's instinct often takes over when the call is for judgment. In this case, one must suppose that he instinctively wanted to participate rather than watch. Convulsively, he pushed forward on the controls, took dead aim for the cranberry bog, missed it but sheared off the top of a scrub pine 20 feet beyond. Somehow (great reflexes?), he regained control and headed for Spruce Harbor International in his scarred but still functional aircraft.

As Lucinda told Hawkeye later, she and Trapper were somewhat shaken by this experience. They lay naked, confused, scared and apart, looking up into the fog. "What happened?" Lucinda asked hesitantly, fearful of the answer.

"I'm not sure," replied Trapper. "Does the Church of the Nazarene have an air force?"

"I don't think so," mused Lucinda, recovering somewhat. "That was Wrong Way Napolitano. I guess he must have seen us and had a muscle spasm or something. Let's not worry."

"Speak to me of Wrong Way Napolitano," urged Trapper. "I know of him, vaguely, but fill me in."

"Well, Hawkeye fixed a hernia for him a few months back and I got to know him. He's sort of a legend around here. He's really a very intelligent guy."

"That sounds like something Hawkeye told you."

"Well, yes. Hawk calls him a flaky dreamer, but everyone else laughs at him. They think of him as just a guy who runs a dinky little air service and spots schools of fish and flies people around the islands. Actually, Wrong Way could fly for any of the big airlines and, in fact, he does. Once or twice a month, he disappears for a few days and fills in as pilot or copilot for Intercontinental. What's more, he could do that full time, but he likes it too well here."

"Do you mean this guy flies jets?"

Lucinda laughed. "Yes, he does. Hawkeye, like everybody else, didn't really believe it until he went to Chicago for that course in vascular surgery a while back. You know how Hawkeye tells stories and blows them up a little; but I guess it was quite a shock to his nervous system."

"What happened?"

"If you want me to tell you, take your hand off my breast. It distracts me."

"Of course, my dear."

"Well, Hawkeye was a little late getting on this flight out of Logan to Chicago. Like every passenger, when he went aboard, he peeked into the pilot's cabin. Then he went ten feet down the aisle before what he had seen registered: Sitting in the pilot's seat was Wrong Way Napolitano.

" 'Oh, no. It can't be,' Hawkeye said to the stewardess and went back for a second look.

" 'It can't be what, sir?' asked the stewardess.

" 'Who's flying this thing?' Hawkeye asked.

" 'Captain Napolitano, sir.'

" 'Captain Napolitano my ass,' said Hawkeye. 'Lemme off this mother.'

" 'I'm sorry, sir,' said the stewardess. 'It's too late.'

" 'You better believe it's too late,' Hawkeye said. 'Lemme talk to Wrong Way.'

" 'Who?'

" 'Captain Napolitano, if you insist.'

" 'I'm sorry, sir,' said the stewardess. 'You'll have to take your seat.'

" 'OK,' said Hawk, 'but, honey, do both of us a favor, I beg you. Will you please go up forward, tell Captain Napolitano that Hawkeye Pierce is a passenger and that I want to hear, directly from him, where we are going and whether he's going to pay me for fixing his hernia or finish me off in a 707 to beat me out of my fee?'

"The stewardess followed instructions and came back with Wrong Way's Blue Shield card and a note that said, 'Chicago.' "

Trapper asked, "And that's who just ruined my morning love life?"

"Yes, indeed. Let us swim. Of course, Wooden Leg expects us to peddle fish today. I hope Wrong Way got in OK. He hit that tree hard."

"But not square," Trapper pointed out. "Let's get going on Wooden Leg's fish."

• • •

Wrong Way Napolitano, with fear in his heart and trembling in his hands, landed his traumatized Tri-Pacer at Spruce Harbor International. Nothing gave way; it was a normal landing. Inspection of the plane revealed no major damage. Relieved, Wrong Way called the Massasoit Inn, a large summer hotel on Sears Point, a few miles east of Spruce Harbor. He asked to speak to the house dick, his best friend and brother-in-law, Tiptoe Tannenbaum. Whenever Wrong Way became overwrought, he sought solace, advice and comfort from Tiptoe, a calm, judicious, meditative father of eight children, who was one of Spruce Harbor's most respected citizens.

Tiptoe, a tall, lean, black-haired, hawk-nosed softhearted middle-aged anachronism and deputy sheriff, had gradually achieved near-saint status since his arrival in Spruce Harbor ten years earlier. Every summer, he worked as security officer at the Massasoit. He earned $500 a week, roughly five times the usual wage, because the management knew that Tiptoe was worth it one way or another. He solved all problems. He prevented theft. He protected the inn from bad publicity. And parents of teenage females knew that he never allowed teenage females to get into trouble at the Massasoit Inn. Just

having him around made everyone feel good.

During the nine months when the Massasoit Inn wasn't open, Tiptoe Tannenbaum disappeared every Sunday noon and reappeared the next Thursday noon. His wife, Maria, sister of Wrong Way, always explained that he was away on business. "What business?" she was always asked.

"He's a jet pilot," she would answer.

That was a perfect answer, because, beyond the fact that Tiptoe was a great guy, the one thing everyone knew was that he was scared livid of airplanes. He would not go up in one. When his job as security officer at the Massasoit or as deputy sheriff of Spruce County called for rapid reconnaissance of the area, Tiptoe chose boats or cars. This occasionally became an embarrassment, but no one made an issue of it. One look at Tiptoe contemplating an airplane was enough.

Mrs. Tannenbaum drew smiles when she referred to "my husband, the jet pilot." Lefty (a name he prefers to Luigi) Tannenbaum, the Androscoggin College quarterback and one of Tiptoe's sons, gracefully accepted everyone's disbelief when he alluded to "my father, the jet pilot." Wooden Leg Wilcox and Jocko Allcock, intimate friends of Tiptoe, always hailed Tiptoe in public as the left-handed Jewish jet pilot and explained to all who'd listen that left-handed Jewish jet pilots are scarce everywhere. The public, not fooled by all this foolishness, knew perfectly well that Tiptoe was the head of a large international detective agency.

Every Monday morning, except in summer, the pilot of Intercontinental Airways flight 507 out of Idlewild to Paris and Rome was Captain Irving Tannenbaum, the house dick at the Massasoit Inn. The only people in Spruce Harbor who knew this for certain were Wrong Way Napolitano, his sister, Mrs. Tannenbaum, the eight Tannenbaum children, Hawkeye, Wooden Leg, Jocko and Dr. Doggy Moore.

Tiptoe's career as a pilot hit bottom in 1954. The birth of his sixth child made his fear of flying even worse, so he went to Dr. Doggy Moore, seeking help. If he'd gone to a psychiatrist, he'd have been in trouble. Tiptoe wasn't foolish enough for that. A psychiatrist would have racked him up and advised him to find a different job. Not Doggy. "Look, Tiptoe," he said, "you may be a little screwy here and there, but you're a valuable guy. If you're scared to fly, ain't nothin' I can do about it. Instead of bein' scared of flyin', why don't you concentrate on makin' your family rich?"

"Go on, Doggy," urged Tiptoe. "How do I do this?"

"They got them insurance machines in all the airports, don't they? Every time you go out, grab a million bucks of flight insurance."

There were initial difficulties, because passengers, also seeking insurance, found their pilot camped at the insurance machines like a widow trying to beat a slot in Vegas. Later, a simple deduction from his pay check provided Tiptoe with the $1,000,000 in insurance each time he went to Rome and back, and thereby avoided passenger discomfort. Tiptoe was able to fly happily, with visions of his family rolling in wealth. He became one of Intercontinental's senior and most trusted pilots.

• • •

An hour after Wrong Way's abortive kamikaze attack on Thief Island, an increasingly familiar, titillating spectacle was taking place on Spruce Harbor's main street. Wooden Leg's truck, filled with fish that had slept the night before in Penobscot Bay, was parked in front of the Depositor's Trust Company. Trapper John, long-haired, bearded, in the briefest of swimming trunks, exuded charm and good will to all mankind as he deftly cut, to the customer's orders, fillets of haddock, cod and hake. The audience quivered as the sun-tanned, blonde Lucinda, draped in the scantiest of bikinis, packaged the ocean delights,

# Field & Stream takes you to A Man's Place

A prize is worth the risk when you're in A Man's Place. And as you come to know the outdoors, you appreciate even more the easy taste and the great aroma of Field & Stream pipe tobacco.

A quality product of Philip Morris U.S.A.

made change and bequeathed a mind-blowing smile on each eager, happy customer.

On the edge of the crowd, as the truck emptied, stood Wooden Leg and Tiptoe.

"Business looks good," observed Tiptoe.

"Jesus, boy, betcher ever-lovin' A. The way them two move fish is some Christly wondrous to behold."

"You hear what happened this morning?" asked Tiptoe.

"I heard Wrong Way hit a tree. So what else is new?"

"Reason he hit the tree was he saw Trapper and Lucinda working out in that cranberry bog. I guess he was distracted."

"Jesus Christ, Tiptoe," said Wooden Leg, "if that dumb guinea brother-in-law of yours has a few beers, everybody in town will know about the cranberry bog."

"And," continued Tiptoe, "every darn plane for miles around will be circling Thief Island like gulls around a sardine boat. I think that would be too bad."

"So what you gonna do? You gonna make Wrong Way keep quiet? That'll be the day."

"Well," mused Tiptoe, "I've had some thoughts. The new extension on the runway was finished last week. Wrong Way says they just got a supply of jet fuel. I think it's time for Spruce Harbor International to receive its first jet. Occasionally, we could refuel here when Idlewild is stacked up or fogged in. What's more, the front office asked me to investigate the possibility of picking up 200 to 300 pounds of fresh lobster meat if we came in here once a week. We like to feed our passengers the best. What are the possibilities, Leg?"

"Finestkind. I could give you a nice price and still make a bundle. What's this got to do with Trapper and the broad?"

"Leg, the thought has come to my multidisciplined brain that Trapper and the young lady might prefer to perform exclusively for Intercontinental passengers, rather than be harassed by every private pilot on the coast of Maine. A suggestively erotic performance might alleviate our passengers' fear of an unscheduled landing at a small field."

"Suggestively erotic!" exclaimed Wooden Leg. "You mean, if they'll take a piece when the jet comes in, you'll keep Wrong Way's mouth shut?"

"Precisely, Leg. One of our men is sick, so I have to go to Rome next week. Can you have the lobster meat ready about five P.M. next Thursday?"

"Betcher ass, Tiptoe. That'll shake 'em up. You bringing a 707 in here?"

"You don't know the half of it. Keep it under your hat, will you, Leg? I must talk to Lucinda."

"May I have a word with you two?" Tiptoe asked Trapper and Lucinda as the last fish was cut, packaged and paid for.

"Oh, hi," Lucinda said. "Trapper, this is Tiptoe Tannenbaum."

"A pleasure, Dr. McIntyre," said Tiptoe. "I'll just be a minute. I wanted to talk about this morning. Wrong Way told me all about it."

"Is this a pinch?" demanded Trapper.

"Good heavens, no, doctor. Actually, it's pure blackmail. I'm prepared to offer one hundred dollars per week for you two to perform exclusively for an Intercontinental Airways jet; and if you don't agree, I'll let Wrong Way have four beers."

"What's that mean?" asked Trapper.

"After four beers," explained Lucinda, "Wrong Way keeps no secrets."

"I get it," said Trapper. "This way, we can hit the cranberries at will, just so we time one workout for Intercontinental. You mean you're going to bring a jet into that dinky airport? You mean, come to think of it, you're really a pilot?"

"Yes, sir," Tiptoe affirmed. "But not one word, understand?"

"Oh, Trapper," said Lucinda, bubbling with delight, "just think, getting paid for making love." Then her mood changed abruptly. "Tiptoe," she said, "I'm ashamed of you. How high will you be over Thief?"

"Low enough for the passengers to get the idea. Too high for anyone to recognize you. I'm sure you will perform nobly. Your first assignment will be next Thursday at four-fifty-nine P.M., weather permitting."

• • •

The Spruce Harbor fleet was annoyed on Monday when it learned that Wrong Way was not available for fish spotting. He left word that he would have to be away for several days but that he would be on duty Thursday evening. Schools of fish are most visible from the air in late evening, when the wind has died down and dusk approaches. Wrong Way's occasional morning searches had sighted no fish—only cranberries.

At 3:15 P.M. on Thursday, consternation and havoc broke loose in the Spruce Harbor International control tower. Johnny Kimball, the flight controller, who had never seen a jet on the ground, received word from Air Traffic Control in Boston that Intercontinental flight 518 from Rome via Paris, now over Gander, would land at Spruce Harbor for refueling at approximately 1700 hours.

"Shit a jeezly goddamn," Johnny muttered over and over. Everyone had been hoping a jet would come, but no one really believed it would happen so soon or with so little warning.

Further information was transmitted from Boston: "The aircraft will establish direct communication with you at approximately sixteen-forty-five hours. Please be prepared with details of weather and landing instructions."

"I don't know what the hell to tell them," Johnny said frantically.

"Have no fear," answered Air Traffic Control. "The pilot is familiar with your facilities."

Word spread from Johnny to the whole town. By 4:30 P.M., a crowd of hundreds had appeared to witness Spruce Harbor's first jet landing. Early arrivals were Maria Tannenbaum and her eight children, who sat happily and proudly in, around and on top of the family station wagon. Nearby were Wooden Leg and Jocko. "Once the word is out, we're gonna clean up," Jocko kept saying. "Leg, you work the east side, I'll take the west."

At 4:45 P.M., communication was established between aircraft and control tower.

"Hello, Spruce Harbor. How do things look? What's the wind doing?"

Johnny Kimball heard and looked scared. "Ten to fifteen knots, three hundred and twenty degrees," he said in scarcely more than a mumble.

"OK," said the aircraft. "Is Cindy on duty?"

Cindy Howell was a tall, redheaded University of Maine senior who'd been hostess and cashier in the cafeteria for the past month.

Johnny got pale before he turned green. "To whom am I talking?" he asked in a quavering voice.

"This is the copilot," answered the aircraft. "I know Spruce Harbor, so I'll be bringing this one in."

"What ails you, Johnny?" asked Cindy, who'd come up to bring him a cup of coffee.

"That voice," said Johnny, "that voice. It can't be, it just can't be." Johnny got back to the flight from Rome and demanded, "May I have the copilot's name, please?"

"This is the copilot, Captain Napolitano. Is there something wrong?"

Hawkeye Pierce, knowing it all in advance, had rushed from his office and arrived just in time to see Johnny running out of the control tower, yelling, "Emergency! Get the fire trucks! Get ambulances! Get these people the hell out of here! Wrong Way's comin' in a 707!"

The crowd was restive but did not panic. Jocko and Wooden Leg circulated among the brave and curious, offering even money that Wrong Way would get in and out without mishap. Aware that Wrong Way had crash-landed with fair frequency at Spruce Harbor International, the crowd gave them plenty of action. Meanwhile, Hawkeye walked into the deserted control tower,

where Captain Napolitano at five-second intervals was saying, "May I have landing instructions, please?"

Picking up the microphone, Hawkeye solemnly spoke to Captain Napolitano. "Here are your instructions. I repeat, here are your instructions. I will give them just once before I evacuate the area. Please repeat slowly after me: 'Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy——' "

That was as far as he got before another voice interrupted: "Enough of that. Get off the radio, Hawkeye. Where's that idiot Kimball?"

"Right here," said Hawk, as Johnny, barely under control, returned to his post.

"Now, listen very carefully, Kimball," said another voice. "This is Captain Tannenbaum. We will touch down at exactly seventeen hundred hours. The passengers will disembark for one half hour. During that time, I will take careful note of any remarks made, in the presence of my passengers, concerning the flying ability, personal habits, religion, other occupations or ethnic backgrounds of any member of my crew. Intercontinental giveth and Intercontinental can damn well taketh away. Is that clearly understood?"

"Huh?" replied Johnny.

"I'll explain it to him, Captain," said Hawkeye. "Just tell your copilot to keep his eyes on the runway and not on the cranberry bog."

"I'll try," said Tiptoe.

"Also," added Hawk, "there's a rifleman in the steeple of the Congo Church. The preach says they can't take a hit from a 707."

Aboard flight 518, five minutes before touchdown, a stewardess said over the intercom: "Ladies and gentlemen, shortly before landing at Spruce Harbor International, we will pass over Thief Island. This little island, now deserted, was for nearly two centuries the home of intrepid, hardy Maine fishermen. On the north edge of the island, there is a tiny cranberry bog where, according to legend, local Indian tribes performed fertility rites before the coming of the white man. The idea seemed to be that consummation of the Indian brave's betrothal in this soft, warm bog assured him a long, happy, fruitful marriage.

"Intercontinental Airways is proud to present, for the exclusive enjoyment of its passengers, a re-enactment of this ancient ritual. We regret that only the window-seat passengers will have a clear view. Captain Tannenbaum suggests that a rearrangement of seating will allow for the others to view the ritual, which will be repeated upon our departure."

As the stewardess completed her commercial, Hawkeye was talking to Cindy, the long-legged redhead who was half engaged to Wrong Way Napolitano.

"What's that song your boy's always playing on the jukebox?" he asked.

"Oh, you mean *The Blue Water Line*."

"Yeah. Play it as the plane comes in and hook it up to the loudspeaker. The captain should be greeted by his theme song when he emerges triumphantly from the cockpit, or whatever you call it."

Flight 518, the passengers enlivened by their view of the bog-shaking, primitive rite on Thief Island, set down smoothly at Spruce Harbor International Jetport and Captain Napolitano taxied to the terminal. The first thing the passengers heard as the door opened was Captain Napolitano's favorite line of his favorite song: "We'll have William Jennings Bryan stoking coal on number nine."

The local radio and TV people were there to interview the crew in the terminal lobby. The surprise of the communication industry's personnel was reflected in their performance. The first jet landing at Spruce Harbor was the news event of the decade. To discover that its pilots were local men added to its newsworthiness. To discover who they were was something else. The newsmen, of course, had covered previous exploits of Wrong Way and Tiptoe. To their credit, they didn't blow it completely. The heroes, in the uniforms of Intercontinental, commanded automatic respect. Maria Tannenbaum, on TV, put her arm around Tiptoe and said, "Friends and neighbors, this is my husband, the jet pilot."

Cindy Howell, also on TV, embraced Captain Napolitano and answered a question that she'd been asked three times in the previous three weeks by announcing, "This is my fiancé, the jet pilot."

Just before flight 518 took off for Idlewild, Wrong Way's uncle Pasquale, who'd stayed home with a hangover, approached his nephew and said, "Wrong Way, you sedda you was agonna spotta da fish tonight. You a very unreliable——"

"No, I'm not. Get on the radio. We got time to kill. Idlewild is stacked up. Tell the boys I'll give them fifteen minutes."

As 518 took off over Thief Island, Trapper John and Lucinda, stark-naked, were running across the little field.

The stewardess then announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have just received word that our landing at Idlewild, due to circumstances beyond our control, will be delayed by twenty minutes. Captain Tannenbaum suggests that a look at the beautiful islands of Penobscot Bay from a height of twelve hundred feet rivals any scenery in the Bay of Naples. Accordingly, we will spend a few minutes in this delightful area, rather than join the crowd and smog over New York."

Ten minutes later, although Wrong Way had spotted three large schools of herring, the word came from below: "Heya, Wrong Way. You getta that bigga noisamaka the hell outa here. You gonna scara da fish."

Later, when the weekly Intercontinental jet flight to Spruce Harbor became a regular thing, Wooden Leg Wilcox, enjoying a beer at the Bay View Café with the two fliers, said, "I gotta admit, for a guinea kamikaze pilot and a left-handed Hebe, you guys have done OK."

*"Male-chauvinist pig!"*

# SPIRITS OF CHRISTMAS

*(continued from page 228)*

mugs or cups with a spiral of lemon peel for decoration.

Note: May also be served chilled.

HOLIDAY SOUR

2 ozs. blended whiskey or bourbon
1 oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon superfine sugar or to taste
Holiday garnish

Shake first three ingredients briskly with ice cubes. Give the shaker a workout; that's the secret of a good sour. Pour unstrained into highball glass or large wineglass. Lay garnish across glass.

Garnish: Thread a short bamboo skewer or plastic cocktail pick with red and green fruit, alternating colors: strawberries, green grapes, watermelon balls, wedge of lime or honeydew-melon balls.

PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE

1½ ozs. pear brandy (*eau de vie de poire*)
3 ozs. apple-pear nectar
Dash lemon juice
Red cherry
Whole spiced Seckel pear or firm canned pear half

Shake brandy, nectar and lemon juice with cracked ice until chilled. Strain over fresh ice in wide-mouthed old fashioned glass. Fix cherry to blossom end of pear with short pick and set in glass.

YULE NOG

(*Serves 20 to 25*)

2 quarts peach ice cream, softened
2 ozs. peach cordial
1 fifth bourbon, chilled
Chocolate curls

Place ice cream in large chilled bowl. Slowly stir in liquor until creamy. Garnish with curls of dark, unsweetened chocolate made by running a potato peeler or sharp knife along a solid block of chocolate.

MT. SNOW BLIZZARD

2 ozs. applejack or calvados
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon concentrated apple juice
Nutmeg

Concentrated apple juice is a sweetener sold in natural-food stores. You may substitute 1 teaspoon sugar and a few drops vanilla extract. Shake first three ingredients vigorously with cracked ice until frigid. Strain into chilled highball glass. Dust lightly with nutmeg.

CHRISTMAS FROST

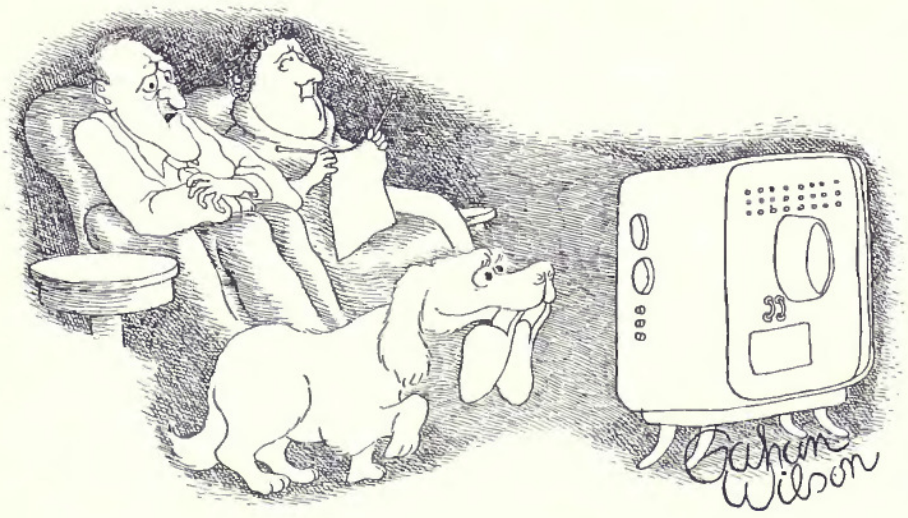
Almost as clear as vodka, white whiskey has a definite, though light liquor taste, strangely reminiscent of the light Puerto Rican rums.

1 oz. white whiskey
½ oz. orange liqueur
Juice of ½ lime

Shake all ingredients briskly with cracked ice until well chilled. Strain into Christmas-frosted cocktail glass.

To frost glass: Mix red and green sugar crystals on napkin or fresh dish towel. Run a wedge of lime or lemon around the rim of the glass, moistening both sides. Invert and swirl rim in sugar crystals. Shake off excess gently before pouring in liquor.

Follow the preceding directions carefully and our host of spirits past and present will quickly put to flight the ghosts of winter gloom. Cheers!




*"Let's face it—he likes Walter Cronkite better than me. . . ."*

# MEETING WITH MEDUSA

*(continued from page 164)*

one he could recognize was a plaintive, frequently repeated "Boss." Even now, Falcon realized, it looked toward humans for guidance; he felt sorry for the creature, involved in a man-made disaster beyond its comprehension and for which it bore no responsibility.

It stopped opposite him, on the other side of the lattice; there was nothing to prevent it from coming through the open framework if it wished. Now its face was only inches from his and he was looking straight into the terrified eyes. Never before had he been so close to a simp and able to study its features in such detail; he felt that strange mingling of kinship and discomfort that all men experience when they gaze thus into the mirror of time.

His presence seemed to have calmed the creature; Falcon pointed up the shaft, back toward the observation deck, and said very clearly and precisely: "Boss—boss—*go*." To his relief, the simp understood; it gave him a grimace that might have been a smile and at once started to race back the way it had come. Falcon had given it the best advice he could; if any safety remained aboard the Queen, it was in that direction. But his duty lay in the other.

He had almost completed his descent when, with a sound of rending metal, the vessel pitched nose down and the lights went out. But he could still see quite well, for a shaft of sunlight streamed through the open hatch and the huge tear in the envelope. Many years ago, he had stood in a great cathedral nave, watching the light pouring through the stained-glass windows and forming pools of multicolored radiance on the ancient flagstones. The dazzling shaft of sunlight through the ruined fabric high above reminded him of that moment. He was in a cathedral of metal, falling down the sky.

When he reached the bridge and was able for the first time to look outside, he was horrified to see how close the ship was to the ground. Only 1000 meters below were the beautiful and deadly pinnacles of rock and the red rivers of mud that were still carving their way down into the past. There was no level area anywhere in sight where a ship as large as the Queen could come to rest on an even keel.

A glance at the display board told him that all the ballast had gone. However, rate of descent had been reduced to a few meters a second; they still had a fighting chance.

Without a word, Falcon eased himself into the pilot's seat and took over such control as remained. The instrument

board showed him everything he wished to know; speech was superfluous. In the background, he could hear the communications officer giving a running report over the radio. By this time, all the news channels of Earth would have been preempted and he could imagine the utter frustration of the program controllers. One of the most spectacular wrecks in history was occurring—without a single camera to record it. The last moments of the Queen would never fill millions with awe and terror, as had those of the Hindenburg a century and a half before.

Now the ground was only half a kilometer away, still coming up slowly. Though he had full thrust, he had not dared use it, lest the weakened structure collapse; but now he realized that he had no choice. The wind was taking them toward a fork in the canyon, where the river was split by a wedge of rock, like the prow of some gigantic, fossilized ship of stone. If she continued on her present course, the Queen would straddle that triangular plateau and come to rest with at least a third of her length jutting out over nothingness; she would snap like a rotten stick.

From far away, above the sound of straining metal and escaping gas, came the familiar whistle of the jets as Falcon opened up the lateral thrusters. The ship staggered and began to slew to port. The shriek of tearing metal was now almost continuous—and the rate of descent had started to increase ominously. A glance at the damage-control board showed that cell number five had just gone.

The ground was only meters away; even now, he could not tell whether his maneuver would succeed or fail. He switched the thrust vectors over to vertical, giving maximum lift to reduce the force of impact.

The crash seemed to last forever. It was not violent—merely prolonged and irresistible. It seemed that the whole universe was falling about them.

The sound of crunching metal came nearer, as if some great beast were eating its way through the dying ship.

Then floor and ceiling closed upon him like a vise.

### "BECAUSE IT'S THERE"

"Why do you want to go to Jupiter?"

"As Springer said when he lifted for Pluto—because it's there."

"Thanks. Now we've got *that* out of the way—the real reason." Howard Falcon smiled, though only those who knew him well could have interpreted the slight, leathery grimace. Webster was one of them; for more than 20 years, they had been involved in each other's projects. They had shared triumphs and disasters—including the greatest disaster of all.

"Well, Springer's cliché is still valid. We've landed on all the terrestrial planets but none of the gas giants. They are the only real challenge left in the Solar System."

"An expensive one. Have you worked out the cost?"

"As well as I can; here are the estimates. But remember—this isn't a one-shot mission but a transportation system. Once it's proved out, it can be used over and over again. And it will open up not merely Jupiter but *all* the giants."

Webster looked at the figures and whistled.

"Why not start with an easier planet—Uranus, for example? Half the gravity and less than half the escape velocity. Quieter weather, too—if that's the right word for it."

Webster had certainly done his homework. But that, of course, was why he was head of Long Range Planning.

"There's very little saving, when you allow for the extra distance and the logistics problems. For Jupiter, we can use the facilities on Ganymede. Beyond Saturn, we'd have to establish a new supply base."

Logical, thought Webster; but he was sure that it was not the important reason. Jupiter was lord of the Solar System; Falcon would be interested in no lesser challenge.

"Besides," Falcon continued, "Jupiter is a major scientific scandal. It's more than a hundred years since its radio storms were discovered, but we still don't know what causes them—and the Great Red Spot is as big a mystery as ever. That's why I can get matching funds from the Bureau of Astronautics. Do you know how many probes they have dropped into that atmosphere?"

"A couple of hundred, I believe."

"*Three* hundred and twenty-six, over the past fifty years—about a quarter of them total failures. Of course, they've

*"But, Mr. Potter—I wished you a merry Christmas two hours ago in accounts receivable!"*

learned a hell of a lot, but they've barely scratched the planet. Do you realize how *big* it is?"

"More than ten times the size of Earth."

"Yes, yes—but do you know what that really means?"

Falcon pointed to the large globe in the corner of Webster's office.

"Look at India—how small it seems. Well, if you skinned Earth and spread it out on the surface of Jupiter, it would look about as big as India does here."

There was a long silence while Webster contemplated the equation: Jupiter is to Earth as Earth is to India. Falcon had—deliberately, of course—chosen the best possible example. . . .

Was it already ten years ago? Yes, it must have been. The crash lay seven years in the past (*that* date was engraved on his heart) and those initial tests had taken place three years before the first and last flight of the Queen Elizabeth.

Ten years ago, then, Commander (no, Lieutenant) Falcon had invited him to a preview—a three-day drift across the northern plains of India, within sight of the Himalayas. "Perfectly safe," he had promised. "It will get you away from the office—and will teach you what this whole thing is about."

Webster had not been disappointed. Next to his first journey to the Moon, it had been the most memorable experience of his life. And yet, as Falcon had assured him, it had been perfectly safe and quite uneventful.

They had taken off from Srinagar just before dawn, with the huge silver bubble of the balloon already catching the first light of the Sun. The ascent had been made in total silence; there were none of the roaring propane burners that had lifted the hot-air balloons of an earlier age. All the heat they needed came from the little pulsed-fusion reactor, weighing only 100 kilograms, hanging in the open mouth of the envelope. While they were climbing, its laser was zapping ten times a second, igniting the merest whiff of deuterium fuel; once they had reached altitude, it would fire only a few times a minute, making up for the heat lost through the great gasbag overhead.

And so, even while they were a kilometer above the ground, they could hear dogs barking, people shouting, bells ringing. Slowly the vast, Sun-smitten landscape expanded around them; two hours later, they had leveled out at five kilometers and were taking frequent draughts of oxygen. They could relax and admire the scenery; the on-board instrumentation was doing all the work—gathering the information that would be required by the designers of the still-unnamed liner of the skies.

It was a perfect day; the southwest monsoon would not break for another month and there was hardly a cloud in the sky. Time seemed to have come to a stop; they resented the hourly radio reports that interrupted their reverie. And all around, to the horizon and far beyond, was that infinite, ancient landscape drenched with history—a patchwork of villages, fields, temples, lakes, irrigation canals.

With a real effort, Webster broke the hypnotic spell of that ten-year-old memory. It had converted him to lighter-than-air flight—and it had made him realize the enormous size of India, even in a world that could be circled within 90 minutes. And yet, he repeated to himself, Jupiter is to Earth as Earth is to India.

"Granted your argument," he said, "and supposing the funds are available, there's another question you have to answer. Why should you do better than the—what is it—three hundred and twenty-six robot probes that have already made the trip?"

"I am better qualified than they were—as an observer and as a pilot. *Especially* as a pilot; don't forget—I've more experience of lighter-than-air flight than anyone in the world."

"You could still serve as controller and sit safely on Ganymede."

"*But that's just the point!* They've already done that. Don't you remember what killed the Queen?"

Webster knew perfectly well, but he merely answered, "Go on."

"Time lag—*time lag!* That idiot of a platform controller thought he was using a local radio circuit. But he'd been accidentally switched through a satellite—oh, maybe it wasn't his fault, but he should have noticed. That's a half-second time lag for the round trip. Even then it wouldn't have mattered, flying in calm air. It was the turbulence over the Grand Canyon that did it. When the platform tipped and he corrected for that—it had already tipped the other way. Ever tried to drive a car over a bumpy road with a half-second delay in the steering?"

"No, and I don't intend to try. But I can imagine it."

"Well, Ganymede is more than a million kilometers from Jupiter. That means a round-trip delay of six seconds. No, you need a controller on the spot—to handle emergencies in real time. Let me show you something. Mind if I use this?"

"Go ahead."

Falcon picked up a postcard that was lying on Webster's desk; they were almost obsolete on Earth, but this one showed a 3-D view of a Martian landscape and was decorated with exotic and expensive stamps. He held it so that it dangled vertically.

"This is an old trick but helps make my point. Place your thumb and finger on either side, not quite touching. That's right."

Webster put out his hand, almost but not quite gripping the card.

"Now catch it."

Falcon waited for a few seconds; then, without warning, he let go of the card. Webster's thumb and fingers closed on empty air.

"I'll do it again, just to show there's no deception. You see?"

Once again, the falling card slipped through Webster's fingers.

"Now you try it on me."

This time, Webster grasped the card and dropped it without warning. It had scarcely moved before Falcon had caught it; Webster almost imagined he could hear a click, so swift was the other's reaction.

"When they put me together again," Falcon remarked in an expressionless voice, "the surgeons made some improvements. This is one of them—and there are others. I want to make the most of them. Jupiter is the place where I can do it."

Webster stared for long seconds at the fallen card, absorbing the improbable colors of the Trivium Charontis Escarpment. Then he said quietly, "I understand. How long do you think it will take?"

"With your help, plus the bureau, plus all the science foundations we can drag in—oh, three years. Then a year for trials—we'll have to send in at least two test models. So with luck—five years."

"That's about what I thought. I hope you get your luck; you've earned it. But there's one thing I won't do."

"What's that?"

"Next time you go ballooning, don't expect *me* as passenger."

### THE WORLD OF THE GODS

The fall from Jupiter V to Jupiter itself takes only three and a half hours; few men could have slept on so awesome a journey. Sleep was a weakness that Howard Falcon hated, and the little he still required brought dreams that time had not yet been able to exorcise. But he could expect no rest in the three days that lay ahead and must seize what he could during the long fall down into that ocean of clouds, 100,000 kilometers below.

As soon as Kon-Tiki had entered her transfer orbit and all the computer checks were satisfactory, he prepared for the last sleep he might ever know. It seemed appropriate that at almost the same moment Jupiter eclipsed the bright and tiny Sun, he swept into the monstrous shadow of the planet. For a few minutes a strange, golden twilight enveloped the ship; then a quarter of the sky became an utterly black hole in space, while the rest was a blaze of stars. No matter how far one traveled across

*"Yeah! What about all the little kiddies waiting for their presents?"*

the Solar System, *they* never changed; these same constellations now shone on Earth, half a billion kilometers away. The only novelties here were the small, pale crescents of Callisto and Ganymede; doubtless there were a dozen other moons up there in the sky, but they were all much too tiny and too distant for the unaided eye to pick them out.

"Closing down for two hours," he reported to the mother ship, hanging 1000 kilometers above the desolate rocks of Jupiter V, in the radiation shadow of the tiny satellite. If it never served any other useful purpose, Jupiter V was a cosmic bulldozer perpetually sweeping up the charged particles that made it unhealthy to linger close to Jupiter. Its wake was almost free of radiation, and here a ship could park in perfect safety while death sleeted invisibly all around.

Falcon switched on the sleep inducer and consciousness faded swiftly out as the electric pulses surged gently through his brain. While Kon-Tiki fell toward Jupiter, gaining speed second by second in that enormous gravitational field, he slept without dreams. They always came when he awoke; and he had brought his nightmares with him from Earth.

Yet he never dreamed of the crash itself, though he often found himself again face to face with that terrified superchimp, as he descended the spiral stairway between the collapsing gasbags. None of the simps had survived; those that were not killed outright were so badly injured that they had been painlessly euthed. He sometimes wondered why he dreamed only of this doomed creature, which he had never met before the last minutes of its life—and not of the friends and colleagues he had lost aboard the dying Queen.

The dreams he feared most always began with his first return to consciousness. There had been little physical pain; in fact, there had been no sensation of any kind. He was in darkness and silence and did not even seem to be breathing. And—strangest of all—he could not locate his limbs. He could move neither his hands nor his feet, because he did not know where they were.

The silence had been the first to yield. After hours or days, he had become aware of a faint throbbing and eventually, after long thought, he deduced that this was the beating of his own heart. That was the first of his many mistakes.

Then there had been faint pinpricks, sparkles of light, ghosts of pressures upon still unresponsive limbs. One by one his senses had returned, and pain had come with them. He had had to learn everything anew, recapitulating babyhood and infancy. Though his memory was unaffected and he could understand words that were spoken to him, it was months before he was able to answer except by the flicker of an eyelid. He could still remember the moments of triumph when he had spoken the first word, turned the page of a book—and, finally, learned to move under his own power. *That* was a victory, indeed, and it had taken him almost two years to prepare for it. A hundred times he had envied that dead superchimp, but *he* had been given no choice. The doctors had made their decision—and now, 12 years later, he was where no human being had ever traveled before and moving faster than any man in history.

Kon-Tiki was just emerging from shadow and the Jovian dawn bridged the sky ahead in a titanic bow of light, when the persistent buzz of the alarm dragged Falcon up from sleep. The inevitable nightmares (he had been trying to summon a nurse but did not even have the strength to push the button) swiftly faded from consciousness; the greatest—and perhaps last—adventure of his life was before him.

He called Mission Control, now 100,000 kilometers away and falling swiftly below the curve of Jupiter, to report that everything was in order. His velocity had just passed 50 kilometers a second


If we've said it once, we've said it 176

(*that* was one for the books) and in half an hour, Kon-Tiki would hit the outer fringes of the atmosphere, as he started on the most difficult entry in the entire Solar System. Although scores of probes had survived this flaming ordeal, they had been tough, solidly packed masses of instrumentation, able to withstand several hundred gravities of drag. Kon-Tiki would hit peaks of 30 *g* and would average more than ten before she came to rest in the upper reaches of the Jovian atmosphere. Very carefully and thoroughly, Falcon began to attach the elaborate system of restraints that anchored him to the walls of the cabin. When he had finished, he was virtually a part of the ship's structure.

The clock was counting backward; 100 seconds to entry. For better or worse, he was committed. In a minute and a half, he would graze the Jovian atmosphere and would be caught irrevocably in the grip of the giant.

The countdown was three seconds late—not at all bad, considering the unknowns involved. Beyond the walls of the capsule came a ghostly sighing that rose steadily to a high-pitched, screaming roar. The noise was quite different from that of a re-entry on Earth or Mars; in this thin atmosphere of hydrogen and helium, all sounds were transformed a couple of octaves higher. On Jupiter, even thunder would have falsetto overtones.

With the rising scream came also mounting weight; within seconds, he was completely immobilized. His field of vision contracted until it embraced only the clock and the accelerometer; 15 *g*, and 480 seconds to go.

He never lost consciousness; but then, he had not expected to. Kon-Tiki's trail through the Jovian atmosphere must be really spectacular—by this time, thousands of kilometers long. Five hundred seconds after entry, the drag began to taper off: ten *g*, five *g*, two. . . . Then weight vanished almost completely: he was falling free, all his enormous orbital velocity destroyed.

There was a sudden jolt as the incandescent remnants of the heat shield were jettisoned. It had done its work and would not be needed again; Jupiter could have it now. He released all but two of the restraining buckles and waited for the automatic sequencer to start the next and most critical series of events.

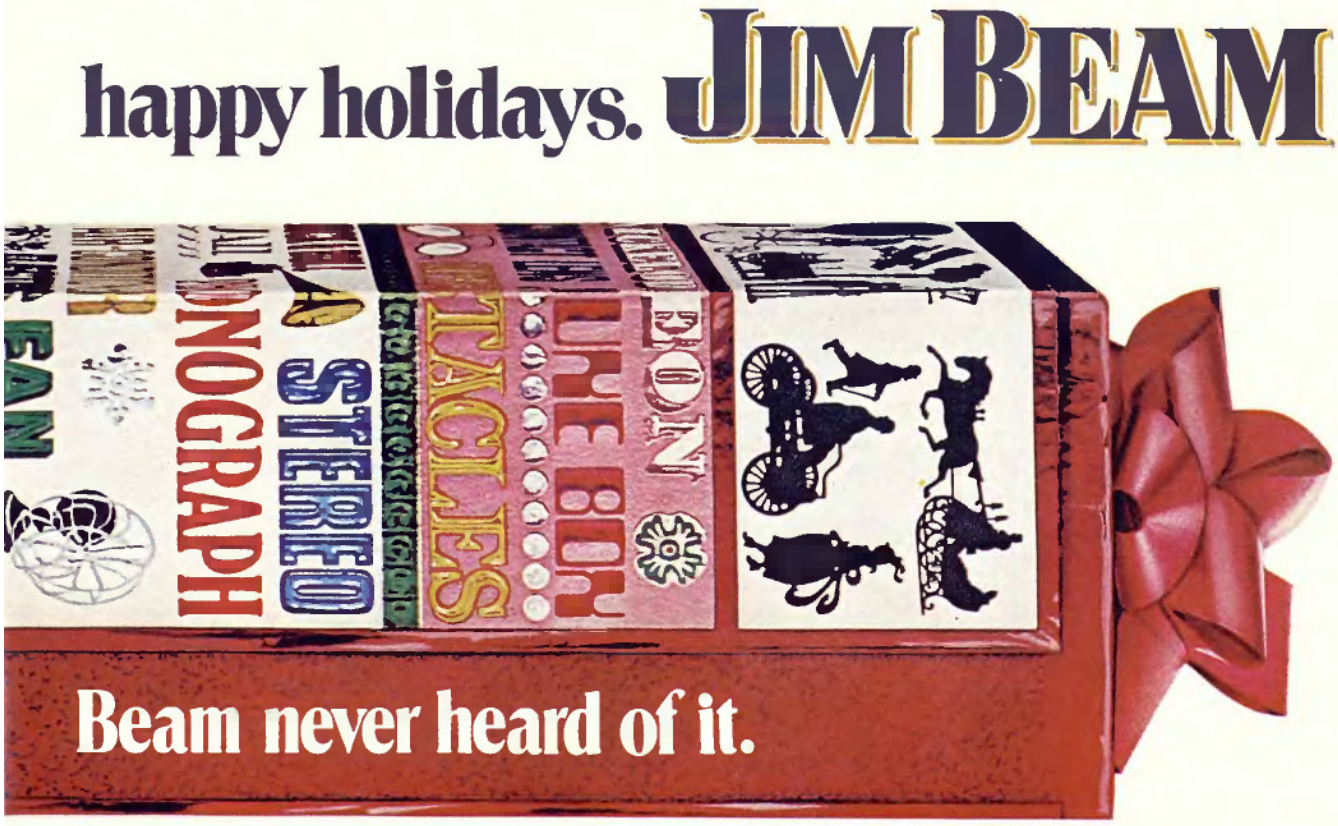
He did not see the first drogue parachute pop out, but he could feel the slight jerk and the rate of fall diminished immediately. Kon-Tiki had lost all her horizontal speed and was going straight down at 1000 kilometers an hour. Everything depended on the next 60 seconds.

There went the second drogue. He looked up through the overhead window and saw, to his immense relief, that clouds of glittering foil were billowing out behind the falling ship. Like a great flower unfurling, the thousands of cubic meters of the balloon spread out across the sky, scooping up the thin gas until it was fully inflated. Kon-Tiki's rate of fall dropped to a few kilometers an hour and remained constant. Now there was plenty of time; it would take him days to fall all the way down to the surface of Jupiter.

But he would get there eventually, if he did nothing about it; the balloon overhead was merely acting as an efficient parachute. It was providing no lift, nor could it do so while the gas inside and out was the same.

With its characteristic and rather disconcerting crack, the fusion reactor started up, pouring torrents of heat into the envelope overhead. Within five minutes, the rate of fall had become zero; within six, the ship had started to rise. According to the radar altimeter, it had leveled out at 430 kilometers above the surface—or whatever passed for a surface on Jupiter.

Only one kind of balloon will work in an atmosphere of hydrogen, which is the lightest of all gases—and that is a hot-hydrogen balloon. As long as the fusor

kept ticking over, Falcon could remain aloft, drifting across a world that could hold a hundred Pacifics. After traveling more than half a billion kilometers, Kon-Tiki had at last begun to justify her name. She was an aerial raft, adrift upon the currents of the Jovian atmosphere.

• • •

Though a whole new world was lying around him, it was more than an hour before Falcon could examine the view. First he had to check all the capsule's systems and test its response to the controls. He had to learn how much extra heat was necessary to produce a desired rate of ascent and how much gas he must vent in order to descend. Above all, there was the question of stability. He must adjust the length of the cables attaching his capsule to the huge, pear-shaped balloon, to damp out vibrations and get the smoothest possible ride. So far, he was lucky; at this level, the wind was steady and the Doppler reading on the invisible surface gave him a ground speed of 350 kilometers an hour. For Jupiter, that was modest; winds of up to 1000 had been observed. But mere speed, of course, was unimportant; the real danger was turbulence. If he ran into that, only skill and experience and swift reaction could save him—and these were not matters that could yet be programmed into a computer.

Not until he was satisfied that he had got the feel of this strange craft did Falcon pay any attention to Mission Control's pleadings. Then he deployed the booms carrying the instrumentation and the atmospheric samplers; the capsule now resembled a rather untidy Christmas tree but still rode smoothly down the Jovian winds, while it radioed up its torrents of information to the recorders on the ship 100,000 kilometers above. And now, at last, he could look around.

His first impression was unexpected and even a little disappointing. As far as the scale of things was concerned, he might have been ballooning over an ordinary cloudscape on Earth. The horizon seemed at a normal distance; there was no feeling at all that he was on a world 11 times the diameter of his own. Then he looked at the infrared radar, sounding the layers of atmosphere beneath him—and knew how badly his eyes had been deceived.

That layer of clouds, apparently five kilometers away, was really 60 kilometers below. And the horizon, whose distance he would have guessed at 200, was actually 3000 kilometers from the ship.

The crystalline clarity of the hydrohelium atmosphere and the enormous curvature of the planet had fooled him completely. It was even harder to judge distances here than on the Moon; everything he saw must be multiplied by ten.

It was a simple matter and he should have been prepared for it. Yet somehow it disturbed him profoundly. He did not feel that Jupiter was huge but that *he* had shrunk—to a tenth of his normal size. Perhaps, with time, he would grow accustomed to the inhuman scale of this world; yet as he stared toward that unbelievably distant horizon, he felt as if a wind colder than the atmosphere around him was blowing through his soul. Despite all his arguments, this might never be a place for man. He could well be both the first and the last to descend through the clouds of Jupiter.

The sky above was almost black, except for a few wisps of ammonia cirrus perhaps 20 kilometers overhead. It was cold up there on the fringes of space, but both pressure and temperature increased rapidly with depth. At the level where Kon-Tiki was drifting now, it was 50 degrees centigrade below zero and the pressure was five atmospheres. A hundred kilometers farther down, it would be as warm as equatorial Earth—and the pressure about the same as at the bottom of one of the shallower seas. Ideal conditions for life.

A quarter of the brief Jovian day had already gone; the Sun was halfway up the sky, but the light on the unbroken cloudscape below had a curious mellow quality. That extra half billion kilometers had robbed the Sun of all its power; though the sky was clear, Falcon found himself continually thinking that it was a heavily overcast day. When night fell, the onset of darkness would be swift, indeed; though it was still morning, there was a sense of autumnal twilight in the air. But autumn, of course, was something that never came to Jupiter. There were no seasons here.

Kon-Tiki had come down in the exact center of the Equatorial Zone—the least colorful part of the planet. The sea of clouds that stretched out to the horizon was tinted a pale salmon; there were none of the yellows and pinks and even reds that banded Jupiter at higher latitudes. The Great Red Spot itself—most spectacular of all the planet's features—lay thousands of kilometers to the south. It had been a temptation to descend there, but the South Tropical Disturbance was unusually active, with currents reaching 1500 kilometers an hour. It would have been asking for trouble to head into that maelstrom of unknown forces. The Great Red Spot and its mysteries would have to wait for future expeditions.

The Sun, moving across the sky twice as swiftly as it did on Earth, was now nearing the zenith and had become eclipsed by the great silver canopy of the balloon. Kon-Tiki was still drifting swiftly, smoothly westward at a steady 350, but only the radar gave any indication of this. Was it always as calm here? Falcon asked himself. The scientists who had talked learnedly of the Jovian doldrums and had predicted that the equator would be the quietest place seemed to know what they were talking about, after all. He had been profoundly skeptical of all such forecasts and had agreed with one unusually modest researcher who had told him bluntly, "There are *no* experts on Jupiter." Well, there would be at least one by the end of this day.

If he managed to survive until then.

### THE VOICES OF THE DEEP

That first day, the Father of the Gods smiled upon him. It was as calm and peaceful here on Jupiter as it had been, years ago, when he was drifting with Webster across the plains of northern India. Falcon had time to master his new skills, until Kon-Tiki seemed an extension of his own body. Such luck was more than he had dared hope and he began to wonder what price he might have to pay for it.

The five hours of daylight were almost over; the clouds below were full of shadows, which gave them a massive solidity they had not possessed when the Sun was higher. Color was swiftly draining from the sky, except in the west itself, where a band of deepening purple lay along the horizon. Above this band was the thin crescent of a closer moon, pale and bleached against the utter blackness beyond.

With a speed perceptible to the eye, the Sun went straight down over the edge of Jupiter, 3000 kilometers away. The stars came out in their legions—and there was the beautiful evening star of Earth, on the very frontier of twilight, reminding him how far he was from home. It followed the Sun down into the west; man's first night on Jupiter had begun.

With the onset of darkness, Kon-Tiki started to sink. The balloon was no longer heated by the feeble sunlight and was losing a small part of its buoyancy. Falcon did nothing to increase lift; he had expected this and was planning to descend.

The invisible cloud deck was still 50 kilometers below and he would reach it about midnight. It showed up clearly on the infrared radar, which also reported that it contained a vast array of complex carbon compounds, as well as the usual hydrogen, helium and ammonia. The chemists were dying for samples of that fluffy, pinkish stuff; though some atmospheric probes had already gathered a few grams, that had only whetted their appetites. Half the basic molecules of life were here, floating high above the surface of Jupiter. And where there was food, could life be far away? That was the question that, after more than 100 years, no one had been able to answer.

The infrared was blocked by the

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clouds, but the microwave radar sliced right through and showed layer after layer, all the way down to the hidden surface more than 400 kilometers below. That was barred to him by enormous pressures and temperatures: not even robot probes had ever reached it intact. It lay in tantalizing inaccessibility at the bottom of the radar screen, slightly fuzzy and showing a curious granular structure that his equipment could not resolve.

An hour after sunset, he dropped his first probe. It fell swiftly for 100 kilometers, then began to float in the denser atmosphere, sending back torrents of radio signals, which he relayed up to Mission Control. Then there was nothing else to do until sunrise, except to keep an eye on the rate of descent, monitor the instruments and answer occasional queries. While she was drifting in this steady current, Kon-Tiki could look after herself.

Just before midnight, a woman controller came on watch and introduced herself with the usual pleasantries. Ten minutes later, she called again, her voice at once serious and excited.

"Howard! Listen in on channel forty-six—high gain."

Channel 46? There were so many telemetering circuits that he knew the numbers of only those that were critical; but as soon as he threw the switch, he recognized this one. He was plugged into the microphone on the probe, floating 130 kilometers below him in an atmosphere now almost as dense as water.

At first, there was only a soft hiss of whatever strange winds stirred down in the darkness of that unimaginable world. And then, out of the background noise, there slowly emerged a booming vibration that grew louder and louder, like the beating of a gigantic drum. It was so low that it was felt as much as heard and the beats steadily increased their tempo, though the pitch never changed. Now it was a swift, almost infrasonic throbbing—and then, suddenly, in mid-vibration, it stopped, so abruptly that the mind could not accept the silence, but memory continued to manufacture a ghostly echo in the deepest caverns of the brain.

It was the most extraordinary sound that Falcon had ever heard, even among the multitudinous noises of Earth. He could think of no natural phenomenon that could have caused it, nor was it like the cry of any animal, not even one of the great whales.

It came again, following exactly the same pattern. Now that he was prepared for it, he estimated the length of the sequence: from first faint throb to final crescendo, it lasted just over ten seconds.

And this time, there was a real echo, very faint and far away. Perhaps it came from one of the many reflecting layers deeper in this stratified atmosphere; perhaps it was another more distant source. Falcon waited for a second echo, but it never came.

Mission Control reacted quickly and asked him to drop another probe at once. With two microphones operating, it would be possible to find the approximate location of the sources. Oddly enough, none of Kon-Tiki's own external mikes could detect anything except wind noises; the boomings, whatever they were, must have been trapped and channeled beneath an atmospheric reflecting layer far below.

They were coming, it was soon discovered, from a cluster of sources about 2000 kilometers away. The distance gave no indication of their power; in Earth's oceans, quite feeble sounds could travel equally far. And as for the obvious assumption that living creatures were responsible, the chief exobiologist quickly ruled that out.

"I'll be very disappointed," said Dr. Brenner, "if there are no microorganisms or plants here. But nothing like animals, because there's no free oxygen. All biochemical reactions on Jupiter must be low-energy ones—there's just no way an active creature could generate enough power to function."

Falcon wondered if this were true; he had heard the argument before and reserved judgment.

"In any case," continued Brenner, "some of those sound waves are a hundred meters long! Even an animal as big as a whale couldn't produce them. They *must* have a natural origin."

Yes, that seemed plausible, and probably the physicists would be able to come up with an explanation. What would a blind alien make, Falcon wondered, of the sounds he might hear when standing beside a stormy sea or a geyser or a volcano or a waterfall? He might well attribute them to some huge beast.

About an hour before sunrise, the voices of the deep died away and Falcon began to busy himself with preparation for the dawn of his second day. Kon-Tiki was now only five kilometers above the nearest cloud layer; the external pressure had risen to ten atmospheres and the temperature was a tropical 30 degrees. A man could be comfortable here with no more equipment than a breathing mask and the right grade of heliox mixture.

"We've some good news for you," Mission Control reported soon after dawn. "The cloud layer's breaking up. You'll have partial clearing in an hour—but watch out for turbulence."

"I've already noticed some," Falcon answered. "How far down will I be able to see?"

"At least twenty kilometers, down to the second thermocline. *That* cloud deck is solid—it never breaks."

And it's out of my reach, Falcon told himself; the temperature down there must be over 100 degrees. This was the first time that any balloonist had ever had to worry not about his ceiling but about his—basement?

Ten minutes later, he could see what Mission Control had already observed from its superior vantage point. There was a change in color near the horizon and the cloud layer had become ragged and humpy, as if something had torn it open. He turned up his little nuclear furnace and gave Kon-Tiki another five kilometers of altitude so that he could get a better view.

The sky below was clearing rapidly—completely, as if something was dissolving away the solid overcast. An abyss was opening up before his eyes; a moment later, he sailed out over the edge of a cloud canyon 20 kilometers deep and 1000 kilometers wide.

A new world lay spread beneath him: Jupiter had stripped away one of its many veils. The second layer of clouds, unattainably far below, was much darker in color than the first. It was almost salmon pink and curiously mottled with little islands of brick red. They were all oval-shaped, with their long axes pointing east-west, in the direction of the prevailing wind. There were hundreds of them, all about the same size, and they reminded Falcon of puffy little cumulus clouds in the terrestrial sky.

He reduced buoyancy and Kon-Tiki began to drop down the face of the dissolving cliff. It was then that he noticed the snow.

White flakes were forming in the air and drifting slowly downward. Yet it was much too warm for snow—and, in any event, there was scarcely a trace of water at this altitude. Moreover, there was no glitter nor sparkle about these flakes as they went cascading down into the depths; when, presently, a few landed on an instrument boom outside the main viewing port, he saw that they were a dull, opaque white—not crystalline at all—and quite large, several centimeters across. They looked like wax and Falcon guessed that this was precisely what they were. Some chemical reaction was taking place in the atmosphere around him, condensing out the hydrocarbons floating in the Jovian air.

A hundred kilometers ahead, a disturbance was taking place in the cloud layer. The little red ovals were being jostled around and were beginning to form a spiral—the familiar cyclonic pattern so common in the meteorology of Earth. The vortex was emerging with astonishing speed; if that was a storm ahead, Falcon told himself, he was in big trouble.

And then his concern changed to wonder—and to fear. For what was developing in his line of flight was not a

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storm at all. Something enormous—something scores of kilometers across—was rising through the clouds.

The reassuring thought that it, too, might be a cloud—a thunderhead boiling up from the lower levels of the atmosphere—lasted only a few seconds. No: this was *solid*. It shouldered its way through the pink-and-salmon overcast like an iceberg rising from the deeps.

An *iceberg*, floating on hydrogen? That was impossible, of course; but perhaps it was not too remote an analogy. As soon as he focused the telescope upon the enigma, Falcon saw that it was a whitish mass, threaded with streaks of red and brown. It must be, he decided, the same stuff as the "snowflakes" falling around him—a mountain range of wax. And it was not, he soon realized, as solid as he had thought; around the edges, it was continually crumbling and re-forming.

"I know what it is," he radioed Mission Control, which for the past few minutes had been asking anxious questions. "It's a mass of bubbles—some kind of foam. Hydrocarbon froth. Get the chemists working on—*just a minute!*"

"What is it?" called Mission Control. "What is it?"

He ignored the frantic pleas from space and concentrated all his mind upon the image in the telescope field. He had to be sure; if he made a mistake, he would be the laughingstock of the Solar System.

Then he relaxed, glanced at the clock and switched off the nagging voice from Jupiter V.

"Hello, Mission Control," he said very formally. "This is Howard Falcon aboard Kon-Tiki, Ephemeris Time Nineteen Hours Twenty One Minutes Fifteen Seconds. Latitude Zero Degrees Five Minutes North. Longitude One Hundred Five Degrees Forty Two Minutes. System One.

"Tell Dr. Brenner that there is life on Jupiter. And it's *big*."

### THE WHEELS OF POSEIDON

"I'm very happy to be proved wrong," Dr. Brenner radioed back cheerfully. "Nature always has something up her sleeve. Keep the long-focus camera on target and give us the steadiest pictures you can."

The things moving up and down those waxen slopes were still too far away for Falcon to make out many details, and they must have been very large to be visible at all at such a distance. Almost black and shaped like arrowheads, they maneuvered by slow undulations of their entire bodies, so that they looked rather like giant manta rays swimming above some tropical reef.

Perhaps they were sky-borne cattle browsing on the cloud pastures of Jupiter, for they seemed to be feeding along the dark, red-brown streaks that ran like dried-up river beds down the flanks of the floating cliffs. Occasionally, one of them would dive headlong into the mountain of foam and disappear completely from sight.

Kon-Tiki was moving only slowly with respect to the cloud layer below; it would be at least three hours before she was above those ephemeral hills. She was in a race with the Sun: Falcon hoped that darkness would not fall before he could get a good view of the mantas, as he had christened them, as well as the fragile landscape over which they flapped their way.

It was a long three hours; during the whole time, he kept the external microphones on full gain, wondering if here was the source of that booming in the night. The mantas were certainly large enough to have produced it; when he could get an accurate measurement, he discovered that they were almost 100 meters across the wings. That was three times the length of the largest whale—though he doubted if they could weigh more than a few tons.

Half an hour before sunset, Kon-Tiki was almost above the "mountains."

"No," said Falcon, answering Mission Control's repeated questions about the mantas. "They're still showing no reaction to me. I don't think they're intelligent—they look like harmless vegetarians. And even if they try to chase me—I'm sure they can't reach my altitude."

Yet he was a little disappointed when the mantas showed not the slightest interest in him as he sailed high above their feeding ground. Perhaps they had no way of detecting his presence; when he examined and photographed them through the telescope, he could see no signs of any sense organs. The creatures were merely huge black deltas rippling over hills and valleys that, in reality, were little more substantial than the clouds of Earth. Though they looked so solid, Falcon knew that anyone who stepped on those white mountains would go crashing through them as if they were made of tissue paper.

At close quarters, he could see the myriads of cellules or bubbles from which they were formed. Some of these were quite large—a meter or so in diameter—and Falcon wondered in what witch's caldron of hydrocarbons they had been brewed. There must be enough petrochemicals deep down in the atmosphere of Jupiter to supply all Earth's needs for 1,000,000 years.

The short day had almost gone when he passed over the crest of the waxen hills and the light was fading rapidly along their lower slopes. There were no mantas on this western side and for some reason, the topography was very different. The foam was sculpted into long, level terraces, like the interior of a lunar crater. He could almost imagine that they were gigantic steps leading down to the hidden surface of the planet.

And on the lowest of those steps, just clear of the swirling clouds that the mountain had displaced when it came surging skyward, was a roughly oval mass two or three kilometers across. It was difficult to see, being only a little darker than the gray-white foam on which it rested. Falcon's first reaction was that he was looking at a forest of pallid trees, like giant mushrooms that had never seen the Sun.

Yes, it must be a forest—he could see hundreds of thin trunks springing from the white, waxy froth in which they were rooted. But the trees were packed astonishingly close together; there was scarcely any space between them. Perhaps it was not a forest after all but a single enormous tree—like one of the giant, multiple-trunked banyans of the East. He had once seen, in Java, a banyan tree 200 meters across; this monster was at least ten times that size.

The light had almost gone; the cloudscape had turned purple with refracted sunlight and in a few seconds that, too, would have vanished. In the very last light of his second day on Jupiter, Howard Falcon saw—or thought he saw—something that cast the very gravest doubts on his interpretation of the white oval.

Unless the dim light had totally deceived him, those hundreds of thin trunks were beating back and forth, in perfect synchronism, like fronds of kelp rocking in the surge.

And the tree was no longer in the place where he had first seen it.

• • •

"Sorry about this," said Mission Control soon after sunset, "but we think Source Beta is going to blow within the next hour. Probability seventy percent."

Falcon glanced quickly at the chart. Beta—Jupiter latitude 140 degrees—was 30,000 kilometers away and well below his horizon. Even though major eruptions ran as high as ten megatons, he was much too far away for the shock wave to be a serious danger. The radio storm that it would trigger was, however, quite a different matter.

The decameter outbursts that sometimes made Jupiter the most powerful radio source in the whole sky had been discovered back in the 1950s, to the utter astonishment of the astronomers. Now, more than a century later, their real cause was still a mystery. Only the symptoms were understood; the explanation was completely unknown.

The "volcano" theory had best stood the test of time—although no one imagined that this word had the same meaning on Jupiter as on Earth. At frequent intervals—often several times a day—

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titanic eruptions occurred in the lower depths of the atmosphere, probably on the hidden surface of the planet itself. A great column of gas, more than 1000 kilometers high, would start boiling upward, as if determined to escape into space.

Against the most powerful gravitational field of all the planets, it had no chance. Yet some traces—a mere few million tons—usually managed to reach the Jovian ionosphere; and when they did, all hell broke loose.

The radiation belts surrounding Jupiter completely dwarf the feeble Van Allen belts of Earth. When they are short-circuited by an ascending column of gas, the result is an electrical discharge millions of times more powerful than any terrestrial flash of lightning: it sends a colossal thunderclap of radio noise flooding across the entire Solar System—and on out to the stars.

It had been discovered that these radio outbursts came from four main areas of the planet: perhaps there were weaknesses here that allowed the fires of the interior to break out from time to time. The scientists on Ganymede, largest of Jupiter's many moons, now thought that they could predict the onset of a decameter storm: their accuracy was about as good as a weather forecaster's of the early 1900s.

Falcon did not know whether to welcome or to fear a radio storm: it would certainly add to the value of the mission—if he survived it. His course had been planned to keep as far as possible from the main centers of disturbance, especially the most active one, Source Alpha. As luck would have it, the threatening Beta was the closest to him: he hoped that 30,000 kilometers—almost the circumference of Earth—was a safe enough distance.

"Probability ninety percent," said Mission Control with a distinct note of urgency. "And forget that hour. Ganymede says it may be any moment."

The radio had scarcely fallen silent when the reading on the magnetic-field-strength meter started to shoot upward. Before it could go off-scale, it reversed and began to drop as rapidly as it had risen. Far away and thousands of kilometers below, something had given the planet's molten core a titanic jolt.

"There she blows!" called Mission Control.

"Thanks—I already know. When will the storm hit me?"

"You can expect onset in five minutes. Peak in ten."

Far round the curve of Jupiter, a funnel of gas as wide as the Pacific Ocean was climbing spaceward at thousands of kilometers an hour. Already, the thunderstorms of the lower atmosphere would be raging around it—but they were as nothing to the fury that would explode when the radiation belt was reached and it began dumping its surplus electrons onto the planet. Falcon began to retract all the instrument booms that were extended out from the capsule: there were no other precautions he could take. It would be four hours before the atmospheric shock wave reached him—but the radio blast, traveling at the speed of light, would be here in a tenth of a second once the discharge had been triggered.

The radio monitor, scanning back and forth across the spectrum, still showed nothing unusual—just the normal mush of background static. Then Falcon noticed that the noise level was slowly creeping upward. The explosion was gathering its strength.

At such a distance, he had never expected to *see* anything. But suddenly a flicker as of far-off heat lightning danced along the eastern horizon. Simultaneously, half the circuit breakers jumped out of the main switchboard, the lights failed and all communications channels went dead.

He tried to move but was completely unable to do so. The paralysis that gripped him was not merely psychological: he seemed to have lost all control of his limbs and could feel a painful tingling sensation over his entire body. It was impossible that the electric field could have penetrated into this shielded cabin—yet there was a flickering glow over the instrument board and he could hear the unmistakable crackle of a brush discharge.

With a series of sharp bangs, the emergency systems operated and the overloads reset themselves. The lights flickered on again and Falcon's paralysis disappeared as swiftly as it had come. After glancing at the board to make sure that all circuits were back to normal, he moved quickly to the viewing ports.

There was no need to switch on the inspection lamps—the cables supporting the capsule seemed to be on fire. Lines of light, glowing an electric blue against the darkness, stretched upward from the main lift ring to the equator of the giant balloon; and rolling slowly along several of them were dazzling balls of fire.

The sight was so strange and so beautiful that it was hard to read any menace in it. Few people, Falcon knew, had ever seen ball lightning from such close quarters—and certainly none had survived if they were riding a hydrogen-filled balloon back in the atmosphere of Earth. He remembered the flaming death of the Hindenburg, destroyed by a stray spark when she docked at Lakehurst in 1937; as it had done so often in the past, the horrifying old newsreel film flashed through his mind. But at least that could not happen here, though there was more hydrogen above his head than had ever filled the last of the zeppelins. It would be a few billion years yet before anyone could light a fire in the atmosphere of Jupiter.

With a sound like briskly frying bacon, the speech circuit came back to life.

"Hello, Kon-Tiki—are you receiving? Are you receiving?"

The words were chopped and badly distorted but intelligible. Falcon's spirits lifted: he had resumed contact with the world of men.

"I receive you," he said. "Quite an electrical display, but no damage—so far."

"Thanks—thought we'd lost you. Please check telemetry channels three, seven, twenty-six. Also gain on camera two. And we don't quite believe the readings on the external ionization probes."

Reluctantly, Falcon tore his gaze away from the fascinating pyrotechnic display around Kon-Tiki, though from time to time he kept glancing out the windows. The ball lightning disappeared first, the fiery globes slowly expanding until they reached a critical size, at which they vanished in a gentle explosion. But for an hour later, there were still faint glows around all the exposed metal on the outside of the capsule; and the radio circuits remained noisy until well after midnight.

The remaining hours of darkness were completely uneventful—until just before dawn. Because it came from the east, Falcon assumed that he was seeing the first faint hint of sunrise. Then he realized that it was still 20 minutes too early for it—and the glow that had appeared along the horizon was moving toward him even as he watched. It swiftly detached itself from the arch of stars that marked the invisible edge of the planet and he saw that it was a relatively narrow band, quite sharply defined. The beam of an enormous searchlight appeared to be swinging beneath the clouds.

Perhaps 100 kilometers behind the first racing bar of light came another, parallel to it and moving at the same speed. And beyond that another, and another—until all the sky flickered with alternating sheets of light and darkness.

By this time, Falcon thought, he had been inured to wonders and it seemed impossible that this display of pure, soundless luminosity could present the slightest danger. But it was so astonishing and so inexplicable that he felt cold naked fear gnawing at his self-control. No man could look upon such a sight without feeling a helpless pygmy, in the presence of forces beyond his comprehension. Was it possible that, after all, Jupiter carried not only life but intelligence? And, perhaps, an intelligence that only now was beginning to react to his alien presence.

"Yes, we see it," said Mission Control

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in a voice that echoed his own awe. "We've no idea what it is. Stand by—we're calling Ganymede."

The display was slowly fading; the bands racing in from the far horizon were much fainter, as if the energies that powered them were becoming exhausted. In five minutes, it was all over; the last faint pulse of light flickered along the western sky and then was gone. Its passing left Falcon with an overwhelming sense of relief. The sight was so hypnotic and so disturbing that it was not good for any man's peace of mind to contemplate it too long.

He was more shaken than he cared to admit. The electrical storm was something that he could understand, but *this* was totally incomprehensible.

Mission Control was still silent. Falcon knew that the information banks up on Ganymede were now being searched while men and computers turned their minds to the problem. If no answer could be found there, it would be necessary to call Earth; that would mean a delay of almost an hour. The possibility that even Earth might be unable to help was one that Falcon did not care to contemplate.

He had never before been so glad to hear the voice of Mission Control as when Dr. Brenner finally came on the circuit. The biologist sounded relieved—yet subdued, like a man who had just come through some great intellectual crisis.

"Hello, Kon-Tiki. We've solved your problem, but we can still hardly believe it.

"What you've been seeing is bioluminescence—very similar to that produced by microorganisms in the tropical seas of Earth. Here they're in the atmosphere, not the ocean, but the principle is the same."

"But the pattern," protested Falcon. "It was so regular—so *artificial*. And it was hundreds of kilometers across!"

"It was even larger than you imagine—you observed only a small part of it. The whole pattern was five thousand kilometers wide and looked like a revolving wheel. You merely saw the spokes, sweeping past you at about a kilometer a second——"

"A *second*." Falcon could not help interjecting. "No animals could move that fast!"

"Of course not—let me explain. What you saw was triggered by the shock wave from Source Beta, moving at the speed of sound."

"But what about the pattern?" Falcon insisted.

"That's the surprising part. It's a very rare phenomenon, but identical wheels of light—except that they're a thousand times smaller—have been observed in the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. Listen to this: British India Company's Patna, Persian Gulf, May 1880, eleven-thirty P.M.—'An enormous luminous wheel, whirling round, the spokes of which appeared to brush the ship along. The spokes were two hundred or three hundred yards long . . . each wheel contained about sixteen spokes. . . .' And here's one from the Gulf of Oman, dated 23 May, 1906: 'The intensely bright luminescence approached us rapidly, shooting sharply defined light rays to the west in rapid succession, like the beam from the searchlight of a warship. . . . To the left of us, a gigantic fiery wheel formed itself, with spokes that reached as far as one could see. The whole wheel whirled around for two or three minutes.' The archive computer on Ganymede dug up about five hundred cases—it would have printed out the lot if we hadn't stopped it in time."

"I'm convinced—but still baffled."

"I don't blame you; the full explanation wasn't worked out until late in the 20th Century. It seems that these luminous wheels are the results of submarine earthquakes and always occur in shallow waters, where the shock waves can be reflected and cause standard wave patterns. Sometimes bars—sometimes rotating wheels—the 'Wheels of Poseidon,' they've been called. The theory was finally proved by making underwater explosions and photographing the results from a satellite. No wonder sailors used to be superstitious. Who would have believed a thing like *this*?"

So that was it, Falcon told himself. When Source Beta blew its top, it must have sent shock waves in all directions—through the compressed gas of the lower atmosphere, through the solid body of Jupiter itself. Meeting and crisscrossing, those waves must have canceled here, reinforced there; the whole planet must have rung like a bell.

Yet the explanation did not destroy the sense of wonder and awe; he would never be able to forget those flickering bands of light racing through the unattainable depths of the Jovian atmosphere. He felt that he was not merely on a strange planet but in some magical realm between myth and reality.

This was a world where absolutely *anything* could happen and no man could possibly guess what the future would bring.

And he still had a whole day to go.

### MEDUSA

When the true dawn finally arrived, it brought a sudden change of weather. Kon-Tiki was moving through a blizzard; waxen snowflakes were falling so thickly that visibility was reduced to zero. Falcon began to worry about the weight that might be accumulating on the envelope; then he noticed that any flakes settling outside the windows quickly disappeared. Kon-Tiki's continuous outpouring of heat was evaporating them as swiftly as they arrived.

If he had been ballooning on Earth, he would also have worried about the possibility of collision. That, at least, was no danger here; any Jovian mountains were several hundred kilometers below him. And as for the floating islands of foam, hitting them would probably be like plowing into slightly hardened soap bubbles.

Nevertheless, he switched on the horizontal radar, which until now had been completely useless; only the vertical beam, giving his distance from the invisible surface, so far had been of any value. And then he had another surprise.

Scattered across a huge sector of the sky ahead were dozens of large and

*"I thought I would hate myself this morning, but I don't. I hate you!"*

brilliant echoes. They were completely isolated from one another and hung apparently unsupported in space. Falcon suddenly remembered a phrase that the earliest aviators had used to describe one of the hazards of their profession—"clouds stuffed with rocks." That was a perfect description of what seemed to lie in the track of Kon-Tiki.

It was a disconcerting sight; then Falcon again reminded himself that nothing *really* solid could possibly hover in this atmosphere. Perhaps it was some strange meteorological phenomenon—and, in any case, the nearest echo was over 200 kilometers away.

He reported to Mission Control, which could provide no explanation. But it gave the welcome news that he would be clear of the blizzard in another 30 minutes.

It did not warn him, however, of the violent cross wind that abruptly grabbed Kon-Tiki and swept it almost at right angles to its previous track. Falcon needed all his skill and the maximum use of what little control he had over his ungainly vehicle to prevent it from being capsized. Within minutes, he was racing northward at 500 kilometers an hour; then, as suddenly as it had started, the turbulence ceased; he was still moving at high speed but in smooth air. He wondered if he had been caught in the Jovian equivalent of a jet stream.

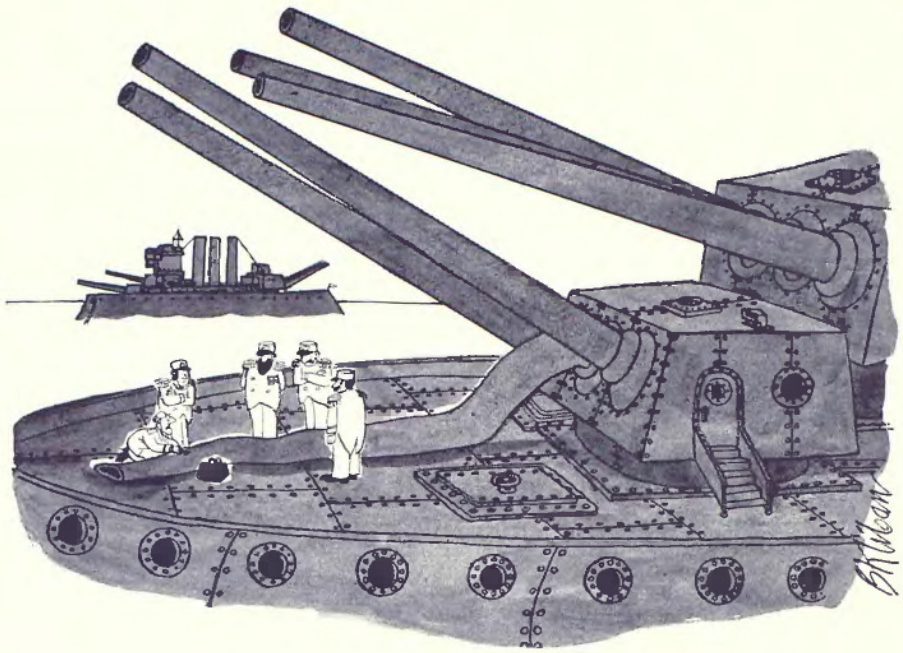
Then the snowstorm suddenly dissolved and he saw what Jupiter had been preparing for him.

Kon-Tiki had entered the funnel of a gigantic whirlpool, at least 300 kilometers across. The balloon was being swept along a curving wall of cloud; overhead, the Sun was shining in a clear sky, but far beneath, this great hole in the atmosphere drilled down to unknown depths, until it reached a misty floor where lightning flickered almost continuously.

Though the vessel was being dragged downward so slowly that it was in no immediate danger, Falcon increased the flow of heat into the envelope, until Kon-Tiki hovered at a constant altitude. Not until then did he abandon the fantastic spectacle outside and consider again the problem of the radar.

The nearest echo was now only 40 kilometers away—and all of them, he quickly realized, were distributed along the wall of the vortex; they were moving with it, apparently caught in the whirlpool like Kon-Tiki itself. He aimed the telescope along the radar bearing and found himself looking at a curious mottled cloud that almost filled the field of view.

It was not easy to see, being only a little darker than the whirling wall of mist that formed its background. Not until he had been staring for several minutes did Falcon realize that he had met it once before.



*"Gentlemen, you have one hell of a sick battleship on your hands!"*

The first time, it had been crawling across the drifting mountains of foam and he had mistaken it for a giant, many-trunked tree. Now at last he could appreciate its real size and complexity and he could give it a better name to fix its image in his mind. It did not resemble a tree at all but a jellyfish—a medusa, such as might be met trailing its tentacles as it drifted along the warm eddies of the Gulf Stream.

*This* medusa was two kilometers across and its scores of dangling tentacles were hundreds of meters long. They swayed slowly back and forth in perfect unison, taking more than a minute for each complete undulation—almost as if the creature were clumsily rowing itself through the sky.

The other echoes were more distant medusae; Falcon turned the telescope on half a dozen and could see no variations in shape or size. They all seemed to be of the same species and he wondered just why they were drifting lazily around in this 1000-kilometer orbit. Perhaps they were feeding upon the aerial plankton sucked in by the whirlpool—as Kon-Tiki itself had been.

"Do you realize, Howard," said Dr. Brenner when he had recovered from his initial astonishment, "that this thing is about a hundred thousand times as large as the biggest whale? And even if it's only a gasbag, it must still weigh a million tons! I can't even guess at its metabolism; it must generate megawatts of heat to maintain its buoyancy."

"But if it's just a gasbag, why is it such a damn good radar reflector?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Can you get any closer?"

Brenner's question was not an idle one; if Falcon changed altitude to take advantage of the differing wind velocities, he could approach the medusa as closely as he wished. At the moment, he preferred his present 40 kilometers and said so, firmly.

"I see what you mean," Brenner answered a little reluctantly. "Let's stay where we are for the present." That "we" gave Falcon a certain wry amusement; an extra 100,000 kilometers made a considerable difference to one's point of view.

For the next two hours, Kon-Tiki drifted uneventfully in the gyre of the great whirlpool, while Falcon experimented with filters and camera contrast, trying to get a clear view of the medusa. He began to wonder if its elusive coloration were some kind of camouflage; perhaps, like many animals of Earth, it was trying to lose itself against its background. That was a trick used both by hunters and by the hunted.

In which category was the medusa? That was a question he could hardly expect to have answered in the short time that was left to him. Yet just before noon, without the slightest warning, the answer came.

Like a squadron of antique jet fighters, five mantas came sweeping through the wall of mist that formed the funnel of the vortex. They were flying in a V formation, directly toward the pallid gray cloud of the medusa—and there was no doubt, in Falcon's mind, that they were on the attack. He had been quite wrong to assume that they were harmless vegetarians.

Yet everything happened at such a

leisurely pace that it was like watching a slow-motion film. The mantas undulated along at perhaps 50 kilometers an hour; it seemed ages before they reached the medusa, which continued to paddle imperturbably along at an even slower speed. Huge though they were, the mantas looked tiny beside the monster they were approaching; when they flapped down onto its back, they appeared about as large as birds landing on a whale.

Could the medusa defend itself? Falcon wondered. As long as they avoided those huge, clumsy tentacles, he did not see how the attacking mantas could be in any danger. And perhaps their host was not even aware of them; they could be insignificant parasites, as tolerated as fleas upon a dog.

But now it was obvious that the medusa was in distress. With agonizing slowness, it began to tip over, like a capsizing ship. After ten minutes, it had tilted 45 degrees; it was also rapidly losing altitude. It was impossible not to feel a sense of pity for the beleaguered monster, and to Howard Falcon the sight brought bitter memories. In a grotesque way, the fall of the medusa was almost a parody of the dying Queen's last moments.

Yet he knew that his sympathies were on the wrong side. High intelligence could only develop among predators—not among the drifting browsers of either sea or air. The mantas were far closer to him than was this monstrous bag of gas; and anyway, who could *really* sympathize with a creature 100,000 times larger than a whale?

Then he noticed that the medusa's tactics seemed to be having some effect. The mantas had been disturbed by its slow roll and were flapping heavily away from its back—like gorged vultures interrupted at mealtime. But they did not move very far, continuing to hover a few meters from the still capsizing monster.

There was a sudden, blinding flash of light, synchronized with a crash of static over the radio. One of the mantas, slowly twisting end over end, was plummeting straight downward. As it fell, it trailed behind it a smoky black plume. Though there could be no fire, the resemblance to an aircraft going down in flames was quite uncanny.

In unison, the remaining mantas dived steeply away from the medusa, gaining speed by losing altitude. Within minutes, they had vanished back into the wall of cloud from which they had emerged. And the medusa, no longer falling, began to roll back toward the horizontal. Soon it was sailing along once more on an even keel, as if nothing had happened.

"Beautiful!" said Dr. Brenner after a moment of stunned silence. "It's developed electric defenses—like some of our eels and rays. But that must have been about a million volts! Can you see any organs that might produce the discharge? Anything looking like electrodes?"

"No." Falcon answered, after switching to the highest power of the telescope. "But here's something odd. Do you see this pattern? Check back on the earlier images—I'm sure it wasn't there before."

A broad, mottled band had appeared along the side of the medusa. It formed a startlingly regular checkerboard, each square of which was itself speckled in a complex subpattern of short horizontal lines. They were spaced equal distances apart, in a geometrically perfect array of rows and columns.

"You're right," said Dr. Brenner, and now there was something very much like awe in his voice. "That's just appeared. And I'm afraid to tell you what I think it is."

"Well, I have no reputation to lose—at least as a biologist. Shall I give my guess?"

"Go ahead."

"That's a large meter-band radio array. The sort of thing they used back at the beginning of the 20th Century."

"I was afraid you'd say that. Now we know why it gave such a massive echo."

"But why has it just appeared?"

"Probably an aftereffect of the discharge."

"I've just had another thought," said Falcon rather slowly. "Do you suppose it's *listening* to us?"

"On this frequency? I doubt it. Those are meter—no, *decameter* antennas, judging by their size. Hmm . . . that's an idea!"

Dr. Brenner fell silent, obviously contemplating some new line of thought. Presently, he continued: "I bet they're tuned to the radio outbursts! That's something nature never got round to doing on Earth. We have animals with sonar and even electric senses, but nothing ever developed a radio sense. Why bother, where there was so much light?

"But it's different here. Jupiter is *drenched* with radio energy. It's worth while using it—maybe even tapping it. That thing could be a floating power plant!"

A new voice cut into the conversation.

"Mission Commander here. This is all very interesting—but there's a much more important matter to settle. *Is it intelligent?* If so, we've got to consider the First Contact directives."

"Until I came here," said Dr. Brenner somewhat ruefully, "I would have sworn that anything that can make a short-wave antenna system *must* be intelligent. Now I'm not sure. This could have evolved naturally. I suppose it's no more fantastic than the human eye."

"Then we have to play safe and assume intelligence. For the present, therefore, this expedition comes under all the clauses of the Prime Directive."

There was a long silence while everyone on the radio circuit absorbed the implications of this. For the first time in the history of space flight, the rules that had been established through more than a century of argument might have to be applied. Man had—it was hoped—profited from his mistakes on Earth. Not only moral considerations but his own self-interest demanded that he should not repeat them among the planets. It could be disastrous to treat a superior intelligence as the American settlers had treated the red Indians or as almost everyone had treated the Africans.

The first rule was: Keep your distance—make no attempt to approach nor even to communicate until "they" have had plenty of time to study you. Exactly what was meant by plenty of time no one had ever been able to decide; it was left to the discretion of the man on the spot.

A responsibility of which he had never dreamed had descended upon Howard Falcon. In the few hours that remained to him on Jupiter, he might become the first ambassador of the human race.

And *that* was an irony so delicious that he almost wished the surgeons had restored to him the power of laughter.

### PRIME DIRECTIVE

It was growing darker, but Falcon scarcely noticed as he strained his eyes toward that living cloud in the field of the telescope. The wind that was still sweeping Kon-Tiki steadily around the funnel of the great whirlpool had now brought him within 20 kilometers of the creature; if he got much closer than ten, he would take evasive action. Though he felt certain that the medusa's electric weapons were short-ranged, he did not wish to put the matter to the test. That would be a problem for future explorers, and he wished them luck.

Now it was quite dark in the capsule—and that was strange, because sunset was still hours away. Automatically, he glanced at the horizontally scanning radar, as he had done every few minutes. Apart from the medusa he was studying, there was no other object within 100 kilometers of him.

Suddenly, with startling power, he heard the sound that had come booming out of the Jovian night—the throbbing beat that grew more and more rapid, then stopped mid-crescendo. The whole capsule vibrated with it, like a pea in a kettledrum.

Howard Falcon realized two things almost simultaneously, during the sudden, aching silence. *This* time, the sound was not coming from thousands of kilometers away, over a radio circuit. It was in the very atmosphere around him.

The second thought was even more disturbing. He had quite forgotten—it was inexcusable, but there had been other apparently more important things on his mind—that most of the sky above him was completely blanked out by Kon-Tiki's gasbag. Being lightly silvered to conserve its heat, the great balloon was an effective shield both to radar and to vision.

He had known this, of course; it had been a minor defect of the design, tolerated because it did not appear important. It seemed very important to Howard Falcon now—as he saw that fence of gigantic tentacles, thicker than the trunks of any tree, descending all around the capsule.

He heard Brenner yelling: "Remember the Prime Directive! Don't alarm it!" Before he could make an appropriate answer, that overwhelming drumbeat started again and drowned all other sounds.

The sign of a really skilled test pilot is how he reacts not to foreseeable emergencies but to ones that nobody could have anticipated. Falcon did not hesitate for more than a second to analyze the situation; then, in a lightning-swift movement, he pulled the rip cord.

That word was an archaic survival from the days of the first hydrogen balloons; on Kon-Tiki, the rip cord did not tear open the gasbag but merely operated a set of louvers round the upper curve of the envelope. At once, the hot gas started to rush out; Kon-Tiki, deprived of her lift, began to fall swiftly in this gravity field two and a half times as strong as Earth's.

Falcon had a momentary glimpse of great tentacles whipping upward and away; he had just time to note that they were studded with large bladders or sacs, presumably to give them buoyancy, and that they ended in multitudes of thin feelers like the roots of a plant. He half expected a bolt of lightning, but nothing happened.

His precipitous rate of descent was slackening as the atmosphere thickened and the deflated envelope acted as a parachute. Kon-Tiki had dropped more than three kilometers; it should be safe to close the louvers again. By the time he had restored buoyancy and was in equilibrium once more, he had lost another two kilometers of altitude and was getting dangerously near his safety limit.

He peered anxiously through the overhead windows, though he did not expect to see anything except the obscuring bulk of the balloon. But he had side-slipped during his descent and part of the medusa was just visible a couple of kilometers above him. It was much closer than he expected—and it was still coming down, faster than he would have believed possible.

Mission Control was calling anxiously; he shouted, "I'm OK—but it's still coming after me. I can't go any deeper."

That was not quite true. He could go a lot deeper—about 300 kilometers. But it would be a one-way trip and most of the journey would be of little interest to him.

Then, to his great relief, he saw that the medusa was leveling off about a kilometer above him. Perhaps it had decided to approach this strange intruder with caution—or perhaps it, too, found this deeper layer uncomfortably hot. The temperature was over 50 degrees and Falcon wondered how much longer his life-support system could handle matters.

Dr. Brenner was back on the circuit, still worrying about the Prime Directive.

"Remember—it may only be inquisitive!" he cried without much conviction. "Try not to frighten it!"

Falcon was getting rather tired of this advice and recalled a TV discussion he had once seen between a space lawyer and an astronaut. After the full implications of the Prime Directive had been carefully spelled out, the incredulous spacer had exclaimed: "So if there were no alternative, I must sit still and let myself be eaten?" The lawyer had not even cracked a smile when he answered: "That's an *excellent* summing up."

It had seemed funny at the time; it was not at all amusing now.

And then Falcon saw something that made him even more unhappy. The medusa was still hovering a kilometer above him—but one of its tentacles was becoming incredibly elongated and was stretching down toward Kon-Tiki, thinning out at the same time. As a boy, he had once seen the funnel of a tornado descending from a storm cloud over the Kansas plains; the thing coming toward him now evoked vivid memories of that black, twisting snake in the sky.

"I'm rapidly running out of options," he reported to Mission Control. "I now have only a choice between frightening it and giving it a bad stomach-ache. I don't think it will find Kon-Tiki very digestible, if that's what it has in mind."

He waited for comments from Brenner, but the biologist remained silent.

"Very well—it's twenty-seven minutes ahead of time, but I'm starting the ignition sequencer. I hope I'll have enough reserve to correct my orbit later."

He could no longer see the medusa; it was directly overhead once more. But he knew that the descending tentacle must now be very close to the balloon. It would take almost five minutes to bring the reactor up to full thrust.

The fusor was primed. The orbit computer had not rejected the situation

*"We must consider the health of the community, we must consider our image and we must consider the fine of $25,000 a day."*

as wholly impossible. The air scoops were open, ready to gulp in tons of the surrounding hydrohelium on demand. Even under optimum conditions, this would have been the moment of truth—for there had been no way of testing how a nuclear ram jet would *really* work in the strange atmosphere of Jupiter.

Very gently, something rocked Kon-Tiki. Falcon tried to ignore it.

Ignition had been planned ten kilometers higher than this, in an atmosphere of less than a quarter of the density—and 30 degrees cooler. Too bad.

What was the shallowest dive he could get away with for the air scoops to work? When the ram ignited, he'd be heading *toward* Jupiter, with two and a half *g* to help him get there. Could he possibly pull out in time?

A large, heavy hand patted the balloon. The whole vessel bobbed up and down, like one of the yo-yos that had just become the craze back on Earth.

Of course, Brenner *might* be perfectly right. Perhaps it was just trying to be friendly. Maybe he should try to talk to it over the radio. Which should it be: "Pretty pussy"? "Down, Fido!"? or "Take me to your leader"?

The tritium-deuterium ratio was correct. He was ready to light the candle, with a 100,000,000-degree match.

The thin tip of the tentacle came slithering round the edge of the balloon, only 20 meters away. It was about the size of an elephant's trunk and by the delicate way it was moving, appeared to be almost as sensitive. There were little palps at its very end, like questing mouths. He was sure that Dr. Brenner would be fascinated.

This seemed about as good a time as any. He gave a swift scan of the entire control board, started the final four-second ignition count, broke the safety seal and pressed the JETTISON switch.

There was a sharp explosion and an instant loss of weight. Kon-Tiki was falling freely, nose down. Overhead, the discarded balloon was racing upward, dragging the inquisitive tentacle with it. Falcon had no time to see if the gasbag actually hit the medusa, because at that moment the ram jet fired and he had other matters to think about.

A roaring column of hot hydrohelium was pouring out of the reactor nozzles, swiftly building up thrust—but *toward* Jupiter, not away from it. He could not pull out yet, for vector control was too sluggish. Unless he could gain complete control and achieve horizontal flight within the next five seconds, the vehicle would dive too deeply into the atmosphere and would be destroyed.

With agonizing slowness—those five seconds seemed like 50—he managed to flatten out, then pull the nose upward. He glanced back only once and caught a final glimpse of the medusa many kilometers away. Kon-Tiki's discarded gasbag had apparently escaped from its grasp, for he could see no sign of it.

Now he was master once more—no longer drifting helplessly on the winds of Jupiter but riding his own column of atomic fire back to the stars. The ram jet would steadily give him velocity and altitude, until he had reached near orbital speed at the fringes of the atmosphere. Then, with a brief burst of pure rocket power, he would regain the freedom of space.

Halfway to orbit, he looked south and saw the tremendous enigma of the Great Red Spot—that floating island twice the size of Earth—coming up over the horizon. He stared into its mysterious beauty until the computer warned him that conversion to rocket thrust was only 60 seconds ahead, then tore his gaze reluctantly away.

"Some other time," he murmured.

"What's that?" said Mission Control. "What did you say?"

"It doesn't matter," he replied.

### BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

"You're a hero now, Howard," said Webster, "not just a celebrity. You've given them something to think about—injected some excitement into their lives. Not one in a million will actually travel to the Outer Giants—but the whole human race will go in imagination. And that's what counts."

"I'm glad to have made your job a little easier."

Webster was too old a friend to take offense at the note of irony. Yet it surprised him; this was not the first change in Howard that he had noticed since the return from Jupiter.

The administrator pointed to the famous sign on his desk, borrowed from an impresario of an earlier age: ASTONISH ME!

"I'm not ashamed of my job. New knowledge, new resources—they're all very well. But men also need novelty and excitement. Space travel has become routine; you've made it a great adventure once more. It will be a long, long time before we get Jupiter pigeonholed. And maybe longer still before we understand those medusae. I still think that one *knew* where your blind spot was. Anyway, have you decided on your next move? Saturn, Uranus, Neptune—you name it."

"I don't know. I've thought about Saturn, but I'm not really needed there. It's only one gravity, not two and a half like Jupiter. So men can handle it."

*Men,* thought Webster. He said men. He's never done that before. And when did I last hear him use the word we? He's changing—slipping away from us.

"Well," he said aloud, rising from his chair to conceal his slight uneasiness, "Let's get the conference started. The cameras are all set up and everyone's waiting. You'll meet a lot of old friends."

He stressed the last word, but Howard showed no response; the leathery mask of his face was becoming more and more difficult to read. Instead, he rolled back from the administrator's desk, unlocked his undercarriage so that it no longer formed a chair and rose on his hydraulics to his full seven feet of height. It had been good psychology on the part of the surgeons to give him that extra 12 inches as some compensation for all else that he had lost when the Queen had crashed.

He waited until Webster had opened the door, then pivoted neatly on his balloon tires and headed for it at a smooth and silent 30 kilometers an hour. The display of speed and precision was not flaunted arrogantly; already, it was quite unconscious.

Howard Falcon, who had once been a man and could still pass for one over a voice circuit, felt a calm sense of achievement—and, for the first time in years, something like peace of mind. Since his return from Jupiter, the nightmares had ceased. He had found his role at last.

He knew now why he had dreamed about that superchimp aboard the doomed Queen Elizabeth. Neither man nor beast, it was between two worlds; and so was he.

He alone could travel unprotected on the lunar surface; the life-support system inside the metal cylinder that had replaced his fragile body functioned equally well in space or under water. Gravity fields ten times that of Earth were an inconvenience but nothing more. And no gravity was best of all.

The human race was becoming more remote from him, the ties of kinship more tenuous. Perhaps these air-breathing, radiation-sensitive bundles of unstable carbon compounds had no right beyond the atmosphere; they should stick to their natural homes—Earth, Moon, Mars.

Someday, the real masters of space would be machines, not men—and he was neither. Already conscious of his destiny, he took a somber pride in his unique loneliness—the first immortal, midway between two orders of creation.

He would, after all, be an ambassador; between the old and the new—between the creatures of carbon and the creatures of metal who must one day supersede them.

Both would have need of him in the troubled centuries that lay ahead.

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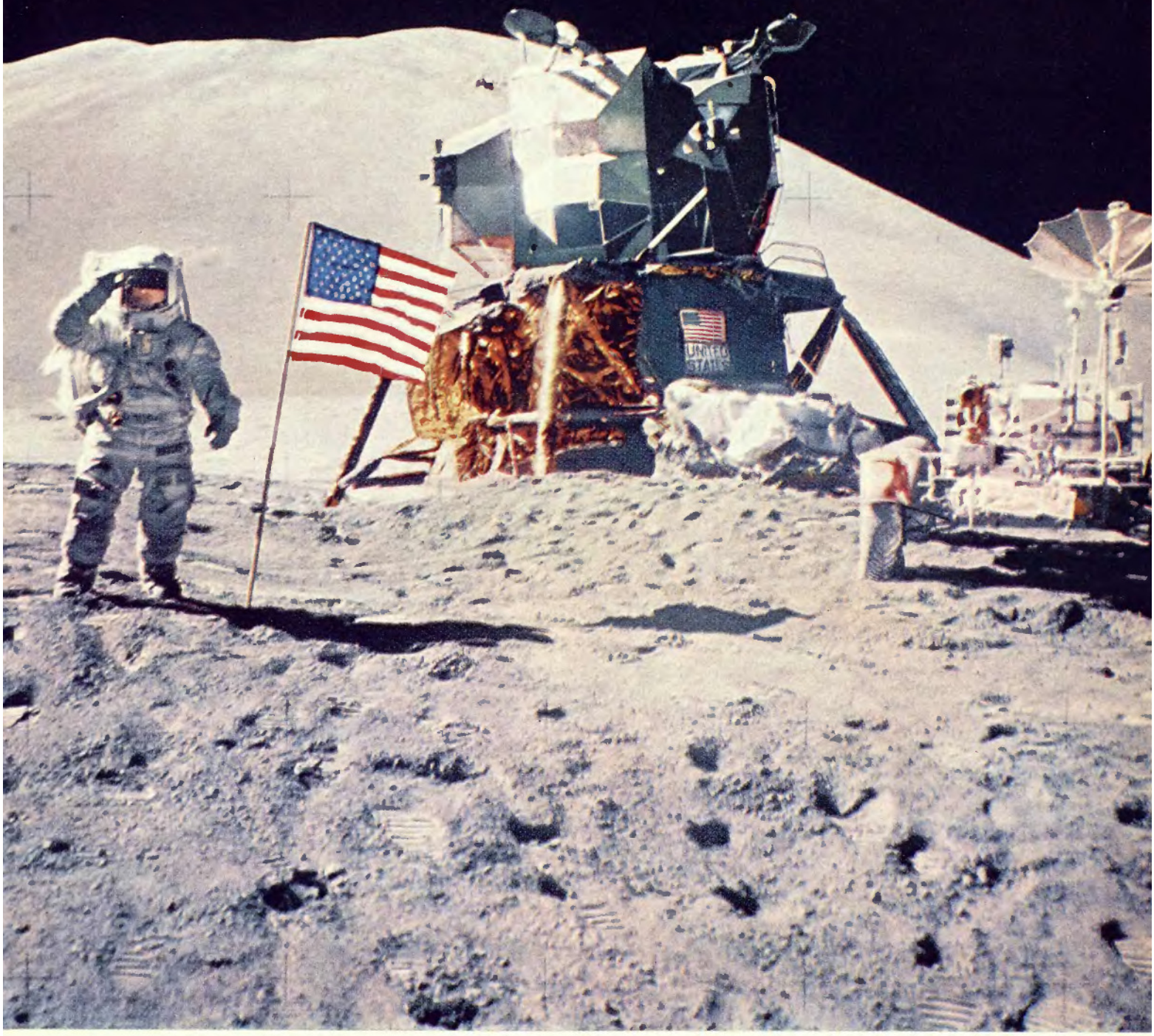

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# Shelley

(continued from page 194)

underwear and as we walked, I prayed: Please, God, please—let me do all right and not puke or be impotent or forget what part goes where, please let me fuck this child, please just let me shove my nasty old shlong into this teenaged child's warm little pussy and please let me do all right, and then, after that, You can do anything You want with me—but please, God, don't let me come this close to ecstasy without letting me have it.

We sat down on my king-sized bed. I took off her underwear and her boots and then I climbed on top of her and climbed inside of her and it was *marvelous*—just absolutely incredibly *marvelous*—and, mercifully, I hadn't forgotten how to do it. I don't think my performance was anything more than competent, having put away all that liquor and everything, but I wasn't too bad, either, and in the moment of orgasm I would cheerfully have died or converted to Catholicism on the off-chance that the God I'd been dealing with hadn't been Jewish.

We lay together for a while and then we got up and went into the bathroom and took a shower together. I kissed her and hugged her a lot in the shower, and when we came out and toweled our bodies dry, she had somehow changed. With her make-up washed off and with her marvelous long hair all wet and without her leather clothes on, she looked about 12 years old. I became really nervous, having screwed someone who looked so young, and I fought off my guilt with thoughts of her drug experiences and her sex experiences with guys like Cliff.

She said she'd better be getting home soon or her mother would worry (I really needed hearing about worried mothers at that point), so we got dressed and went out looking for a cab to take her home. She held my hand all the way back to her house in the cab, and I noticed with considerable surprise that her supercool drugsy manner of speech had lapsed into some dimly remembered thing out of my past. What it was, I realized, was the kind of coy, cutesy, self-conscious way of talking that teenagers talked when *I* was in high school.

We arrived at her house and I opened the door of the cab to let her out, but she asked if I would mind letting the cab go and coming inside to meet her mother. I wasn't at all eager to meet her mother, but I nodded dully and paid the cabby. As we walked up to her door, she said to me:

"I hope you don't think I do that all the time."

"What do you mean?" I said. I thought maybe she meant asking me to let the cab go and come inside to meet her mother.

"I mean, like, what we just got done doing," she said, somewhat embarrassed.

"You mean making love?" I said.

She nodded.

"You mean you don't usually go to bed with a guy the first time you see him or what?"

She appeared truly hurt.

"I've only balled, like, two other guys in my *life*," she said, "and only after going steady with them for, like, *years*."

"Come on, Shelley," I said gently. "You mean to tell me you went steady for years with *Cliff*?"

"Cliff!" she said. "Oh, wow. I never balled Cliff."

"You didn't?"

"No. I mean, he *wanted* me to, but I wouldn't. Why?" she said. "Did he tell you he balled me?"

"Not exactly," I said. "I just assumed he had. I mean, I thought you were a big swinger and everything or I wouldn't have even made a move at you till about the fourth or fifth date."

"Oh, wow," she said. "The only reason I went along with it was I thought *you* were a big swinger, and if I didn't I'd never see you again."

We looked at each other for a long moment and we saw each other for perhaps the first (and possibly the only) time, and then we went inside to meet her mother. In some kind of wacky way, I knew that I was back in high school and had somehow agreed to go steady.

Shelley's mom, Mrs. Robish, greeted us at the door. She was a quite voluptuous woman in her early 40s—plumper than you would have wished, but not bad-looking. She was blonde, Polish, seductive and spoke with an accent.

"Well," said Mrs. Robish, looking me over, "so this is your young man, Shelley?"

"Yeah," Shelley said and perfunctorily introduced us.

I shook hands with Mrs. Robish, figuring it was a Continental thing to do, and she seemed reluctant to let go of me.

"He's very cute, your young man, Shelley," said Mrs. Robish, "*very* cute."

I smiled wanly and Mrs. Robish continued holding my hand.

"You better watch out, Shelley, that I don't take your young man away from you," said Mrs. Robish.

At that point, a greasy-looking foreign man, maybe 30 years old, maybe less, entered the room. He had a skinny mustache, a luminescent suit and an accent even heavier than Mrs. Robish's.

"Ah," said Mrs. Robish, spying the guy, "here is Maurice. Maurice, say hello to Mr. Greenburg."

Maurice did a little bow and shook hands with me.

"Meestair Grimnboorg, a great plaiseer," he said. "Gude evening, Shelley," he said to Shelley.

"Maurice and I are engaged to marry," said Mrs. Robish.

"Oh," I said. "Well, congratulations."

"Just now," said Mrs. Robish, "we are only lovers."

"Ah," I said.

"Perhaps you will stay to dinner, Mr. Greenburg," said Mrs. Robish.

"Oh, no, no thanks," I said. "I have to be going."

"Yes? But there is much food. Too much for the three of us. Perhaps you will stay and help us dispose of it?"

"Oh, that's very kind of you," I said, "but no, I'm afraid I have to run."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Robish. "Where must you run?"

"*Mom*, for God's sake," said Shelley.

"Where must you run, Mr. Greenburg?" said Mrs. Robish. "Another dinner engagement?"

"Well, no, not exactly," I said.

"Have you eaten yet this evening, Mr. Greenburg?" said Mrs. Robish.

"Well, no," I said, "but. . . ."

Mrs. Robish took my hand again.

"Then please," she said, "I insist you stay and eat with us. Unless our simple food would offend you?"

"*Offend* me," I said, "Of course not."

"Good," said Mrs. Robish. "Then you'll stay?"

"Well. . . ."

There seemed no way to get out of it without hurting foreign feelings.

"Excellent," said Mrs. Robish, giving my hand a big squeeze. "Maurice, get Mr. Greenburg a drink."

I was about to tell Maurice what I wanted to drink, but he only nodded and went off to fetch it. Mrs. Robish led me into the living room and seated me on the couch.

"Make yourself comfortable, Mr. Greenburg," she said. "Now I must go and cook, and Shelley must do some homework, but Maurice will entertain you until dinnertime."

Mrs. Robish and Shelley went off to their respective tasks and Maurice came back into the room and handed me a large jelly glass full of amber liquid with no ice in it. I took a sip of it and my eyes widened.

"What is this?" I said, my throat on fire.

"Please?"

I pointed to the glass. "This," I said. "What is it?"

"Ah. Pear brandy," said Maurice.

"Pear brandy," I said.

Maurice nodded. "It pleases you?" he said.

"Oh. Yes. Very good. Yes." I smiled. "Thank you."

Maurice smiled and sat down right

*"There they are again!"*

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next to me on the couch. I eyed him warily. He just sat there, smiling at me. There was a lot of silence.

"So," I said, unable to stand the silence any longer. "Tell me. What do you do?"

"Please?"

"What do you do? What, uh, line are you in?"

"Ah. What I work?" he said.

"Yes."

"Ah." Maurice smiled his comprehension. "Fown-dation," he said.

"Fown-dation?" I said.

Maurice nodded.

"What *kind* of foundation—a charitable one?" I said.

"Please?"

"I say, what *kind* of foundation do you work for—a charitable one?"

Maurice shook his head impatiently.

"Ghar-mens," he said.

"Ghar-mens?" I said blankly.

"*Ghar*-mens. *ghar*-mens," he said in exasperation, "cower-sets, bres-heers, ghor-dles—to hawld opp de buttocks and de teets. Fown-dation *ghar*-mens."

"Foundation *gar*ments," I said. "Yes. I understand."

Maurice nodded impatiently and sighed. There was another longish silence.

"Well," I said, "that sounds very interesting. What do you do, sell them, fit them or what?"

Maurice nodded. "For Hess Klein," he said.

"For S. Klein, the department store?"

"Hess Klein on de Skvare. Ees how I meet Meeses Robeesh."

"Oh?"

"Feeteeng her for cower-sets. Lawf-ly woman. Beeg bazooms. Lawf-ly. You lawf beeg bazooms?"

"Oh. Well, sure," I said. "I guess so."

"Beeg bazooms on Meeses Robeesh," he said. "I fall een lawf weeth them. Before the feeteeng ees over, we are proctically engaged."

"Well, that's very . . . sweet," I said.

"She make me very happy, that woman, weeth her beeg bazooms," he said. "I lawf them more than life."

"Tell me," I said, "how'd you happen to end up in that racket?"

"Please?"

"I say, how did you happen to wind up in the foundation-garments game?"

"Ees not what you theenk," he said defensively.

"It's not?"

"Eet's not that I am, how you say, 'torned on' by cower-sets, ghor-dles, bres-heers, oh, no. Ees only to me a job. A profession. For hobbies, for avocations, I have other theengs."

"Ah."

"I am collector."

"Really?" I said. "What do you collect?"

"Oh, many theengs: ponties, staukeengs, gartair belts, theengs of thees natures. Linggery."

"Linggery? I see. Well, I'm glad to hear you're so diversified in your interests."

"Deeversification ees my life. Do you know I have thairty-two separate varieties of ponties alone?"

"Imagine."

"Oh, yes," said Maurice. He pointed a dramatic finger at me. "One of de three largest amateur collections een the entire United States of Americas!"

"Not really!" I said. I began to look uncomfortably around. "Say, I wonder how we're doing on dinner in there," I said.

"Porhops sometimes you weesh to see my collection?" said Maurice.

"Oh. Well, maybe so," I said. "Mrs. Robish," I called, "how are we doing in there?"

"Soup is on, everyone!" she replied.

I was immensely relieved.

• • •

Two days later, I got a greeting card in the mail. On the cover was a very cutesy terrier with a peppy face and an envelope in his mouth. On the inside of the card was the following message:

*This little doggy came to say*
*He hopes you have a happy day.*
*If I weren't shy as shy can be,*
*I'd be there now instead of he.*
—Love, Shelley

I had my first real date with Shelley about a week after that. I took her out to dinner at a restaurant, just like a grownup, and I couldn't completely get out of my head the image of Daddy taking his daughter out to eat. She had no idea what to order or how to eat it—things I had learned years before and then forgotten. I'd had to learn them—and although I found it charming to be the teacher, it was still slightly disconcerting.

When I took her back to my apartment afterward, she let me neck with her, but she stopped my hand before it had crept any farther up her leg than the top of her boot.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Nothing."

"Then why did you stop me just now?"

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Because we're going too fast," she said.

"Too fast? Too fast for what?"

"Too fast for our second date," she said.

"But on our *first* date you went to *bed* with me."

"I know," she said, "but that was from a misunderstanding. It doesn't count."

"How could it not count? We went to bed together. We made love. I was inside you. How could that not count?"

She sighed.

"Oh, wow," she said, then continued as if to a not very bright child. "It didn't count because we both thought it was something else. And also. . . ."

"And also what?"

"Also because it wasn't important then," she said.

"And now it is?" I said.

She nodded, looking the other way. I was touched, but no less frustrated.

"Shelley, honey," I said, taking her hands in mine, "that doesn't make sense, does it—that it's OK to let a guy make love to you if he's not important to you and *not* to let him if he *is*?"

"I just don't want to give you the wrong idea about what kind of girl I am," she said, "that's all."

I let go of her hands and covered my eyes.

"I can't believe it," I said. "I just can't believe it. I'm practically thirty years old and I'm right back in high school. It's as if the last fifteen years never even happened. It's as if the whole sexual revolution never even happened."

I dropped my hands and looked at her.

"Shelley," I said, "you're a sweet, lovely girl, a very sexual girl, and a very dear person. Making love to you was one of the best, most wonderful experiences of my entire life. And now you're telling me you're not going to ever let me make love to you again. Does that make sense?"

"That's not what I'm telling you," she said.

"You *are* going to let me make love to you again?" I said.

"Sure."

"When?" I said huskily.

"Not tonight."

"When?"

"After a while. After a few more dates."

"How many dates?" I said.

"I don't know yet."

"I see," I said. "And what if I don't go along with that?"

"Then you don't have to see me anymore," she said.

"I see," I said.

• • •

You will perhaps not be altogether thrilled with me when I tell you that for the next few dates we did things her way. We didn't go to dinner parties or do other things that grownups do and we didn't go to any more restaurants, because they made her feel uncomfortable. Instead, we double-dated with teenaged couples and we went to a number of teenaged parties, where we sat around and listened to loud rock music and smoked a lot of pot and didn't talk.

At one such party, in the sparsely furnished East Village apartment of one of Shelley's friends, I couldn't endure the silence any longer and turned to a

boy of about 17 or so who was sitting next to me and attempted to engage him in conversation.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi," he said.

"I'm Dan," I said.

"I know," he said.

"Oh." I said. Then, because the silence was beginning to close in on me again, I said, "What do you do?"

"What do I what?"

"Do," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, do you work or go to school or what?"

"Well, you know," he said. "I mean, I used to go to school. But then I, like, stopped."

"How come?"

"Well, you know. It was too heavy, you know?"

"School was too heavy?" I said.

"Yeah. School, the teachers, whatever was going down—it was too heavy for me, you know? Too heavy a scene. I mean, like, there was just no way, you know?"

"So you just dropped out," I said.

He nodded.

"And you're not doing anything at all now?" I said.

He shook his head.

"Well," I said, "if you dropped out of high school, I guess you won't be able to get into college so easily."

"Why do I need to go to college?" he said.

"Well, I don't know," I said, feeling older and squarer every second. "To get a better job, I guess."

"Why do I need a better job?" he said.

"I don't know," I said. "To . . . to be able to buy nice things, to be able to save toward a time when you can . . . enjoy the fruits of your labor and relax and . . . take it easy. . . ."

"I'm taking it easy right now," he said.

I thought about that for a moment and then I nodded. "Yeah, I guess you have a point there," I said.

• • •

My one attempt to take her to a party with friends my age was a disaster. The men crowded around and slobbered over her just as I had done at the party where I'd met her myself. The women patronized, resented and ultimately ignored her, and nobody could quite manage to maintain a conversation with her.

We left early and I took her back to my apartment—only to neck, not to fuck, I assured her. But once in my lair and once we were necking, the crafty old pervert did not permit his hand to be stopped at the boot tops. The more Shelley resisted, the hotter I got to be inside her. We rolled onto the floor and struggled in silence for an incredibly long time, as the absurdity of what I was doing kept washing over me.

Because what I was doing was raping a girl I'd already had sex with, a girl I was—God forbid—going steady with, a girl I had so little in common with that we couldn't carry on an intelligent conversation; and the strangest thing of all was that never before had I dared to physically force myself on anyone.

Eventually, superior strength prevailed, and although I wasn't able to get her downstairs to bed or even get her undressed, I did manage to pin her to the floor with one hand and then get the other one inside her panties to calm her down. Then I thrust my throbbing waga under the crotch of her panties and into her now-slippery pussy, and the crime at last was consummated.

Shelley didn't seem at all resentful. She felt she'd tried to stop me and if she'd failed, she'd failed. Rape is, after all, not the responsibility of the rapee.

What I finally began to realize about Shelley was that she wasn't even all that crazy about sex. She didn't *dislike* it, by any means, and she did, of course, realize that all her teenaged friends were doing it, but still she wasn't really all that crazy about it. Perhaps, since women are supposed to reach their peak of desire in their late 30s, she simply wasn't old enough. Kittens don't appreciate catnip till they're full-grown, either.

Shelley and I had about three more dates, one of which included another rape, and then one day she telephoned and sounded somewhat troubled.

"Listen," she said, "like, this is really a drag, but I think I'm pregnant."

"*What?*" I said.

"Yeah," she said, "I'm about a month and a half late, and usually I'm pretty regular."

"But how could you be pregnant?" I said. "I mean, the pill is supposed to be practically foolproof."

"I don't *use* the pill," she said.

"You don't?" I said.

"No."

"What *do* you use?" I said.

"Nothing," she said.

I had read this before, I knew, in some novel or other. And now it was happening to me in real life.

"How could you possibly not *use* anything?" I said.

"Well, like, I never thought I needed anything," she said.

"But why didn't you at least *tell* me you weren't using anything?" I said.

"I don't know," she said. "I thought it was safe."

I covered my eyes with my hand or whatever it is they do at such times in the movies, and then I told her in a sort of tired, resigned voice that I would, of course, pay for the abortion and that I would make a few phone calls and find out whether we had to go to Puerto Rico or wherever to have it done.

"Oh, wow," she said, "nobody goes to Puerto Rico anymore. I mean, like, I've got the names of about six doctors in New York alone."

"OK," I said, "find out how much it'll cost and I'll get the money and go there with you."

At first she said she wouldn't take any money from me because it had been her own fault, but I insisted it was my fault as well and that I could afford it better than she could, so she grudgingly agreed to let me pay for it. But she didn't want me to go with her—she said she'd feel more comfortable going there with a girlfriend. The only thing she wanted was to be able to come back to my apartment afterward and recuperate for a few hours. I said My God, of course, but why only for a few hours—why not stay all night? I had begun a tender fantasy of nursing my little girl through the long night hours, having the first blue light of dawn find her past the crisis, looking up into my haggard face, her eyes bright with love. Perhaps I'd gather her up in my arms then and ask her to be my wife.

She explained that, wow, she couldn't very well stay the night, because what would she tell her mother and everything, and that all she wanted to do was come back to my place and lie down for a while and, since she'd probably be bleeding all over the place, would it be all right if her girlfriend took care of her and I arranged to be elsewhere?

Sure, I said, anything you say, but I wished there were more she'd let me do. She said that paying for it and letting her stay and bleed awhile in my apartment were more than enough. She would call me later and tell me how much cash she needed and when I was to be out of the apartment, and so on. I hung up and started in on a fantasy of her dying in some seedy little tenement in Brooklyn, pitifully moaning my name as the life forces leaked out of her once perky body, or else hemorrhaging to death in my very own bed as I watched helplessly in horror while prowl cars outside cut their headlights and glided up to encircle the apartment building.

Whenever I get really disturbed about something, I call my attorney for advice. When I told him what I was disturbed about this time, he got so nervous he refused to even discuss it on the telephone. So I met him on a street corner not far from his office and we walked along Madison Avenue, pretending vast interest in store-window displays, speaking *sotto voce* out of the corners of our mouths, referring to the abortion as "this matter that has come up" and in general behaving in a manner that

would have aroused the suspicions of any law-enforcement officer a block away.

My attorney's thinking boiled down to two basic approaches: first, to prepare ourselves now to be able to prove after Shelley's death that I hadn't even known her, much less been a party to her abortion; second, to encourage her to have the child and to negotiate with her beforehand a favorable contract of child support. I told him he was no god-damned help and he apologized, mumbled goodbye and took a circuitous route back to his office.

I called my internist, a strait-laced but gentle man, who offered little hope of having the thing done legally but who agreed to examine Shelley to make sure she was (a) healthy enough to have an abortion and (b) pregnant enough, and he assured me he would treat her immediately after it had been done.

Since you have undoubtedly watched endless TV situation comedies involving adults persuading teenagers to do something that was for their own good but that they thought unnecessary, I will spare you the details of how I convinced Shelley to visit my internist. Eventually she did go, was pronounced both healthy and pregnant (I would've given a lot to have seen the look on my gentle doctor's face when the young woman who had been billed as my fiancée walked into his office in her leather ensemble and her preposterous youth), and a meeting with the abortionist was finally arranged.

I gave Shelley $300 in small bills. I again tried vainly to talk her into letting me accompany her (I wasn't sure what I dreaded more—going with her or *not* going), and I finally settled back to wait for her in my apartment.

The time passed slowly. Visions of bloody deaths in vacant slum dwellings and of policemen alighting from prowl cars with tommy guns persisted. And then the phone rang.

"Are you all right?" I said.

"Yeah," said Shelley, "but it didn't work."

"What do you mean it didn't work?"

"Well, the thing that she did just didn't work, that's all, and, like, I'm supposed to come back in a couple weeks."

"*What* thing didn't work? *What* she?"

"Oh, wow," she said. "Well, like, it's hard to say now, you know?"

"You mean you're calling from somewhere that you can't speak freely?"

"Yeah, right," she said.

"But you're sure you're all right?" I said.

"Yeah, I'm positive," she said.

"You want to go and see my internist?"

"*No*," she said.

"Will you call me as soon as you can talk?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'll try," she said. "But, like, it might not be for a while. I got a lot of homework to do for school."

• • •

When I didn't hear from her the following day, I called her, and again she couldn't talk. I asked if she could meet me later that night, but she said she had a big civics test coming up and couldn't leave the house. I told her I might drop by later and see her.

That night I took a cab over to her house. Mrs. Robish answered the door, wearing a rather revealing dressing gown. She looked as though she'd been crying. She seemed pleased to see me and immediately ushered me into the living room and sat me down on the couch.

"Listen, Mrs. Robish," I said. "I know Shelley's studying and everything, but I wonder if you'd mind very much if I took a walk with her for ten or fifteen minutes."

"With Shelley?" she said.

"Yes. Would you mind very much?"

"Shelley isn't here, Mr. Greenburg," she said.

"What?"

"Shelley went out right after dinner," she said.

I looked at her blankly.

"But she said she'd be home studying all night tonight," I said. "She has a big civics test tomorrow."

"Maybe she's studying with a friend," said Mrs. Robish.

"But she's not . . . here?" I said.

"No," said Mrs. Robish. "Not."

"Are you sure?" I said.

She smiled.

"Mr. Greenburg," she said. "You think perhaps she went out and then sneaked back in and is hiding?"

"No. No, I'm sorry," I said. "It's just that I wanted to talk to her about something important and she said she'd be here, that's all."

"Well," said Mrs. Robish, "it's after ten o'clock. I'm sure she'll be home any minute now. Why don't you wait for her?"

"Well," I said, "I wouldn't want to impose."

"Impose?" she said. "Don't be foolish. Impose."

She sniffled and dabbed at her eyes.

"Frankly," she said, "I'd welcome the company."

"Is anything wrong, Mrs. Robish?" I said.

"Wrong? What could be wrong?" She sniffled again. "Just because a person's closest friend, a friend to whom she is

*"Oh, Howard, where did we go wrong?"*

engaged to marry, does not find her attractive anymore, what could possibly be wrong?"

She sank down in a chair next to the couch, took a huge Kleenex out of an enormous box on the coffee table and began to blow her nose. I was afraid she was really going to go into a big crying scene and I didn't know how to handle it. The tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, Mrs. Robish," I said. "Please don't."

"Sure, don't cry," she said. "Don't feel sorry for yourself that a wonderful man to whom you have poured out the secrets of a lifetime, a man to whom you've entrusted the intimacies of the heart, a man to whom you've permitted the intimacies of the flesh, a man who has called your bosoms one of the three finest bosoms in the entire United States of America—don't be sorry that such a man would throw you away like an old paper towel."

At this, she broke down completely. I rushed over to comfort her, to pat her back, to pat her head, to pat her arm, not knowing what else to pat.

"Please, Mrs. Robish, please. He wasn't worth it," I said.

"Yes he was," she said through her tears.

"No he wasn't," I said. "In fact, if you want my frank opinion, Maurice was a greaseball and a fetishist creep."

She whirled on me.

"A greaseball!" she said.

"I only meant——"

"After the things he gave me, I should sit here and let him be called a greaseball?"

"Mrs. Robish, please," I said. "I only meant——"

"That man was a *prince* that you call a greaseball." She grabbed the hem of her dressing gown. "Look at this. Is this the present of a greaseball?"

"No, listen, I'm sorry I——"

She whipped open her dressing gown to reveal tackily elegant sexy panties, bra, garter belt, stockings and a really voluptuous figure.

"Look at these," she said. "Are these the presents of a greaseball?" She grabbed the lace edge of her bra. "Look at the work here. *Look* at it!"

I politely bent to look at it.

"Oh, yes. Well, that's very——"

"Look at *this*." She grabbed the lace waistband of her panties and held them away from her body to show me. "Look at the work on this and then tell me if it's the present of a greaseball."

"It's really . . . lovely, Mrs. Robish," I stammered, beginning to get a little turned on in spite of myself.

"You still think he's a greaseball?" she said.

"No. No, I don't. I think he's a . . . a fine human being," I said.

"You do?"

"Yes," I said. "Probably one of the . . . three finest human beings in the entire United States of America."

"Then why"—she choked on a sob—"does he throw me away?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Robish," I said.

"Why does he no longer find me attractive?"

"I don't know."

"Am I suddenly so ugly that no man wants to be seen with me?"

"No, of course not!" I said.

"Am I suddenly so old and flabby that no man wants to make love to me?"

"Oh, *no*, Mrs. Robish, not at all!" I said.

She peered down at her figure.

"Look at me! Am I, at the age of forty-two, ready for anything but the garbage can?"

"Oh, *yes*, Mrs. Robish—*God*, yes!" I said.

"No, I'm not," she said, breaking down completely. "I'm garbage! Call the Bureau of Sanitation to take me away! Call them! Call them!"

As she gave way to total hysteria, I grabbed her and held her and patted her back, in response to which she hugged me so tightly I could scarcely breathe and began showering me with grateful kisses.

All at once, there was the sound of a key in the lock of the front door. Mrs. Robish and I were blasted apart as if by an explosion. I took a horrified look at the door opening, then at Mrs. Robish's open dressing gown, and made a mad grab to close the latter just as Shelley walked into the room.

We stood there in mid-gesture, caught like a freeze frame at the end of a film, as Shelley impassively surveyed the scene.

"You said you'd be home studying for a civics test," I said finally. "I came by to see you."

"Oh," said Shelley. "Well, I had to go out."

"I see," I said.

"I was studying with some friends," she said.

"I see," I said. I looked at Mrs. Robish. "Do you think it would be all right if I talked with Shelley outside for a minute?" I said.

Mrs. Robish nodded. I led Shelley to the door, looked back briefly at Mrs. Robish, and then went outside.

Shelley and I stood awkwardly outside her house.

"I have a confession to make to you," she said.

"What?"

"I wasn't studying at a friend's house just now."

"You weren't?"

"No."

"What were you doing?"

"Scoring some dope."

"I see," I said.

"You mad at me for not being home when I said I'd be?"

"No," I said magnanimously, "not at all."

And then I got a full report on the unsuccessful abortion attempt. It seems that the abortionist, a lady doctor, preferred to use nonsurgical means of aborting the fetus if at all possible and had given Shelley a drug to take that had not worked. I was relieved that surgical procedures were being avoided and I now envisioned the abortionist as a kindly old Margaret Sanger–like woman who would protect my little nymphet and unburden her as painlessly as possible of her untimely motherhood.

I called my internist and gave him the name of the drug that Shelley said she'd been given. He said that he was familiar with the drug, that it was reasonably safe, but that as far as he knew, it was seldom effective.

• • •

Early the following evening, I was sitting at my desk, working on a manuscript, when the phone rang. I picked it up and a somewhat nervous, accented voice said hello.

"Hi, Mrs. Robish," I said.

"You recognized my voice?" she said.

"You have a very distinctive voice," I said.

"Mr. Greenburg, tell me. You are alone?"

"Alone? Right now, you mean?"

"Right now in your apartment, yes."

"Yes. Why?"

"May I come there and speak with you?"

"Speak to me? I mean—right now?"

"Yes. Unless you don't want me?"

"Unless I don't *want* you?"

"I can see that you are busy, Mr. Greenburg," she said.

"Busy? Oh, no," I said. "Not at all. If you'd like to come over, by all means do so. You have the address?"

"Yes, of course I have the address," she said. "How could I come there if I have not the address?"

"Well, good," I said. "When should I expect you, then?"

"I leave the house right now," she said.

"Oh, OK, fine. See you in a little while, Mrs. Robish."

I hung up very perplexed. It was entirely possible that she had learned of Shelley's pregnancy and wished to have some sort of dreadful discussion with me about it. On the other hand, it was just as possible that the intent of her visit was sexual in nature, and, although I wasn't entirely sure how I felt about the prospect of hopping into the sack with

*"And then, for après-sex, we have Charles."*

Mrs. Robish, I figured I'd keep an open mind on the subject and prepare for such an eventuality, should it come to that.

I tore into the bathroom, whipped off my work shirt and jeans and tried on a number of sedate but dressy outfits. At one point I even toyed with the idea of wearing a tie. I finally put the tie away but settled on something far too dressy for at-home wear.

I ran around the apartment drawing shades and curtains and turning on low, seductive lights. I put a record on the phonograph and then decided it was too contemporary. I changed it to a thing by Wagner. That seemed much too heavy, so I changed it to something hokey and Oriental with tinkly bells and drums.

The doorbell rang. I grabbed my tie and put it on after all, changed the record back to Wagner and raced for the door.

"Well, well. Hello there, Mrs. Robish," I said.

She came in, looked interestedly around, took in the romantic lighting, the Wagner record, and then she noticed my hastily tied tie and dress-up clothes.

"Why didn't you tell me you were getting ready to go out?" she said.

"Oh, but I'm not," I said. "I . . . I always dress this way at home when I'm working. I find it . . . gives the work more dignity that way."

"Ah."

"Well, come in, come in," I said. "Sit down, sit down."

"Thank you, thank you," said Mrs. Robish. "I will, I will."

She sat down on the couch.

"What can I get you to drink?" I said.

"Whatever you're having will be fine."

"Scotch?"

"You don't by any chance happen to have a bit of pear brandy?" she said.

"I'm afraid not."

"Then anything you have will be fine."

I went to the bar and nervously mixed two strong drinks, then returned to the couch. I had a little trouble deciding exactly how close to sit to her, but finally hit upon a compromise distance and sat down. There was an awkward silence.

"So," I said.

"So," she said.

There was another pause and I noticed she was staring at my hands.

"One of those is for me?" she said finally.

"Oh, of course," I said, reddening, and handed her one of the drinks I was holding.

We clinked glasses.

"To whatever . . . it is that would please you the most," I said ambiguously.

"You're very sweet," she said.

She reached out to give my neck an affectionate squeeze, which I misconstrued as a pass and immediately started kissing her hand and was halfway up her arm before realizing it had merely been a friendly gesture. I withdrew in confusion and tried to compose myself.

"So," said Mrs. Robish again after another silence.

"So," I said.

"Well," said Mrs. Robish, "where shall I begin?"

"I don't know," I said.

"If you think this is easy for me," she said, "you are mistaken." She looked down at her lap. "Perhaps I should not have even come," she said and immediately stood up.

"No, please," I said, restraining her. "I'm *glad* you've come. I'm *delighted* you've come."

"Perhaps you would not be so delighted if you knew why I am here," she said.

"Oh . . . well. . . ."

"Do you know why I am here?"

"Well," I said, "I'm not sure, but I . . . have some suspicions."

"You know," she said, "I was not going to come at first. I said to myself, Pola, why do you have to bother the young man, when he probably has enough already on his mind as it is? I said to myself, Pola, leave the young man alone, do not complicate another person's life."

I gazed at her in what I hoped was an intense stare of sympathetic understanding. I leaned in closer to her.

"But then," she said, "I remembered how warm and considerate you were to me the other night at my home. . . ."

"Yes . . ." I said softly, leaning closer.

"I remembered all the wonderful sweet things you said to me. . . ."

"Yes . . ." I said, leaning even closer.

"I remembered how you said to me I was not garbage to be taken away by the Bureau of Sanitation. . . ."

"Yes . . ." I said, my lips three inches away from hers.

"I remembered how you said I was not so old and flabby and ugly that no man would want to make love to me. . . ."

"Yes . . ." I whispered, two inches away.

"And I said to myself, Pola, just because Maurice the Ingrate, Maurice the Pervert, Maurice the Greaseball wants to throw you into the garbage can and have you taken away by the Bureau of Sanitation does not mean that Mr. Greenburg, the fine young friend of your daughter Shelley, will want this also."

"Yes . . ." I whispered, an inch away.

"I said, if Maurice cannot give you

*"You get no more Dog Yummies, Mr. Weeks, until you pay your bill!"*

what you want, then you will ask the handsome Mr. Greenburg and perhaps he will not refuse you. I said, perhaps he will be able to give you what you want or at least not be disgusted by the request."

"Anything." I breathed, practically touching her lips, "anything at all . . . just ask it."

She cupped my face and gazed deeply into my eyes.

"Can you lend me four hundred dollars?" she said.

I knew somehow that she had not actually said what I thought she had said, but it seemed best to check.

"Can I do *what*?" I whispered.

"Lend me four hundred dollars?"

Overcome with sudden weariness, I sank back against the cushions of the couch.

"I *knew* I should not have asked it," she said. "I knew it. I said to myself, Pola, don't ask him. Don't. It is not fair for you to burden another with your problems. It is not fair for you to ask another person with problems of his own for such a sum of money, even if he has it and could spare it and even if you yourself need it so desperately since you lost your job that you and your daughter will have to live on dry cereal and week-old bread and spoiled milk for the rest of your lives."

She began to cry.

"I said, don't ask it of him, even though it would only be for a short period of time and you would cheerfully pay him twelve-and-a-half percent interest on the loan and as collateral put up your dishes, your vacuum cleaner and your clothes," she said. "I said, better you should get the money elsewhere, from strangers. I said, better you should sell your body in Times Square to sailors and perverts and give half of what you earn to a pimp and contract a social disease than to embarrass such a wonderful warm young man as Mr. Greenburg. I said——"

"No! Please! Stop!" I said. I couldn't take it anymore. I ran to my desk, grabbed my wallet, ran back to the couch and dumped a bunch of five- and ten-dollar bills into her lap. "Here! Take it!" I said. "Here! Please!"

I ran and got my checkbook and whipped off a check for the remaining amount and thrust it into her hands. "Here! Here's the money! Take it! Please!"

Terribly moved, she looked at the bills in her lap and at the check. Then she looked up at me. Then she handed it all back.

"I can't," she said. "I can't take the money. Here. Please. Take it back."

"No, you take it," I said. "Please. Take it. I want you to take it. Please. Do me a favor and take it. Please."

*"Roy, here, is our token Negro, Wing-Ho is our token Oriental and Brucie, there. . . ."*

I pushed it all back at her. She pushed it all back at me. It shuttled back and forth between us for several seconds, finally ending up back in my hands. She looked up at me with overpowering emotion.

"You are the finest human being I have ever met," she said and kissed me full on the mouth.

I melted. She hugged me tight, kissed me again, then, holding me by the shoulders at arm's length, she looked at me and smiled.

"All right," she said. She shook her head and sighed. "All right." She sighed again. "I'll take the money."

She took the money out of my hands and stood up.

"God bless you," she said, her eyes wet. "God bless you."

She went to the door.

"God bless you," she said.

She opened the door, blew me a kiss and softly closed the door behind her.

• • •

Ten or 12 days after that, Shelley again visited the little old abortionist and was again given the same drug, and with the same results. She was told to appear once more in a week or so for a third attempt. Time was running out. Shelley was by then two and a half months pregnant and I knew it was practically impossible to have an illegal abortion after the third month of pregnancy.

The third administration of the drug proved unsuccessful as well and the doctor told Shelley she would then attempt another abortive technique, more severe than the previous one but also nonsurgical. The doctor warned that there might be unpleasant aftereffects, so I was able to persuade Shelley to return to my apartment after the treatment and spend the night in my care. She agreed, worked out an elaborate lie to tell her mother and told me to expect her about ten P.M.

Ten P.M. came and went without Shelley's arrival, but I knew how difficult it was to predict what time one would be home from even an appointment with a *legitimate* doctor, so I didn't become really worried until about midnight. From midnight to one o'clock, I found myself doing a lot of nervous humming and pacing and twitching; and from one o'clock to two o'clock, I was involved in a heated discussion with God about taking me too literally when I'd said He could do anything if He just let me screw her. At 2:30 the doorbell rang and when I saw that it was Shelley, I grabbed her and held her so tightly I almost strangled her.

"My God," I said, leading her over to a chair, "how do you feel?"

"Oh, wow," she said, "a little tired."

"I can just imagine," I said. "You poor kid. Are you all right?"

"I guess so," she said, slumping into a half slouch in the chair.

"What took so long?" I said. "Were there complications or what?"

"Oh, no, no complications," she said.

"Then what took so long?"

"Well, like, on the way back from the abortionist, we ran into some kids we knew who were going to this new *discothèque* in the East Village and it sounded

like a groove, so we went with them."

"Let me see if I've got this straight," I said. "After your abortion you went *dancing*? Is that what you're telling me?"

"Yeah, but only for a couple hours," she said.

"I see," I said, trying mightily to remain composed.

"What's wrong with *you*?" she said.

"Well, aside from the fact that while you were dancing, all of your guts could have slid out of your crotch onto the dance floor, you happen to be about four and a half hours late and I was a little concerned about your safety."

She gave me a chilling look of unbelievable disappointment and sadly shook her head.

"Oh, wow," she said. "Oh, wow."

Then she went to bed.

• • •

Our relationship, if that's what you want to call it, was not too terrific after that. The fourth abortion attempt had failed and a fifth was arranged for the following weekend, when I would be out of town on business and Shelley and her girlfriend could use my apartment.

I had by that time caught Shelley in a number of pointless untruths, such as: (1) the girlfriend who accompanied her on her several trips to the abortionist was sometimes a real girlfriend named Cathy and sometimes a former boyfriend named Peter, for whom, she insisted, she no longer felt anything but friendship; (2) the two occasions on which she'd broken dates with me to be with her lonely widowed mother had actually been spent with her lonely widowed mother and Peter; (3) the kindly white-haired lady doctor who was trying to abort Shelley was neither kindly nor white-haired, nor was she a doctor—she was a tough Puerto Rican woman who'd assisted another abortionist long enough to learn the trade and go into business for herself, and the technique she was currently using on Shelley involved filling up her womb with a hideous concoction of penicillin and molten soap.

I had partially suspected the first two things but had no idea at all of the third. The confrontation during which all of this came out took place in my bedroom as Shelley watched me get ready to leave for the airport and a plane I barely had time to catch, so there was little time to do more than shudder and close the suitcase and walk to the door. I made her promise to call my internist at the slightest sign of trouble and I made her promise to keep the front door double locked at all times, to not let anyone but her girlfriend Cathy into the apartment, to not use anything stronger than pot, and I hadn't the slightest hope that she was even listening to me.

As I opened the door to leave, Shelley suddenly said, "Hey," and grabbed me and hugged me very tightly.

"I'm sorry I told you all those things that weren't true," she said into my shoulder.

"That's all right," I said.

"You don't like me anymore, do you?" she said.

"Sure I do. Sure I like you, Shelley," I said.

"No, you don't," she said. "I can tell. I lied to you a lot, and I don't know why I did, because it was so stupid, but I just did. And now you don't trust me anymore, and I don't blame you. But it's really sad, because the thing is . . . I love you."

With that, she started to cry for the first time since I'd known her. I had never expected her to say anything about loving me—I hadn't spoken much about love to anyone at that point in my life—and it really rocked me. I held her tight and I told her how much she meant to me, because suddenly she meant a very great deal to me, indeed, and I told her that I guessed I loved her, too, and that I would call her from Chicago and to take care. Then I walked out the door and ran out onto First Avenue to hail a taxi.

I suppose I should have stayed. I suppose I should have canceled the flight reservation and called off the trip and stayed with the poor little pregnant girl in my apartment who'd just blurted out that she loved me. But that is really more what they do in the movies than what you do in real life. In real life, you don't call off the business trip and you don't cancel the reservation, you hail the taxi and ride to the airport and get on the plane, no matter how strong your premonitions of disaster. In real life, you don't even get off an airplane that is still on the ground, though you've suddenly been hit with not the premonition but the *certainty* that the plane will explode in mid-air somewhere over Michigan, because you would rather face certain death and dismemberment than the possibility of public ridicule.

I telephoned Shelley from my parents' home in Chicago and she informed me that the fifth attempt at abortion had proved unsuccessful as well but that she was feeling fine. I made her promise to visit my internist anyway and I said that we would get the whole thing resolved once and for all when I got back to New York (she was now in her third month of pregnancy) and just to sit tight. I told her I loved her and I'd be home soon, and then I hung up.

My parents, though forbidden by me for many years to ask anything whatever about my plans for marriage, were trying so hard to keep from asking me anything about the girl I had just spoken to in New York and said "I love you" to that they were almost in physical pain.

When I got back to New York, I immediately began making phone calls and arrangements for taking Shelley to Puerto Rico for a surgical abortion under sterile and semilegal conditions. She wasn't at all enthusiastic about the idea, but she appeared to accept my tone of authority.

My apartment seemed much as I had left it, and if any drug parties or orgies had occurred there in my absence, no evidence of either remained. Just as an afterthought, however, I checked my desk and the small night table by the side of my bed to make sure my valuables were still intact. I felt sort of sheepish about doing it, but I did it anyway.

The small supply of cash I keep appeared to be just as I'd left it, my two 35mm cameras were still there, and I was just about to concede that my inclination to check my valuables had been paranoid when I realized that my tiny Minox camera was missing.

I couldn't believe it. And yet it wasn't there. I emptied the drawers of the night table and picked through the contents. No Minox. I emptied the drawers of my desk and went through them in painstaking detail. I systematically tore the entire apartment apart, but nowhere could I find my Minox. I telephoned Shelley and told her.

"Are you sure you looked everywhere?" she said.

"I'm positive," I said. "Honey, do you have any idea where it could be?"

"I don't even know what a Minox camera *looks* like," she said, and I believed her.

"You don't think that Cathy could have taken it for any reason, do you?" I said. "Not to steal it, I mean, just to borrow it for some purpose?"

"Why would Cathy do a thing like that?" she said.

"I don't know," I said. "Listen, Shelley, do you swear to me that nobody but you and Cathy was in my apartment while I was gone?"

"Oh, wow," she said, "what do you think we did—invite over all our friends and shoot dope?"

"No, of course not," I said, though of *course* that's what I thought. "Just swear to me that nobody but you and Cathy was here while I was gone and I'll believe you. OK?"

"Oh, wow," said Shelley.

"Do you swear?" I said.

There was a long silence at the other end of the line. Then:

"If I tell you something, will you be mad at me?"

"What?" I said warily.

"Well, on Saturday, a couple of kids I

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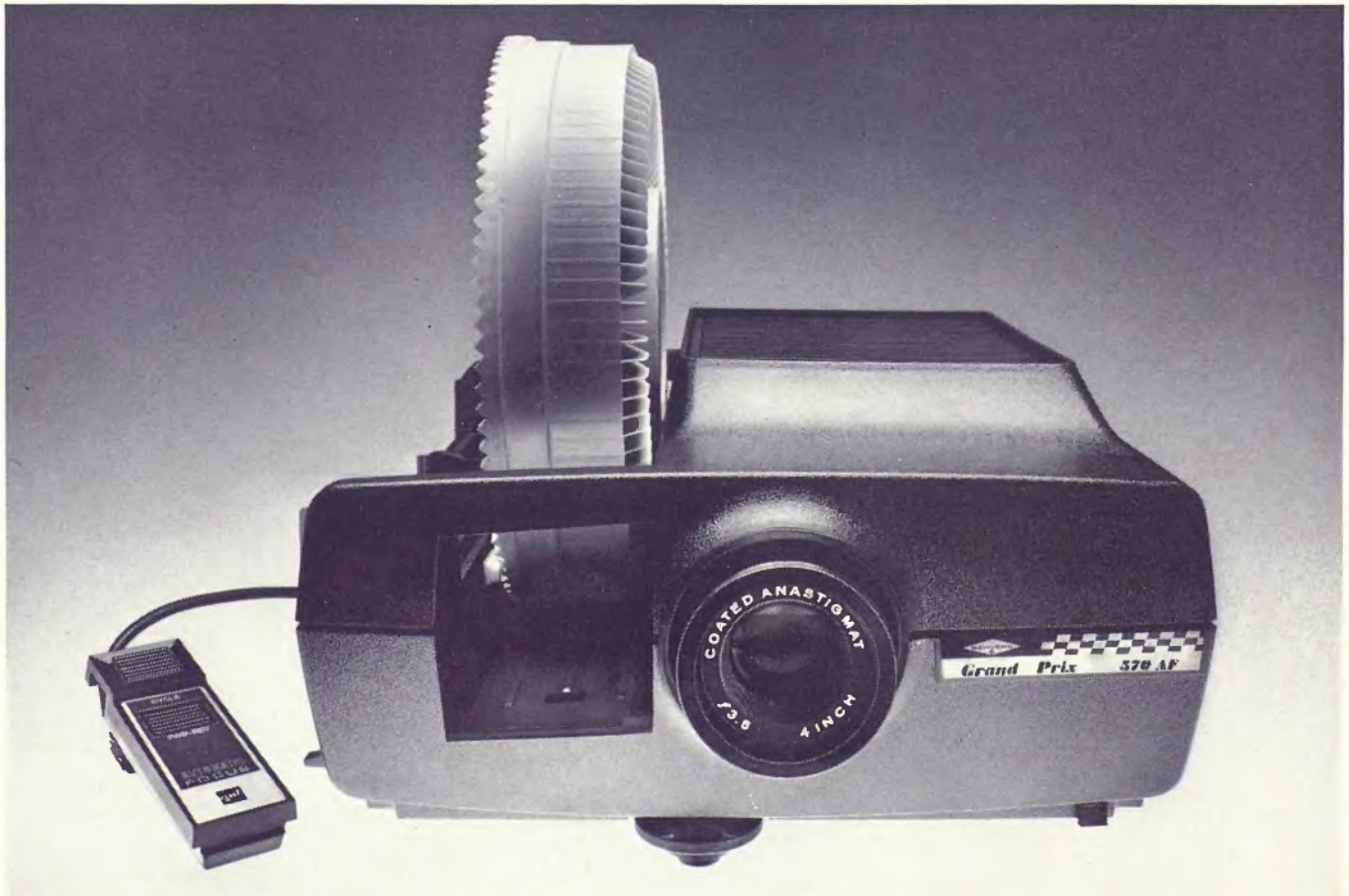


know dropped by your place and wanted to come in. . . ."

"Yes . . . ?"

"Well, I told them I'd, like, promised not to let anyone in but Cathy and everything. . . ."

"Yes . . . ?"

"Well, so, like, one of them had to go to the *bathroom* and everything. . . ."

"Yes . . . ?"

"Well, wow. I mean, like, I couldn't tell them not to use the *bathroom*, now, could I?"

"And after they used the bathroom, did they leave then?"

"Well, sort of. Yeah."

"Did they leave after using the bathroom or didn't they?"

"Well, like, not that very *second*, no. But they didn't stay too long after that."

"Shelley," I said, "the Minox that is missing was in the top drawer of the little night table next to the bed in the bedroom. If you can assure me that you were with your friends every minute they were in my apartment and that they didn't go into my bedroom, then I am willing to drop this whole discussion right now. Are you willing to give me that assurance?"

"Oh, wow."

"Are you?"

"Well, I was with them *most* of the time. I mean, I wasn't with them when they went into the goddamn *bathroom*, for God's sake. . . ."

"Go on. . . ."

"Well, now that I think of it, one of the guys, a kid named Joe, might possibly have wandered downstairs into your bedroom for a second or so, just to look around, like. But he came out right away, I know that; and besides, he wouldn't have taken your Minox. I can guarantee you that."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because. He doesn't do that kind of stuff. Not anymore, I mean. I mean, not since he's been back."

"He doesn't do *what* stuff anymore since he's been back from *where*?"

There was a long sigh at the other end of the line.

"I know you're going to get the wrong idea about this," she said.

"Tell me anyway," I said.

"Well, Joe just got out of jail for stealing a car. But, like, that's all the more reason why he wouldn't have stolen your Minox, because he'd be afraid of violating his parole. See?"

Now it was *my* turn to be silent. It was clear that the further I probed into this, the worse things I would find, but it was too late to stop.

"Shelley," I said in this very controlled voice, "you gave me your word before I left that you wouldn't let anyone but Cathy into my apartment, and when I came back you swore that you had kept your promise. And now you've admitted that you permitted a man who is on parole for grand larceny to go into my bedroom, and still you insist he is not responsible for my missing Minox. Now, does that sound reasonable to you or do you think I have legitimate grounds for being suspicious?"

"Oh, wow," she said. "OK. Look. I knew Joe went into your bedroom. But I know he didn't take your Minox, because I saw him go through the drawers in your night table and I know that all he took was odds and ends."

At some point I was going to have to just stop asking questions, I really was.

"What sort of . . . odds and ends did this convicted felon friend of yours take out of my night-table drawers?" I said.

"Just some Chap Stick and some . . . waddayacallems."

"What *kind* of waddayacallems?"

"Cundrums, I think, is what you call them."

"You mean condoms?" I said. I had once bought a package of very expensive premoistened condoms but had never used them.

"Yeah, condoms. That and the Chap Stick was all he took, I swear. I told him to not even take that, but he did. He was a little stoned and he was, like, goofing on the stuff in your drawers, but even though he was playing around with the Minox, he didn't take it. I would have seen it if he had."

"I'm sure you would," I said. "All right, Shelley, here is what you are going to do. You are going to call your friend Joe the convicted felon and you are going to tell him I know all about the condoms and the Chap Stick and the Minox. You are going to tell him he can keep the condoms and he can keep the Chap Stick, but you are going to tell him that unless he has my Minox back here in my apartment within twenty-four hours, I am going straight to the police and he is going straight back to jail."

There was a lot of heavy breathing at the other end of the line.

"Will you tell him that?" I said.

"I'll tell him," she said and hung up.

I was so angry I was shaking. I could just imagine the scene in my apartment while I was gone—the drug taking, the amused "goofing" on the contents of my drawers—and I felt terribly violated and betrayed.

Obviously, the only true thing she had ever told me was that she was pregnant—and I wouldn't even be sure of that if my own internist hadn't verified it. *But pregnant by whom?* Joe, the stoned felon? Peter, the former lover and alleged present "friend"? Cliff, the cocky entrepreneur who allegedly never made it into bed with her? Or perhaps she was pregnant by one of her many lovers I didn't even know by name and who couldn't afford to pay for an abortion as I could. To think that I'd believed her when she said she loved me! Bitch!

Well, my little Nabokovian escapade had cost me an expensive miniature camera and $700 for just three lays—at those prices, I'd have been better off with a high-class callgirl. Well, now it was definitely over with Shelley, and I didn't much care if they poured penicillin and soap into her twat till it came out her nostrils.

Shelley called back to say she had talked to Joe and he'd sworn he never took my Minox, and I could go to the cops if I wanted to, but she believed him. I was barely civil to her.

The next day, I filed a claim with my insurance company for the missing camera. Although I was truly furious, the only report I gave the police was for the insurance claim; and when they asked me if I had any idea who might have stolen it, I said I hadn't.

A couple of days after that, Shelley called to say that she didn't know whether I was still interested, but she'd gone back to the abortionist and had another treatment and that this time it had been successful. I asked her if she was all right and she said she was. I asked her where it had happened and she said in her mother's bathroom. She'd felt it coming, she said, and had just gone into the bathroom and aborted it into the toilet. She also said something else, which I dismiss as a teenager's overactive imagination, because it's too disturbing to be taken seriously. What she said was that she forced herself to look at the mess in the toilet bowl before she flushed it down and that it had been a boy.

I never heard from Shelley again, although I did come across some photographs I'd taken of her once and they made me terribly sad.

About two months after I filed my claim, the insurance company sent me a voucher good for another camera. I picked up the new Minox at my local camera store, took it home and was just about to put it into my camera bag, when I saw it: the missing Minox, lying there in the bottom of the bag.

And suddenly, I didn't know anything at all about what had really happened between me and my teenaged mistress, because now any of it or all of it—including her loving me—could just as likely have been the truth as not. The only thing I did know for sure was that whatever the real truth was, it was too late to matter.

# THE DASHING FELLOW

*(continued from page 124)*

A cracked voice inquired: "Please, is *Frau* Bergmann back?"

"Not yet," replied Kostya, "why?"

"Misfortune," the voice said and paused. Kostya waited.

The voice continued: "You don't know when she will be back in town? I was told she was expected to return today. You are *Herr* Seidler, I believe?"

"What's happened? I'll pass her the message."

A throat was cleared and the voice said, as if over the telephone:

"Franz Loschmidt speaking. She does not know me, but tell her, please. . . ."

Another pause and an uncertain query: "Perhaps you can let me come in?"

"Never mind, never mind," said Kostya impatiently, "I'll tell her everything."

"Her father is dying, he won't live through the night: He has had a stroke in the shop. Tell her to come over at once. When do you think she'll be back?"

"Soon," answered Kostya, "soon. I'll tell her. Goodbye."

After a series of receding creaks, the stairs became silent. Kostya made for the window. A gangling youth, death's apprentice, rain-cloaked, hatless, with a small close-cropped smoke-blue head, crossed the street and vanished around the corner. A few moments later from another direction appeared the lady with a well-filled net bag.

The door's upper lock clicked, then its lower one.

"Phew!" she said, entering. "What a load of things I bought!"

"Later, later," cried Kostya, "we'll sup later. Quick to the bedroom. Forget those parcels. I beseech you."

"I want to eat," she replied in a long-drawn voice.

She smacked his hand away and went into the kitchen. Kostya followed her.

"Roast beef," she said. "White bread. Butter. Our celebrated cheese. Coffee. A pint of cognac. Goodness me, can't you wait a little? Let me go, it's indecent."

Kostya, however, pressed her against the table, she started to giggle helplessly, his fingernails kept catching in the knit silk of her green undies and everything happened very ineffectually, uncomfortably and prematurely.

"*Pfui!*" she uttered, smiling.

No, it was not worth the trouble. Thank you kindly for the treat. Wasting my strength. I'm no longer in the bloom of youth. Rather disgusting. Her perspiring nose, her faded mug. Might have washed her hands before fingering eatables. "What's that on your lip?" Impudence! Still to be seen, you know, who catches what from whom. Well, nothing to be done.

"Bought that cigar for me?" he inquired.

She was busy taking knives and forks out of the cupboard and did not hear.

"What about that cigar?" he repeated.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't know you smoked. Shall I run down to get one?"

"Never mind, I'll go myself," he replied gruffly and passed into the bedroom, where he put on his shoes and coat. Through the open door he could see her moving gracelessly as she laid the table.

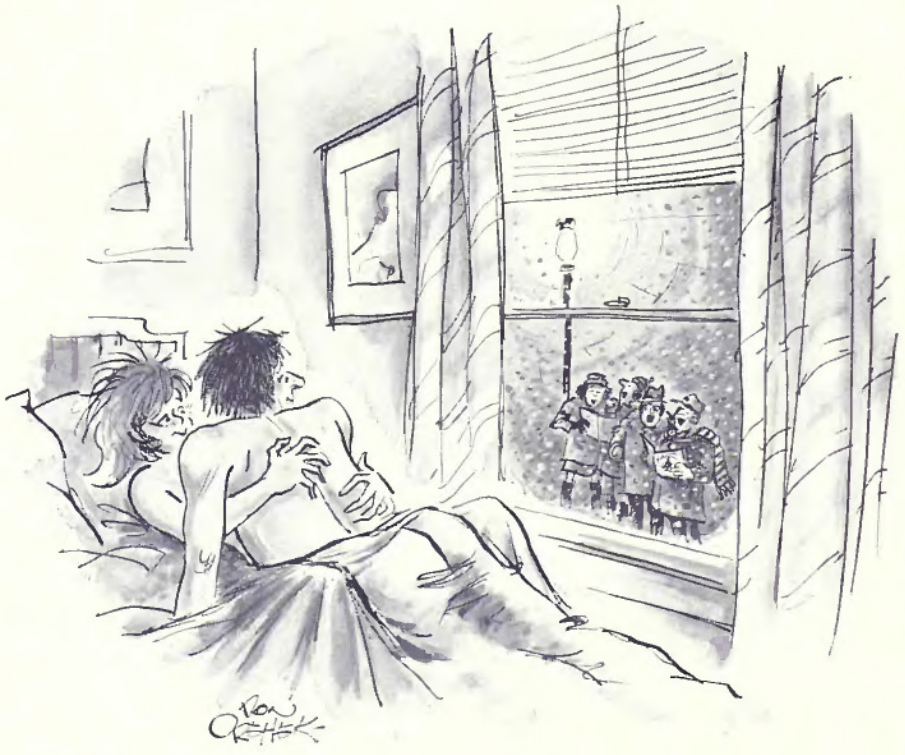
"The tobacconist's right on the corner," she sang out and, choosing a plate, arranged upon it with loving care the cool, rosy slices of roast beef, which she had not been able to afford for quite a time.

"Moreover, I'll get some pastry," Konstantin said and went out. Pastry, and whipped cream, and a chunk of pineapple, and chocolates with brandy filling, he added mentally.

Once in the street, he looked up, seeking out her window (the one with the cacti or the next?), then turned right, walked around the back of a furniture van, nearly got struck by the front wheel of a cyclist and showed him his fist. Farther on there was a small public garden and some kind of stone *Herzog*. He made another turn and saw at the very end of the street, outlined against a thundercloud and lit up by a gaudy sunset, the brick tower of the church, past which, he recalled, they had driven. From there it was but a step to the station. A convenient train could be had in a quarter of an hour: In this respect, at least, luck was on his side. Expenses: bag check, 30 pfennigs; taxi, 1.40; she, ten marks (five would have been enough). What else? Yes, the beer, 55 pfennigs, with tip. In all: 12 marks and 25 pfennigs. Idiotic. As to the bad news, she was sure to get it sooner or later. I spared her several sad minutes by a deathbed. Still, maybe I should send her a message from here? But I've forgotten the house number. No, I remember: 27. Anyway, one may assume I forgot it—nobody is obliged to have such a good memory. I can imagine what a rumpus there would have been if I had told her at once! The old bitch. No, we like only small blondes—remember that once and for all.

The train was crammed, the heat stifling. We feel out of sorts but do not quite know if we are hungry or drowsy. But when we have fed and slept, life will regain its looks and the American instruments will make music in the merry café described by our friend Lange. And then, sometime later, we die.

*—Translated from the Russian by Dmitri Nabokov in collaboration with his father.*



*"'Oh, come, all ye faithful. . . .'"*

# SEX STARS OF 1971

*(continued from page 218)*

professor husband with a college basketball star, she is terrorized by the jock's jealous roommate. In *A Gunfight*, she was once more reduced to prostitution—but with a heart of gold that went out to co-star Johnny Cash. And in both *Cisco Pike* and *Born to Win*, she encountered the miseries that are by now an all-too-familiar part of the drug scene. But because such antiheroines are needed to mate with today's popular antiheroes, Karen Black's star is very much in the ascendant.

To this number might well be added the svelte and sexy Dyan Cannon, whose present eminence is in no small part due to her marriage (dissolved after one child) to the urbane Cary Grant. Before that, Dyan, who entered this world as Samille Diane Friesen, the product of a Baptist father and a Jewish mother, in Tacoma, Washington, had meandered through a show-business career for several years with no special distinction. Paul Mazursky, who wrote and eventually directed her in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, had such a low regard for her talents that when she applied for the role of Alice, he refused even to see her. A friendly secretary to producer Mike Frankovich put her on the list for a screen test, however, and Dyan won out over all comers. Frankovich used her again, albeit briefly, as the adulterous wife who was murdered—nude—early in *Doctors' Wives* and, more extensively, as the unfaithful wife of a network executive in his gaudy version of Jacqueline Susann's *The Love Machine*. She has also been seen recently as Sean Connery's mistress and accomplice in *The Anderson Tapes* and will next be on view in *The Burglars* with Omar Sharif and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Like Sally Kellerman and Karen Black, Dyan had a rough time getting where she wanted to go; and her experiences are reflected in her work, now receiving considerable recognition.

But there are many actresses, no less talented and often no less experienced, who seem merely to be holding their own or still awaiting that one big part that will stamp them forever with stardom. Foremost of these is lovely Jacqueline Bisset, a girl who has repeatedly demonstrated her acting ability and is not at all reluctant to exhibit her charms. (She made a noteworthy entrance in *The Sweet Ride* a few years ago, emerging from the surf clad only in the bottom of her bikini, and as an overly choosy callgirl in 1970's *The Grasshopper*, she revealed her assets with even greater determination.) Meanwhile, Jackie has been playing house with actor Michael Sarrazin, with whom she leads a drearily doped onscreen existence in Metro's belated contribution to the drug-scene cycle, *Believe in Me* (formerly titled *Speed Is of the Essence*).

*The Mephisto Waltz* found Miss Bisset paired—nay, merged—with Barbara Parkins, another attractive young lady who seems to have reached a plateau in her career. A veteran of television's *Peyton Place*, Barbara took the giant step into features as one of the more sympathetic pill poppers in *Valley of the Dolls* and was one of the few things worth looking at in John Huston's murky production of *The Kremlin Letter*. *The Mephisto Waltz*, a kind of poor man's *Rosemary's Baby*, starts out with a sound idea—a satanic pianist who assures his own immortality by transmitting his soul (and talent) to a young journalist. When Barbara, the pianist's equally demonic daughter, begins to show an interest in the lad, his wife (Jackie) also takes up Satanism and transforms herself into her rival. But, as Molly Haskell tartly noted in *The Village Voice*, for Jacqueline Bisset "to end up in Barbara Parkins' body with only her own perfume as the mark of her essence seems rather a Pyrrhic victory." Pyrrhic or not, it will take stronger fare than this to keep either lady on top of the Hollywood heap.

And then there are some, such as Carrie Snodgress and Barbara Hershey, who, after promising beginnings, have given us all too little with which to determine whether or not their promise will be fulfilled. Carrie, a dedicated actress, actually deserted the screen just as her career was coming into flower in order to take a stage role at Los Angeles' prestigious, but ill-paying, Music Center; while Barbara, after her successes in *Last Summer* and *The Baby Maker*, has been distressingly quiescent save for her role in *The Pursuit of Happiness*, Columbia's tardy entry in the alienated-youth cycle. But things may be looking up for Barbara with her new starring role in *Dealing*.

Another recent absentee is lissome Sarah Miles, who was so impressive as the heroine of David Lean's overblown *Ryan's Daughter* but has done nothing onscreen since. Miss Miles, 28, had the benefit of a script shaped for her by her playwright husband, Robert Bolt, that permitted her to run the gamut from ecstasy to shameful degradation at the

*"Mkumba, you speak this dialect; what does 'jive-ass honkie' mean?"*

hands of Irish townfolk shocked by her flagrant infidelity to her schoolteacher husband. Her transports in the nude with a shell-shocked young British officer caused less consternation among audiences than at the Motion Picture Association, which gave the film an R rating. MGM, indignant at this insult to the revered David Lean, whose taste had gone unquestioned for decades, noisily withdrew from the association even after it altered its R to a GP—but quietly returned a few months later.

Warner Bros., understandably, raised no such hue and cry when Ken Russell's production of *The Devils*, starring Miss Miles' statuesque compatriot Vanessa Redgrave, received an X. The film, a stylishly erotic adaptation of the famed incident at Loudun, presented Vanessa as the humpbacked prioress of a 17th Century nunnery who comes to believe that she and her flock have been possessed by Satan and a host of lesser devils. A climax of sorts is achieved when, in an attempt to exorcise her demons, Vanessa is stripped and flagellated in full view of a leering audience; then a huge, bellowslike instrument filled with some hot and noxious brew is inserted into her vagina, presumably for purposes of purification. A far cry from *Camelot* and *The Loves of Isadora*.

Russell had first offered the role of this erotically obsessed nun to Glenda Jackson, who had worked for him previously in two of his earlier films and who, he thought, would have no inhibitions in partaking of the naked revels he envisioned for *The Devils*. But Miss Jackson did have her doubts about the part and for her next film chose instead John Schlesinger's *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, in which it became quickly apparent that nudity wasn't one of her reservations. Unfortunately, it also became evident that nudity was no longer one of her assets. The full, large-nippled breasts that popped so dramatically, almost three-dimensionally, from the screen in *Women in Love* no longer look their best. At one screening of *Sunday*, in fact, as she began to unbutton her blouse for the third or fourth time, an anguished male cried out, "No, no, leave it on!" Miss Jackson, who's been called—in England—"the intellectual's Raquel Welch," has subsequently admitted that it was a pregnancy that lent fullness to her breasts in the earlier picture; but unless she's prepared to undergo a new pregnancy for each film, Glenda had better keep her shirt on—or risk the danger of becoming "the intellectual's Mia Farrow." Actually, Miss Jackson's sexuality is expressed not in her body but in her feline green eyes, flaring nostrils and bold mouth; with these compelling features, she has been ill-advised to emphasize her less striking endowments.

Nor was glamorous Faye Dunaway—absent from the screen for almost a year—altogether well advised to make her comeback as the grimy-faced, foul-mouthed prostitute Kate Elder opposite Stacy Keach's *Doc* (Holliday, that is). Apart from her appearance as the oversexed wife of a Bible thumper in *Little Big Man*—a cameo performance in which she slyly introduces a 15-year-old Dustin Hoffman to the delights of sex, then returns later in the film as the madam of a frontier bordello—the chic and capable Miss Dunaway had contributed her blonde good looks to an incredible array of clinkers. She moved like a zombie as Kirk Douglas' mistress in *The Arrangement* and was still off in some strange world of her own in *Puzzle of a Downfall Child*, playing a freaked-out fashion model. But her Kate Elder at least served to confirm that the acting ability she displayed in *Bonnie and Clyde* has not disappeared.

There is a fine line between the plight of the actress who, like Faye, needs a great role to consolidate her position and that of the one who needs it to save her career. Many a young hopeful—hazel-eyed Katharine Ross is a prime example—has been catapulted to stardom on the basis of her appearance in a single hit (in her case, *The Graduate*), only to become mired down in a series of second-rate pictures (*Hellfighters*, *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*) or secondary roles (*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*). Miss Ross needs desperately another *Graduate* to save her from television. But she is only one of many in similar straits. Sexy Jill St. John, an egghead with an hourglass figure, has been enhancing minor roles in minor films for the past decade. Her major role in the new James Bond movie, *Diamonds Are Forever*, may end the marking-time phase of her career. And Leigh Taylor-Young, after having been swallowed up by such large-scale disasters as *The Adventurers* and *The Horsemen*, is hoping devoutly that her role in the forthcoming *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight* will put her foundering career back on the tracks.

Totally symptomatic is the fate of Raquel Welch, the number-one sexpot of last year. Probably no one has survived more mediocre movies than Raquel, and *Myra Breckinridge* was expected to be her step up to class (if not exactly classy) entertainment. Instead, it became one of 1970's biggest fiascos on every count—including Miss Welch's performance in the androgynous title role. More germane, though, was what happened in 20th Century-Fox's bookkeeping department. It was discovered that most of the films in which she had appeared have garnered few profits. Although she was eminently available when another company suggested her for the lead in one of its pictures, the director balked and insisted on an actress with a lesser name and more ability. The company backed down. Miss Welch, who recently filed for divorce from husband Patrick Curtis, is now filming a movie about roller-skating derbies, Warner Bros.' *Kansas City Bomber*. At this point in her career, it's a risky title.

Career risk is by no means confined to

the ladies on this side of the water. Brigitte Bardot may still make headlines occasionally, especially when she changes boyfriends (which seems to happen every six months or so), but she makes movies with much less frequency. Last year she was seen briefly, and unsuitably, as a nun in *Les Novices*, and this year someone has dug up *The Bear and the Doll* for American distribution; but gone forever are the days when some 20 Bardot epics would be running simultaneously in Manhattan's art and skin-flick houses. Of the older and more firmly established Europeans, only Sophia Loren continues to command attention and respect. Now pushing 40, she has become decidedly more matronly in appearance and more conservative in her choice of roles—although there were sequences in *The Priest's Wife* that revealed that neither the temperament nor the talent has disappeared, while the ripening of her years has lent an increased sensuality to both her face and her figure. Elke Sommer and Ursula Andress—whose films have never been as good as their figures—are currently pinning their futures on the success of *Baron Blood* and *Red Sun*, respectively.

But even as the Brigittes reluctantly fade into the past, a new wave of European beauties has begun its welcome invasion of these shores. At the crest of it at the moment is Paris-born Dominique Sanda, who combines a delectably refined appearance with a flair for acting quite remarkable in a girl who has yet to celebrate her 21st birthday. Her entry into motion pictures came through a chance meeting with director Robert Bresson, who saw her as the ideal leading lady for his film *Une Femme Douce*. Critics hailed her performance when the film was unveiled at the 1969 New York Film Festival. There was more praise for her portrayal of a wayward Russian aristocrat in Maximilian Schell's adaptation of Turgenev's *First Love*—indeed, far more for Miss Sanda than for the film itself. But the picture that really established her with American audiences was Bernardo Bertolucci's brilliant adaptation of Alberto Moravia's *The Conformist* earlier this year. As the Lesbianish young wife of an exiled Italian professor, she exuded an eroticism intriguingly tinged with the decadence of the final years of Fascism before World War Two—particularly when dancing a sinuous tango with the luscious wife of the man the Fascists have sent to murder her husband. Her latest film, directed by the distinguished Vittorio De Sica, is *The Garden of the Finzi Contini*, the Italian entry at the recent San Francisco Film Festival. Already there are murmurs of "another Garbo."

Dominique Sanda's strikingly beautiful tango partner in *The Conformist* was Stefania Sandrelli, who may be remembered as Marcello Mastroianni's young girlfriend in *Divorce—Italian Style*. Then 16, Miss Sandrelli has appeared in a dozen films in the past decade, few of which have reached this country; they have, however, established her as one of the leading lights of the Italian cinema—a light that can only glow brighter after the international success of the Bertolucci film.

In much the same position is tall, leggy Florinda Bolkan, a girl who first attracted attention, of sorts, as the dance partner of Richard Burton at a Venice charity ball some four or five years ago. The interest of Italian producers was immediately whetted. Luchino Visconti cast her as the frightened prostitute visited by Helmut Berger in *The Damned*, after which came increasingly important roles, including a featured part in *The Last Valley* with Omar Sharif. But the film that finally focused international attention on this full-blown brunette is this year's award-winning *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion*, in which she plays the animalistic mistress of a cool chief of police who also happens to be a sexual pervert. Murdered by him early in the picture, she reappears repeatedly—and memorably—in his lustful imaginings. Built (as *Investigation* fully reveals) along the classic lines of such busty beauties of the Italian screen as Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida, Florinda would seem to be their most logical successor.

Pushing forward on the domestic front are at least a baker's dozen of attractive young ladies, all of them jockeying for the rail position in the sex-star sweepstakes. Probably in the lead at the moment is *Laugh-In*'s graduate Goldie Hawn, who all but stole *Cactus Flower* out from under the expensive noses of such camera-wise veterans as Ingrid Bergman and Walter Matthau in her first film venture. Even less expected was the bewitching figure she exhibited to go along with her comically gamin face in *There's a Girl in My Soup*, in which she not only gave the redoubtable Peter Sellers a good run for the funny money but was infinitely better to look at.

Indeed, television has provided a proving ground, or at least a showcase, for many of the young lovelies who have begun to grace the larger screens. Fresh-faced Trish Van Devere worked on TV soap operas in Manhattan, as well as in several unmemorable off-Broadway plays, before being tapped for *Where's Poppa?* and, more recently, *The Last Run*. Buxom Lana Wood, Natalie's not-so-little sister, came up by way of TV's *Dr. Kildare* and *Peyton Place* series—not to mention a strong assist from PLAYBOY. It was the eye-filling photo layout of Lana (together with samples of her poetry) in last April's issue that brought her the best role she's received to date—as Plenty O'Toole in the new James Bond thriller, *Diamonds Are Forever*.

PLAYBOY has actually done more than its share to—forgive the expression—uncover as well as to advance new talent for the movies. Tall, leggy Lauren Hutton, with her blonde tresses and slightly convergent squint, had been a Bunny and a model before hopping onto Robert Redford's motorcycle in *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* and seducing priest Robert Forster in *Pieces of Dreams*. She's now cast as Marcello Mastroianni's co-star in *May I Introduce Myself, Rocco Papaleo*. Roger Vadim was so taken by the dusky charms—and impressive measurements—of another Playboy cottontail, Joyce Williams, a Bumper-Pool Bunny in the Los Angeles Playboy Club, that he featured her in his *Pretty Maids All in a Row*. Similarly, Playmate-Bunny Dolly Read, once at Playboy's London Club, caught the knowledgeable eye of producer-director Russ Meyer, who set her on the path to a film career by giving her a lead in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. She also caught the eye of *Laugh-In*'s Dick Martin, who married her last September. Among the girls who have stepped from the centerfold into the cinema are Claudia Jennings, Connie Kreski, Cynthia Myers, Victoria Vetri, Sue Bernard and the Collinson twins. And PLAYBOY's pictorial last May on Sarah Kennedy, a third cousin to *the* Kennedys, probably did more to help her burgeoning career than did her appearance in *The Telephone Book*, the movie that prompted the layout. Described as "a sexy Goldie Hawn," Sarah has just completed a new picture, *Sammy Somebody*.

Modeling, particularly high-fashion modeling, continues to provide an entry into the movies. Beautiful Jennifer O'Neill, born in Rio de Janeiro, was a model at 15 and a *Vogue* cover girl at 17. She began her film career with Alexander Singer's *Glass Houses*, in which she shared a group-encounter session—and the bed—of an older man with a charming lack of embarrassment. Because of releasing schedules, however, audiences saw her first, with considerably more decorum, opposite John Wayne in *Rio Lobo* and as the "older woman" in *Summer of '42* who impulsively bestows herself on an adolescent boy.

Perhaps the least inhibited of the young models on the rise is willowy June Fairchild, who walked into Roger Vadim's office, while he was casting *Pretty Maids*, wearing a transparent dress—and nothing else. She got the part. "I

was enchanted," Vadim reported later. "Sex without vulgarity delights me." He should know. And the most publicized of all the fashion models, Britain's diminutive Twiggy, will be making her film debut at the end of the year in Ken Russell's production of *The Boy Friend*. One can't help hoping she will have no nude scenes.

For most of these girls, the word star must be stretched a bit to apply. But all of them are hoping for the right break, the kind of overnight success won by Ali MacGraw in *Love Story*. More typical of the Hollywood saga, however, is the longer struggle of her co-star in that film, 30-year-old Ryan O'Neal. No sooner had *Love Story* hit the screen than the magazines began blossoming with O'Nealabilia. *Glamour* described him as "beautiful . . . and talented." And *Life*, in its pontifical way, asserted that "O'Neal, with his blond good looks and the 'star presence' he emanates, has helped recapture more of the lost movie audience . . . than any star since Julie Andrews in *The Sound of Music*."

And yet this "beautiful . . . and talented" paragon with his "star presence" had been sitting on Hollywood's doorstep for a considerable while without producing any fever blisters. He had played Rodney Harrington in television's *Peyton Place* (where he met and married Leigh Taylor-Young). Then Warner Bros. co-starred O'Neal and his lissome bride in a sexy trifle called *The Big Bounce*, which promptly became known around the studio as *The Big Bomb*. And 20th Century-Fox fared no better when it cast him as an Olympian distance runner in *The Games* (scripted, coincidentally, by the then-unheralded Erich Segal); the film only added to that company's mounting deficit. Understandable, then, is the hesitation with which Paramount viewed his candidacy for the role of Oliver Barrett IV in its projected *Love Story*. He was tested for the part along with some 30 other aspirants and was rather grudgingly signed for the picture at a rock-bottom fee of $25,000. The studio concentrated its prerelease publicity bonfires on co-star MacGraw and author Segal (himself no mean publicist).

Now fortune's darling, Ryan has been inundated with scripts. His less-than-impressive appearance with William Holden in *Wild Rovers* was a deal consummated before the stunning impact of *Love Story*; but his agreement to co-star with Barbra Streisand in a zany comedy, *What's Up, Doc?*, came after, and his fee for professional services has zoomed accordingly. While all this was happening, Leigh's career became bogged down in soggy sagas, and her marriage to O'Neal was, at last report, in a trial-separation phase. Meanwhile, the gossip columnists were busily reporting the new togetherness of Ryan and Barbra at the better movie premieres and plusher restaurants on both coasts. Were they a "hot item"? Barbra's explanation was disarmingly simple: "After all," she told a fan-magazine writer, "a superstar can't go out with just *anybody*."

The only other major male star to emerge in 1971 was Jack Nicholson, who would seem to be the least likely choice for a sex star of this or any other year. Although he claims his age is 34, his face is already seamed and haggard and his dark hair is thinning; in addition, his eyes are slightly crossed. Nevertheless, in 1971 his career skyrocketed. Not only did he star in *Carnal Knowledge* and the odd, offbeat *A Safe Place*, he also co-wrote and directed the controversial *Drive, He Said*. But his was no story of overnight success, even though he seemingly burst onto the screen as the sodden Southern liberal lawyer who rode along for a way with Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda in *Easy Rider*, and promptly copped an Oscar nomination. Devotees of American International Pictures' myriad bike films know better; Nicholson had previously donned the leather jacket and crash helmet for leading roles in such films as *Hell's Angels on Wheels*, *Flight*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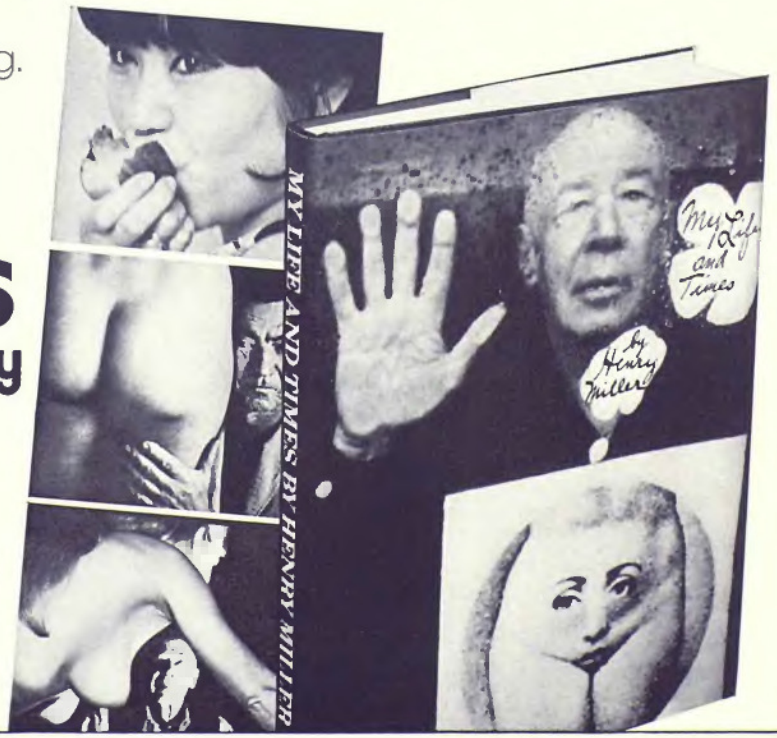

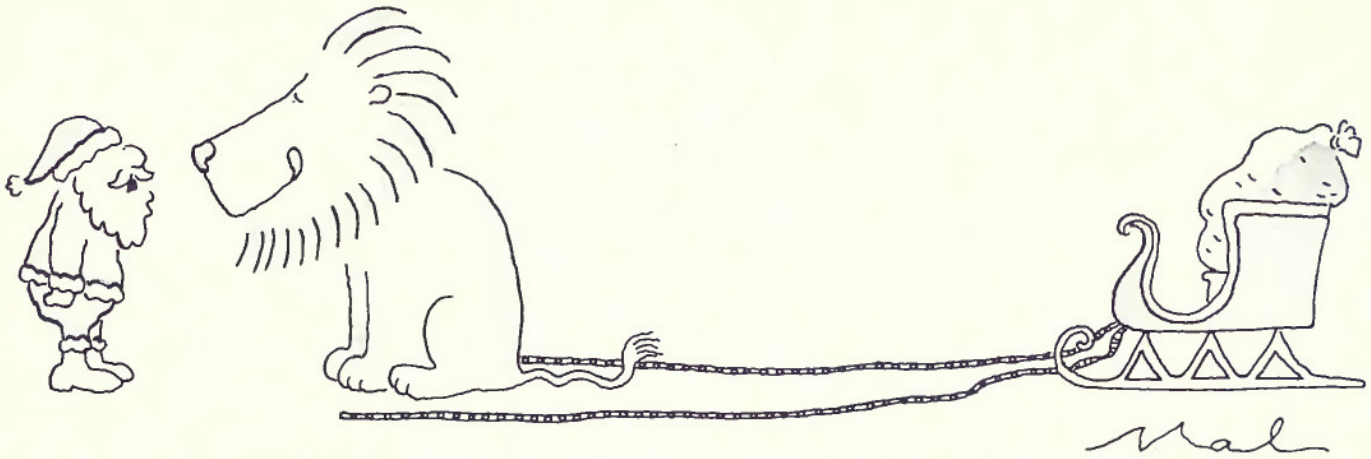

*"I said, 'Have you seen eight tiny reindeer?'"*

*to Fury* and *Psych-Out*. As early as 1960, he was playing the best friend of the alienated, mixed-up heroes of *Too Soon to Love* and *Studs Lonigan* (in which he got young Studs involved in a rape case). By the time *Easy Rider* came along, Nicholson was ready.

His complex performance as Bobby Dupea, the foot-loose, uncommitted scion of a talented family in *Five Easy Pieces*, gave further affirmation of his skills. *Carnal Knowledge*, in which Nicholson goes all the way from college jock to played-out, impotent rounder in his mid-40s, provided an even more multifaceted role. He steals Candice Bergen away from his innocent roommate, Arthur Garfunkel; shacks up with, then cold-bloodedly discards a zaftig Ann-Margret; and finally ends up paying for the professional pleasures offered by Rita Moreno. Similarly, in *A Safe Place*, he casually drops in on Tuesday Weld at four A.M., coolly dismisses her gentleman friend and just as coolly walks out after he has had his fun. Both films limn icily precise portraits of the egocentric American male that women's lib has been complaining about —and Nicholson played the roles with stunning veracity.

The characters Nicholson has delineated onscreen—the troubled loner, the intelligent cynic, the driven artist—are all overtones of his own personality. Tall, lean, a casual dresser and an intense conversationalist, Nicholson—who's been divorced for the past three years —is rarely found at Beverly Hills' swankier social affairs. He thinks of himself as "an old-fashioned character actor, not a sex star," and speaks of the quick upturn that his career has taken as "a coincidence of successful pictures." This coincidence permitted him this year to realize a dream of long standing, to direct his own film—and even though *Drive, He Said* was a box-office failure, he still wants to try again. With *Carnal Knowledge* merrily clicking the turnstiles, his next chance may not be far off—particularly if he'll consent to act in as well as direct that future film.

Nicholson is by no means alone in his directorial ambitions. Clint Eastwood, who—almost unbelievably—is the top box-office star in the country this year, according to the industry's trade papers, now heads his own production unit at Universal Pictures. After such appropriately titled low-budgeted spaghetti Westerns as *A Fistful of Dollars*, for which he received little salary but a big percentage of the profits, had spiraled into a bankful of dollars all bearing his name, Eastwood decided to shake the sand out of his sombrero and forge a new, more provocative image. In *The Beguiled*, for example, he appears as a Union soldier who, wounded in the Civil War, is harbored in a mansion full of Southern schoolmistresses and their charges, most of whom he succeeds in seducing. When his profligacy is discovered, the belles, understandably miffed, saw off his wounded leg and feed him poison mushrooms. Eastwood, as it turned out, performed better than the picture did; but undaunted, Clint next took on the triple chores of producer, director and star for *Play Misty for Me*, in which he appears as a disc jockey plagued by an adoring fan.

Blue-eyed, graying Paul Newman, who rivals Eastwood at the box office—and who has remained near the top of the Hollywood heap since his entry into pictures in 1954—is also seeking new stature as a director-producer. Newman's sensitive handling of *Rachel, Rachel*, which won his wife, Joanne Woodward, an Academy Award nomination in 1968, suggested that he could hold his own with the best of them. Undeterred by the flop of his *WUSA*, Newman was in the midst of production on *Sometimes a Great Notion* when he and director Richard Colla had what the trade calls "artistic differences." Without flinching, Newman simply took over the director's reins and finished the film to his own satisfaction.

Among the younger stars following in the directorial footsteps of Newman, et al., are those two easy riders, Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. Close to a mythic subculture hero after *Easy Rider*, Fonda opted to direct and spent a year and a half turning out a bemused little Western, *The Hired Hand*, with himself in the title role. Not much emerged from the film except Peter's striking resemblance in both face and voice to his famous father. At one time a firebrand enthusiastically carrying the torch for the drug culture of which he had made himself a champion and spokesman, in more recent years young Fonda has been no less eloquent in putting it down. Ecology has become his new concern, and he and his wife, Susan, now live quietly with their two children in a hideaway in the Santa Monica Mountains. For the moment, the film career of the lanky, appealing young actor seems to have ground to a halt.

This may also be true of his sidekick Dennis Hopper, although the picture on which Hopper slaved for more than two years, *The Last Movie*, is just going into release as this is written. Two years, nevertheless, is a long time for any rising star to be absent from the screen, even with the more than ample magazine and newspaper coverage of his unorthodox antics on location in Peru. Reports filtered back of communal love-ins and air perpetually heavy with the smell of pot—although accompanying this was a strong sense of Hopper's commitment to his convoluted script, which is, on one level, the story of a movie wrangler seeking his fortune in a foreign land and, on another, the clash

between the American myth and a primitive religion.

Hopper, who likes to think of himself as a film maker first and an actor second, is also a highly skilled still photographer; in addition, he writes, paints and sculpts and over the years has acquired a collection of modern art (mostly pop) valued at $250,000. Unabashedly drawn to pretty women, Hopper has been married twice: first to beautiful Brooke Hayward, the daughter of producer Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullavan, then for a brief time in 1970 to rock singer Holly Michelle Phillips of The Mamas and the Papas. His life style, as revealed in the recent biographical movie *The American Dreamer*, is obviously not conducive to marriage. Almost superstitiously devoted to the memory of his close friend the late James Dean, Hopper sustains that earlier image of the sensitive, rebellious young man who needs to call his soul his own. By the time this appears in print, readers will know whether director Hopper has succeeded where his friends Peter Fonda and Jack Nicholson have failed.

Happily, the widening opportunities for moving from the star's dressing room to the director's chair are no longer limited to white stars. When the scheduled director of *Buck and the Preacher* unexpectedly resigned, Sidney Poitier was able to take over without missing a beat. The film, jointly produced by Poitier and Harry Belafonte, stars both of them, along with Ruby Dee. *Buck and the Preacher* should help Poitier shed the almost antiseptic image he's borne in films ever since *Lilies of the Field* and should give Belafonte the new status he's seeking as a serious actor.

An even more impressive display of black power was unleashed by Melvin Van Peebles, the writer, director, producer, star and composer of *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*. Using the profits from last year's *Watermelon Man*, which he coproduced and directed, Van Peebles was able to secure complete financing for *Sweet Sweetback* himself, and thus empowered to make it to his own liking—which may be why, as star, we see him shacking up with one beauteous black chick after another as his chase story unfolds. A self-avowed black militant, Van Peebles first gained attention with *Story of a Three Day Pass*, produced in France. Invited by Columbia to direct *Watermelon Man*, he had an immediate, well-publicized disagreement with his star, Godfrey Cambridge, over the picture's title. Cambridge felt it was demeaning to blacks and claims Van Peebles assured him that the title would be changed. It wasn't, and Cambridge took every opportunity to express his indignation. Less publicized were Van Peebles' squabbles with his coproducer, John Bennett. At one point in their acrimonious relationship, Van Peebles reportedly said to Bennett, "You do that and I'll kill you." Observers —and Bennett himself—were pretty sure he meant it. In any case, there were no such differences over *Sweet Sweetback*—and the picture rolled up stupendous grosses, particularly in the black communities.

Black audiences also made a surprise hit out of Gordon Parks's *Shaft*—and not so much because Parks is a black director but because equally black Richard Roundtree, in the title role, projected a commanding sexuality seldom seen on the screen since the palmier days of Humphrey Bogart. Cast as a Manhattan-based private eye caught up in a war between a Harlem gang and the Mafia, Roundtree swaggered, shot, seduced and spoke up to Whitey as no movie black had ever done before. Unlike Van Peebles, Parks permitted a grudging friendship between Roundtree and a white detective. It is a film with which both white and black can empathize and may well lead to a series for Roundtree.

As the year began, one of the hottest stars in the industry was bushy-headed Elliott Gould. (As a matter of fact, his frequent nude scenes revealed that he was bushy all over.) Gould was apparently just the new male personality the public wanted; his puckish portrayal of Ted in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* had produced roars of approval throughout the land. Next he was a smash in *M*A*S*H*, from which he rushed headlong into four more films. Then the accounting departments began to leak the bad news. *Getting Straight* had barely squeaked into the black; *Little Murders*, despite excellent reviews, was unable to recoup its low cost; *Move* didn't; and *I Love My . . . Wife* went unloved at the box office. News of a more distressing sort came from the set of a newly begun film, *A Glimpse of Tiger*. Gould and director Anthony Harvey were not getting along. Gould's co-star, the gifted and elfin Kim Darby, had been reduced to tears, so it was said, by Elliott's oafish behavior. Only a week into production, the film was halted, then canceled entirely. Gould was reported to be in Europe, resting from the rigors of a perhaps too strenuous program. There were rumors of a drug problem. He had openly admitted his fondness for pot in his *Playboy Interview*; it was hinted that he had experimented further. Before the sudden cessation of his starring activity, Gould had been tapped by the prestigious Ingmar Bergman for his first English-speaking film, *The Touch*. But stacked against such Swedish pros as Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow, Gould appeared to be a stumbling amateur. Nor was the film one of Bergman's best. Still and all, at 33, Gould is hardly

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a has-been and next year may well see a renascence of his career.

For a time, Gould's *M*A*S*H* buddy Donald Sutherland looked as if he were going to be equally, and just as unprofitably, busy. After the reasonably popular *Kelly's Heroes*, Sutherland went into a dual role as peasant and aristocrat in the farcical but not widely patronized *Start the Revolution Without Me*, then fought in vain to overcome his material in the pretentious *Alex in Wonderland*. *Alex* was enough to discourage all but the most enthusiastic Sutherland fans. But then, after a period of inactivity, he popped back in the title role of *Klute*, in which his professional performance was outdone only by an even more professional performance by Jane Fonda as an expensive tart.

Robert Redford, unlike Gould and Sutherland, suffered more from underexposure than from overexposure. After his signal success with Paul Newman in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, Redford began to choose his properties with more than ordinary care. His love of sports dictated *Downhill Racer* and *Little Fauss and Big Halsy*; his social concerns drew him to *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*; but those films were released in 1969 and 1970, and this year he's been so selective that the Redford name has been absent from movie marquees. By the time this issue is on the stands, his latest, *Hot Rock*, may be in circulation; it's being heralded as a comedy thriller, with a plum role as an ex-con for Redford and an equally good one for the capable George Segal as his confederate. And Warner Bros.' announcement earlier this year that Redford and Newman would once more team in a film—this one based on the true-life experiences of two New York policemen fighting corruption within their ranks—was made to the accompaniment of publicity drumbeats in the style usually reserved for the merging of two great corporations. No wonder; the terms of the deal were rumored to be $1,500,000 in cash, split by Newman and Redford as co-stars, plus 22½ percent of the gross to be shared by their companies.

The smiling, smoldering Warren Beatty has also been conspicuous by his absence. Indeed, after cleaning up with *Bonnie and Clyde* in 1967, he has lent his presence to only two pictures—the unfortunate *The Only Game in Town* in 1970 (for which mistake he was reputedly compensated with $750,000) and this year's *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, in which he participated with a heavy percentage of the gross. Offscreen, of course, Beatty was far from inactive, as the gossip columnists kept reminding us. His free-wheeling romance with Julie Christie had him jetting from one fashionable watering hole to another on practically every continent. His latest venture took him to Hamburg for a new Richard Brooks picture cryptically titled *$*—possibly because the $ earned by *McCabe* fell substantially below anticipation.

Absent, too, for much of the year was Jon Voight, whose electric emergence in *Midnight Cowboy* still keeps audiences looking forward to some reiteration of his initial impact. *The Revolutionary*, filmed in England by Paul Williams, the director who gave Voight his first chance in *Out of It*, didn't quite do it. (Neither did *Out of It*, released after the success of *Midnight Cowboy*.) Now, from a plethora of scripts, Voight has chosen for his next film the sad tale of a small-town boxer, *The All-American Boy*; again, the results should be in shortly.

Michael Caine's sagging status was boosted this year on the strength of a single performance, as a tough, swaggering gangster on vengeful prowl in the British-made *Get Carter*; but the greatest surprise return was that registered by Sean Connery, whose career had drooped badly after his withdrawal from the James Bond series. The cool reception accorded such films as *Shalako* and *The Molly Maguires* suggested that the public wanted Connery as Bond or not at all. And then came *The Anderson Tapes*, an extremely well-made and intelligently cast example of the caper genre, and Connery was back in business. Advance word on *Diamonds Are Forever*, scheduled for holiday release, indicates that Connery's star may burn brighter than ever now that he's back in glittering Bondage.

Hoping for a similarly successful return is Marlon Brando, seen (briefly) in *Candy* and (forgettably) in *The Night of the Following Day*. Traditionally, fans whose idols have been off the screen too long don't merely forget, they find other idols to worship. But in Brando's case, considering the splendid reviews that greeted his performance as the mysterious gardener Quint in *The Nightcomers*, loosely based on Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*, screened at the Venice Film Festival, this hardly seems likely. Reports out of New York during the shooting of his highly publicized next venture, *The Godfather*, spoke of a new Brando: cooperative, considerate, concerned—and punctual. He seemed personally convinced that, after a long series of mediocre pictures, *The Godfather* could return him to the front ranks of male stardom, where he clearly belongs. Whether Brando's portrait of a Mafia *capo* will also return him to the front ranks of male *sex* stars remains to be seen.

The distinction between star as sex symbol and star as skilled performer is frequently blurred. Take, for example, the saturnine George C. Scott, an old pro who keeps the wickets turning and the wire services churning with such incidents as his refusal to accept the Oscar he so fully earned with his in-depth portrait of *Patton*. Scott out-Rathboned old Basil in *They Might Be Giants*, playing a lovably paranoid judge who imagines himself to be Sherlock Holmes, then set out to out-Bogart Humphrey as a onetime criminal attempting a final haul in *The Last Run*. He came out of *The Last Run* with more than just critical acclaim. Married, divorced, then remarried to actress Colleen Dewhurst (who played a small role as a Portuguese prostitute in *Run*), Scott began to take a serious interest in his youthful leading lady, the lovely Trish Van Devere, separated from his wife yet again and returned to New York with Trish.

Another unlikely sex star is Walter Matthau, undoubtedly one of the most important actors to emerge in recent years, with a record of highly profitable pictures unparalleled in the industry. But the bilious face, the gravelly voice, the shambling, stoop-shouldered gait are hardly the accouterments of the standard matinee idol. As Rin-Tin-Tin once proved, one can be popular and profitable without necessarily being a sex star. Indeed, an actor can appear in a whole series of sexually oriented films without having any of their sexuality rub off on him. A case in point is Richard Benjamin, who leaped toward stardom in *Goodbye, Columbus*, drove Carrie Snodgress to desperation in *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, seduced a wide swath of young ladies in *The Steagle* and spied lasciviously on shapely neighbors in *The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker*. For all his carnal adventures, he remains quintessentially the neurasthenic, overly mothered young Jewish intellectual of *Goodbye, Columbus*—and, hence, the inevitable choice of writer-director-producer Ernest Lehman for the masturbatory antihero of *Portnoy's Complaint*, now in production. And there's that erstwhile *Graduate*, Dustin Hoffman, who aged from 12 to 121 in the enormously successful *Little Big Man* and from 20 to 40 in *Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?* Already overage when he played collegian Ben Braddock, Hoffman, now 34, remains essentially a fine character actor—although the characters he plays invariably have a left-handed, boyish kind of sexual appeal.

A fine young actor who does seem to possess the attributes for sex stardom is Stacy Keach, now on view as *Doc*. Keach, who came to Hollywood from the stage, had the lead role in the critical success (but box-office mediocrity) *The Traveling Executioner*—and a cameo part in *Brewster McCloud*, which drew good notices for Stacy but mixed reviews for director Robert (*M*A*S*H*) Altman. If Keach connects with the right

role in the right film, he could be dynamite. Other up-and-comers include John Phillip Law, the untiring personification of *The Love Machine*; Christopher Jones, the shell-shocked lover of *Ryan's Daughter*; the arresting Al Pacino, who stormed the screen as the drug-addicted Bobby of *The Panic in Needle Park* and is co-starring with Brando in *The Godfather*; and Timothy Dalton, the brooding Heathcliff in the remake of *Wuthering Heights*.

Desperately wooing the youth market, film makers have looked even to recording stars as possible tickets to box-office success. It worked last year—temporarily—with Mick Jagger; in 1971, Arthur Garfunkel, who parlayed his minor role in Mike Nichols' *Catch-22* into a leading one in Nichols' *Carnal Knowledge*, would seem to be the prime example of the vinyl-to-celluloid story. Folk-rock singer James Taylor also came on strong in the racing hobohemia of *Two-Lane Blacktop*, and gravel-voiced country-and-western virtuoso Kris Kristofferson gave a good account of himself as a pot-pushing minstrel in *Cisco Pike* (which had previously been called *Dealer* and may well be changed again to *Keep Off the Grass*).

On the European scene, only Jean-Louis Trintignant seems to have emerged as a likely candidate for superstardom. Indeed, after his performances in *My Night at Maud's*, *Z* and *The Conformist*, all highly cerebral enterprises, and his delightful portrayal of the brains behind a kidnaping gang in Claude Lelouch's seriocomic *The Crook*, it seems that Trintignant can play just about anything—and also that just about every second picture that appears from Italy or France these days has him in it. Such formerly glamorous imports as Britain's Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole and Egypt's Omar Sharif have held up less well of late. It did seem passing strange that so virile an actor as Burton should impersonate a raging queen in *Staircase*, a $6,000,000 fiasco. But to follow that with his portrait of a homicidal homosexual sadist in a cheap thriller called *Villain* smacks less of sadism than of masochism.

In their latest outings, both O'Toole and Sharif have gone back to the semi-sexless image of their first hit, *Lawrence of Arabia*. The difference is that in *Lawrence* there were no women to provide romantic relief. But in *The Horsemen*, filmed in Yugoslavia by the gifted John Frankenheimer, who seemed rather badly off his form, Sharif was so passionately attached to his mettlesome Arabian steed that he all but ignored the equally mettlesome and altogether willing gypsy girl played by Leigh Taylor-Young. And in *Murphy's War*, O'Toole—instead of pursuing the only interesting female in sight (Sian Phillips, his real-life wife)—took off after a German submarine by land, sea and air, even though World War Two was already over. Is that the behavior of a *sex* star? America's Steve McQueen was afflicted by the same indifference to women when, in *Le Mans*, he spent most of his time tooling around and around the race course instead of pursuing Elga Andersen. His Porsche was admittedly a splendid job, but so was Elga.

*"I will not listen to the views of a person who is subject to raging hormonal influences!"*

Though the elegant Marcello Mastroianni, it seems, is being rapidly replaced by Trintignant, you can't accuse him of remaining idle. He made four films this year—*The Priest's Wife* with Sophia Loren, *Diamonds for Breakfast* with Rita Tushingham, *Le Voyeur* with Virna Lisi, and his first American production, *It Only Happens to Others*, with lovely Catherine Deneuve—from which he's expected to earn a paltry $2,000,000. "But I am bored," he confessed in an interview with Rex Reed. "I am fed up with life. Nothing is amusing." This attitude has been showing up increasingly in his performances; but Reed points out that Mastroianni—although married—has been consoling himself less apathetically with two of the world's most beautiful women, Faye Dunaway and, more recently, *Mlle.* Deneuve. So his life can't be all that empty.

In the same interview, however, Mastroianni ponders aloud the possibility that he may not always be rich and famous, and this is something of more universal concern among his peers. Most of our own senior citizens—men like John Wayne, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, James Stewart, Gregory Peck—have more than enough salted away for a rainy day, but there is always that moment when the money stops, when their star finally sets. Happily, in the course of their long careers, all these men have become more than stars; they have become *actors*. They have learned how to cope with the cranky mechanisms of camera and microphone and to project more than their own presence. They have learned how to create characters. And perhaps that is the real difference between being a star and being an actor. The actor builds a whole new person, while what the star projects is essentially his own personality. And if that personality is sexy enough, he becomes a sex star and lives happily—if not ever after, then at least until the reviews and receipts for his next film.

## ...STILL STAND UP? *(continued from page 148)*

the Montreal board. The company has a total of 5,000,000 shares.

What intrigued Greenspun was his knowledge that Hughes has always been adamantly opposed to anyone in his employ using his name and financial status. "Hughes has never permitted it," says Greenspun. "He chopped off two lawyers in L. A. for going off on an oil-lease deal when the press merely speculated that it was a Hughes venture. He got sore at Bob Maheu for making some outside investments, even though Maheu advised him about them and made it crystal clear to the public that Hughes was not involved. Yet here is his palace guard, who know him best, bouncing his name and prestige all over the Montreal exchange. What they are doing just makes no sense—unless they know, and I mean *know*, that there is no way Hughes will ever find out what they've done."

When stories on the Canadian venture appeared in the Montreal papers, they touched off a great flap among the Hughes-Nevada people. They quickly set up a conference call among Eckersley, Chester Davis, a representative from the Carl Byoir agency—Hughes's public-relations firm—and longtime Hughes publicist Perry Lieber, and then issued a statement in Eckersley's name. It warned that the stock was "highly speculative," promised that the Hughes aides would have no part in Pan American's management and said that neither Howard Hughes nor Hughes Tool had any interest or investment in or knowledge of Pan American's affairs. When this story reached Montreal, the stock began to sag.

Eckersley then promptly flew to Montreal, held his own press conference and flatly contradicted the still-fresh statement. He said that Hughes had full knowledge of Pan American Mines, approved of it and that plans for vigorous mining activity were under consideration. The stock responded to these stimulating words and, by the end of August, sold at $12 per share.

It was a remarkable exhibition of Eckersley's strength that allowed him to speak from both sides of his mouth. In Las Vegas, the high-priced Hughes publicists had unprintably shrill words for Eckersley—but did nothing. "I am not about to take on Hughes's personal-staff chief," said one gingerly, "not without his say-so."

"That misses the entire point," says Greenspun. "What happens to everyone, including the state of Nevada, where Hughes is the biggest employer, if Hughes can't issue any more say-sos?"

This is all circumstantial evidence, but it is shored up by the fact that for a year now there has not been one verifiable wiggle of a finger from Hughes's alleged hide-out at the Britannia Beach Hotel in Nassau. Bahamian immigration officers, when asked about Hughes's entry card, point out that it's not a public document and then grow mute. Gaming officials in Nevada have offered to send a representative to Nassau if Hughes is incapable of returning, but the Hughes emissaries lapse into an inarticulate state of shock at the suggestion.

There is irony worth savoring in the thought that a man with a billion-dollar empire, possessed of absolute authority over every last square inch of it, with the most sophisticated communications systems available to him, could be deceived about what the hell is happening in his empire. But now that the secrecy is crumbling, there are facts surfacing that fit an odd pattern.

The machinery for isolating Hughes from the world has existed for years. Hughes put it together himself and issued the directives that started it working. The story of how Hughes began running a billion-dollar complex of enterprises from a position of truancy dates back 20 years and centrally involves a short, stocky, decisive accountant named Noah Dietrich.

Today Dietrich lives in a handsome house high in Benedict Canyon in the upper reaches of Beverly Hills. He is 83 and his hair is snow white, but he drives himself to his offices in Century City every day, where he leisurely supervises some business properties. His memory of 32 years with Howard Hughes is vivid and bitter. He broke with Hughes in 1957 and kept resiliently silent for 13 years, but now he is completing his memoirs—which the Hughes lawyers are intent upon keeping unpublished.

Hughes was only 19 and had just inherited Hughes Tool Company when he hired Dietrich. Dietrich's mind adroitly balanced Hughes's debits and credits and kept the bottom line black while his boss flew planes, made movies and chased girls. Hughes always has been spectacularly indecisive; he would agonize endlessly over an urgent matter while everything ground to a halt. Dietrich was a superb counterbalance; he snapped out a decision almost before the problem had been stated. In 1947, he independently spent $5,000,000 modernizing Hughes Tool in Houston, without first telling Hughes what he was doing, and thereby boosted profits from $4,000,000 a year in the Forties to $60,000,000 a year in the mid-Fifties. "Noah, you're a genius," Hughes told him, and from that day on no one in the empire could lay a glove on the brilliant Noah Dietrich.

In the early Fifties, Hughes took Dietrich from Houston to Los Angeles and installed him in a two-story buff-colored building at 7000 Romaine Street, which became Hughes's message center. Hughes himself was never there; the whole point of Romaine was to give him a nerve center so he could rule by remote control. Hughes relayed his instructions to Dietrich via the Romaine switchboard and Dietrich implemented them.

Then one day, Hughes turned his message center into a one-way hot line, an event that became critical to what happened later in Las Vegas.

"In 1956," says Dietrich, "Hughes issued a memo saying, in effect, to everyone down the command, 'From now on, don't call me; I'll call you.' Thereafter his executives could call in and talk to me but not to Howard. People grumbled that I was sealing him off from all contact, but that was what Howard wanted. Then he issued a second directive, early in 1957, to me. It said, 'Don't raise new problems when I call you, but confine yourself to the subjects I bring up.'"

Subject only to Hughes's potential veto, Dietrich ran the empire. The division executives became accustomed to operating their own enterprises without hearing from Hughes. He could fall silent for years and no one would get unduly alarmed.

The staff at Romaine included more than a dozen couriers, who drove old Chevrolets and delivered memos down the chain of command or fetched documents to send back up. As events evolved, this staff became the breeding ground, the Saint-Cyr academy, for some of the people now wielding awesome authority at the highest Hughes staff level. Directing the couriers was a dour Mormon, Frank William Gay, who, over the years, salted his staff heavily with fellow Mormons. This pleased Hughes for simple, secular reasons. Good Mormons don't drink or smoke and his security-conscious mind detests drunks in sensitive positions; he also hates the smell of tobacco. Among the Mormons functioning under Gay were Howard Eckersley, Levar Myler, Kay Glenn and George Francom.

Over the years, Dietrich had been feeling increasingly aggrieved, a mood aggravated by three-A.M. phone calls and long-unkept promises of stock options. In 1957, he quit. Hughes left Dietrich's position unfilled, but he retained the Romaine message center and all the accompanying Mormons. Hughes always has been a sort of corporate pack rat, a man who keeps used toys in his attic. For the next five years or so, the empire more or less ran itself, while The Man wrestled with moneylenders in order to pay for TWA planes. Liberated division chiefs functioned with new boldness and little or no instruction from Hughes.

During this period, Bill Gay rose meteorically but somewhat unnoticed in

the Hughes hierarchy, from supervisor of the Chevy drivers to vice-president of Hughes Tool Company. And with him, as his chief assistant, he took Kay Glenn.

"There has always been something ghostlike about Bill Gay," says a veteran Hughes employee. "He's never out in front, but you better believe that he is there in the background, watching everything."

Two outsiders, Robert Maheu and Chester Davis, came into Gay's closely watched world in the early Sixties. They were invited into the Hughes organization separately—Maheu from Washington, D.C., as a consultant trouble shooter, Davis from New York as attorney to handle Hughes's massive legal problems with TWA.

Robert Aimé Maheu is a bald, confident, genial fellow in his early 50s, with a background full of powerful business acquaintances and a trace of officially requisitioned espionage. He was an FBI agent during World War Two and in the early Fifties formed Robert A. Maheu Associates in Washington. He calls Maheu Associates "a problem-solving organization." It was then staffed with ex–FBI men, former IRS agents and lobbyists and was basically an industrial intelligence agency, an avenue between Governmental bureaus and rich clients with widely disparate interests. His customers included Stavros Niarchos, Del Webb and the United Steelworkers Union. Maheu swam at ease through the upper levels of Washington politics, an intimate of Senators, governors and top regulatory executives. He was also involved in mysterious activities that convinced some Washington observers he had CIA connections. Columnist Jack Anderson has printed a story—and Maheu has "no commented" on it—that Maheu was involved in a series of assassination attempts on Fidel Castro, around the time of the Bay of Pigs, employing a West Coast ex-convict and Mafia figure named Johnny Roselli.

Maheu's anticommunism, his cloak-and-dagger expertise and his Washington influence appealed strongly to Howard Hughes. Maheu had a problem-solving organization and, God knows, Hughes had problems. Hughes became a prestigious addition to Maheu's client list in the mid-Fifties, began loading more and more work on him, and finally asked him to shed other clients, move to Los Angeles and work exclusively for Howard Hughes. Maheu moved West in 1961 and ensconced his family in a handsome mansion in Pacific Palisades.

To Bill Gay and other Hughes executives, Maheu was an outsider, a parvenu. But he had Howard Hughes's blessing and, increasingly, his ear. He was also entirely outside the corporate structure and authority; he had made his deal with Hughes himself as a consultant and was not on Hughes's employee payroll.

In 1965, Bill Gay attempted to confirm his executive brilliance with a grandiose venture into the computer business: a new division called Hughes Dynamics. He planned to take on IBM frontally and set up elaborate offices in the Kirkeby Center in Westwood, with carpets so thick they had to be lifted to the quarters by helicopter and shoved through the windows.

Hughes Dynamics quietly died within a year. And with it, Gay went into eclipse as a major power in the empire, though he retained his vice-presidency in Hughes Tool. "Howard didn't get a real look at what was going on in Hughes Dynamics until it was about nine million in the red—and then *fini*!" says Maheu.

When Gay faded down the power ladder, Maheu climbed past him to the top. In the fall of 1966, Hughes moved to Las Vegas and he tapped Maheu to handle all the details. He also instructed Maheu "not to invite Bill . . . and not to permit him to be privy to our affairs. . . . I no longer trust him. My bill of complaints against Bill's conduct goes back a long way and cuts very deep." (Hughes placed heavy blame on Gay


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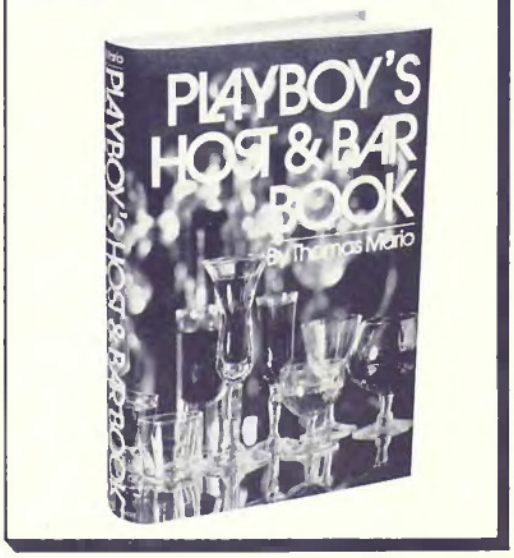


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not only for the failure of Hughes Dynamics but also, by way of some convoluted reasoning, for the failure of his marriage to Jean Peters.) He also instructed Maheu to keep the Houston Tool Company people out of Vegas. Down in Houston, the old-line executives simmered, and back in Los Angeles, Bill Gay burned.

Hughes's move to Las Vegas was much more than merely a change in residence. After years of litigation, Hughes was forced to divest himself of all his TWA stock and it proved the happiest defeat in his entire career. He sold near the peak of the market—at $86 a share—and received a check for more than $546,000,000. In 1967 the stock plummeted, and by the end of 1970 it was moving weakly at $14 a share.

After paying capital-gains taxes, Hughes had around $440,000,000 to invest. He brought this gigantic bundle with him to Las Vegas and began buying up sections of the town and great chunks of surrounding Nevada land. He also publicly blessed the new position into which he had elevated Maheu, naming him chief executive for Hughes-Nevada Operations and the exclusive spokesman for Howard Hughes. For the next four years, all the real action in the Hughes empire was centered in Las Vegas and the man with the baton was Bob Maheu.

But at the same time, Hughes did a baffling thing. Although he kept the Romaine center operative, Hughes duplicated it on the ninth floor of the Desert Inn and, to staff it, he brought in five of Bill Gay's couriers—Howard Eckersley, Levar Myler, George Francom, Roy Crawford and John Holmes. Maheu had the authority to dispose of the giant TWA windfall. But Gay's palace guards had control of the communications.

Maheu soon learned that while Hughes could call him, he couldn't call Hughes. When he wanted to talk to The Man, he phoned the penthouse and requested a conversation. Sometimes his call was put through, sometimes it wasn't. The Mormons often told Maheu that Hughes was resting; and he did sleep at irregular hours, sometimes for astonishing periods of time. Or they might report that he was involved in business matters and had left word not to be disturbed. Maheu's memos received the same uneven treatment. A torrent of directives, handwritten on yellow legal pads, came down to Maheu from Hughes. He would send his answer back up by courier or originate a memo himself, suggesting a course of action. All the memos necessarily passed into the hands of the palace guards. Sometimes there was an answer.

Maheu was helpless to do anything about this one-way communications system; it had been sanctified by custom all the way back to Noah Dietrich's days and everyone in the empire had accepted it for years. Maheu never talked face to face with Hughes but only on the phone via the Mormon-staffed switchboard. The revelation that Maheu never saw Hughes personally emerged in the subsequent court battle and greatly surprised Las Vegans, who assumed that Maheu saw Hughes constantly, that he could drop up to the penthouse whenever he chose for long, private chats with his boss. Maheu never *said* that he talked to Hughes in person, but he also never said that he didn't. He countered questions with a nimble evasion that became a cliché: "Those who say they see him don't," he would smile, "and those who see him don't say." What he omitted was, "Some of those who don't see him also don't say."

When you consider Hughes's life in Vegas, it brings on claustrophobic chills. Other than his former wife, Jean Peters—and there was some question about her—in all the world, the only human beings whom Hughes saw, spoke to in person, said "Good morning" or "Good night" to, were those five tight-mouthed, diffident aides who took the calls, handled the memos and screened all the communications. With all the options of a billion dollars open to him, Hughes lived in a world more constricted than a hermit's cave. He could pick up the phone and talk to Maheu—sometimes he would call and say, "Bob, I'm lonesome"—but Maheu was just a faceless voice. Hughes could pull back the draperies in the penthouse and look down nine floors to the people creeping up and down the Strip. But if he wanted to *talk* to someone, ask how the Dodgers were doing, philosophize on Vietnam or argue the sins of the New Left, the only ears available were those of Eckersley, Myler, Francom, Crawford and Holmes.

Napoleon complained that, in the depths of a palace, the only news the emperor received was that brought to him by his ministers. Hughes's empty confinement was even more severe, by his own doing. Not even his "ministers" could bring him news; not his premier, Maheu, nor the head of Hughes Aircraft, Pat Hyland, nor the top executive of Hughes Tool, Raymond Holliday, nor his number-one lawyer, Chester Davis.

• • •

Chester Davis, a former partner in the lofty New York law firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett, is an abrasive, outspoken man with a sandpaper tongue and a great store of charm when he chooses to show it. He works diligently at being something of a crass, unpredictable character. He will turn his back on a judge when a ruling goes against him, walk to his desk, lean over his lawbooks and scratch his behind for the court's edification. Chester Davis knows how he affects people and nourishes his reputation as alternately gracious and tactless. He is an adroit man in the exercise of power, as Bob Maheu found out, and he moves in a world where the acquisition of power is the ultimate satisfaction.

Davis took on Hughes's TWA troubles in the early Sixties, when he was still with Simpson, Thacher. He shortly discovered that there were conflicts of interest; the law firm also handled businesses that had lent money to TWA, which was on the other side of the fence in the court fight. In one of those lordly gestures that billionaires can afford, Hughes offered to underwrite Davis if he would leave Simpson, Thacher and set up a pristine firm free of entanglements with Wall Street money.

When he came aboard the Hughes organization, Davis found a natural friend in Bob Maheu. Both had their futures tied exclusively to Hughes and both were outside the Hughes corporate hierarchy, with its ingrown, tightly allied executives. They enjoyed a close compatibility for years, until that day when Davis lost the TWA case and the primal consideration of self-survival imposed itself on their friendship.

Although Hughes had sold his stock, there remained a complex damage suit, with TWA as the plaintiff. The litigation was the largest Hughes had ever faced, a case so big that it was known starkly in the Hughes empire as "The Big One."

Hughes had been assured, says Maheu, that the most he could conceivably be asked to pay was $5,000,000. But in April 1970, TWA was awarded a default judgment for more than $137,500,000, plus $7,500,000 for TWA's lawyers, plus court costs, for a total of $145,448,141.07, plus interest at six percent, or almost $9,000,000 annually, until paid. (This ruling was upheld by a U.S. Court of Appeals last September and the rate of interest was raised to seven and a half percent.) There was also the expense of Chester Davis' legal fee.

Hughes long has had the deserved reputation for being the coldest, most unflappable poker player in the business world, but this setback plunged him into a deep depression that lasted for many weeks. When he emerged, he told Maheu that the entire TWA matter was being turned over to him, including the choice of lawyers to pursue any appeal. Maheu wisely asked the Hughes Tool board of directors to ratify the assignment of authority. In January 1970, Hughes had sent Maheu a memorandum confirming his decision:

> You have the ball on the TWA situation. You do not need further

approval from me until such time as you are prepared to recommend to me a specific settlement at a specific sum of money. . . . If I am to hold you responsible for the overall outcome of this litigation, I must give you the complete authority to decide which law firm you want to handle each phase of it. I repeat, Bob, you have *full* authority.

Recognizing the enormity of the assignment, Maheu turned the whole record of the litigation over to three top law firms, including former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford's, and asked them to review it as quickly as possible and advise him. They recommended that Davis' name be omitted from the appellate brief, so that new counsel could defend Hughes's interests rather than Davis' performance. The argument could then state that Hughes had not been adequately represented in the earlier litigation.

The falling out between Maheu and Davis was swift, brutal and predictable. When Davis learned that he was being removed from the case, he sent a blistering message to his old friend Maheu, telling him to stop tampering with Hughes's legal matters. Maheu shot back a stiff teletype informing him: "To date you have lost this case at every level with catastrophically adverse financial and other injury to the defendant. . . . I have no confidence, in view of your unfortunate record thus far, that your presence will contribute to a successful appeal. . . . You have repeatedly assured me that no antitrust violations were involved and that in consequence, TWA could prove no damages. I must conclude that you were either wrong or wholly ineffectual, for the judgment now stands at a staggering figure. . . . I deeply resent your presumptuous request that I 'cease interfering with counsel in charge of and responsible for the case.' There has been no interference on my part other than taking steps to accord other counsel an opportunity to salvage a case which you have tragically lost."

If ever there was a time for Howard Hughes to intervene and sort out the Byzantine confusions, it was in November 1970. Instead, a dead silence hung from the ninth floor of the Desert Inn. It had begun six weeks earlier, when one of the Mormon palace guards called Maheu to say that Hughes wasn't well and would be out of touch. "He told me to carry on per existing directives," Maheu says. "There had been periods like that before, so I just carried on. When the showdown came with Davis, I sent to the penthouse a memo giving the views of the three law firms that supported my position. I learned later from three separate sources that it was never sent in to Hughes."

*"The trouble with kids these days is they get everything they want—why, at his age, I had to masturbate."*

Events then came tumbling in on top of one another. On the final day for filing the appellate brief, Maheu got word from a senior partner at Donovan, Leisure, Newton and Irvine, the New York firm handling it, that Davis' name would appear, despite Maheu's instructions. From the Hughes Tool board of directors came a new resolution, rescinding Maheu's authority over the TWA case and restoring it to Davis. It was recently learned, from a member of the Tool Company board, that it issued this second directive at the request of Howard Eckersley, who claimed to be speaking for Hughes. No word came directly from Hughes.

Five days before Thanksgiving, Bill Gay's assistant, Kay Glenn, moved into the Desert Inn penthouse to supervise all communications. A few days later, a convoy of limousines from 7000 Romaine slid into the Desert Inn parking lot. On Thanksgiving, Howard Hughes, the Mormon palace guard and the limousines departed.

On December fourth, Chester Davis showed up in Los Angeles, summoned a legal friend of Maheu from Washington and told him that Hughes had executed a proxy giving all Nevada management authority to him, Bill Gay and Toolco vice-president Raymond Holliday —or any two of those three. In a line straight out of a 1930 Western, Davis said, "Maheu resigns by sundown or he's fired." He refused to specify Hughes's dissatisfactions or to show the purported proxy.

Davis and Gay then flew to Las Vegas, set up battle headquarters in the Sands and that evening moved a small army of auditors and security men into the casino cages of all Hughes hotels. They shouldered aside the regular staff and began feeding cash and markers—Las Vegas I. O. U.s—into special pouches.

Maheu refused to be fired for three reasons. First, the lawyer ordering his dismissal had just been barred from a case by Maheu himself. Second, the basis for the action against him was a document he hadn't seen. And, third, no confirming word had come from Howard Hughes. From the casinos, calls flooded Maheu's office complaining about the strange raids. "What they were doing in the cages violated state regulations and threatened the licenses of the hotels," said Maheu. "I talked to Hughes's personal Nevada attorney, Tom Bell, and he told me I had to get those people out of there." Maheu rallied his forces and got the Davis-Gay men out.

The case wound up in court and has been exhaustively reported. It pivoted on the authenticity of Hughes's signature on the proxy by which Davis sought to fire Maheu. One of the foremost handwriting authorities in the country, Charles Appel, the man who broke the Lindbergh kidnaping and who helped save Clay Shaw from Jim Garrison's

prosecution, testified that the signature was a forgery. The Davis-Gay forces produced a retired officer from the Long Beach, California, police department, who said the signature was authentic and the judge ruled that the Toolco people were acting properly in behalf of Howard Hughes. Only one man testified that he had seen Hughes sign the proxy: palace guard Levar Myler. He testified that only he and Howard Eckersley were present when Hughes signed the document. His testimony gave the merest pinhole peep into the hidden world of Howard Hughes. Though he had been a Hughes aide for 20 years and was one of the five people who saw him, Myler testified:

"Mr. Hughes asked Mr. Eckersley what I was doing there. Mr. Eckersley explained that I was going to witness and that he, Mr. Eckersley, was going to notarize the signature for this proxy."

Maheu's attorney, Morton Galane, was prevented from exploring in detail how the proxy originated, what Hughes had to say about it, what his role—if any—in originating it might have been or why he had signed Maheu's corporate-execution warrant without even picking up the phone and advising Maheu that the ax was going to fall. But Galane elicited, a bit at a time, some intriguing pieces of information that much of the press overlooked.

The contents of a proxy were first discussed, testimony showed, three months before Hughes signed it. Those involved were the five palace guards, Chester Davis and Bill Gay. There were various versions of it drawn up and discarded, and the final draft was prepared in Chester Davis' New York office and transmitted to Eckersley via telecopier on the day Hughes is said to have signed it. And once Hughes had signed it, Myler said, it went into Myler's own private safe-deposit box and he told no one in the entire Hughes empire about its existence—except Bill Gay.

"Those little penthouse fellows," mused a *Newsweek* staffer who covered the hearing, "have sure come a long, long way from their Chevy-driving days."

When Hughes fled Las Vegas to the Bahamas, Myler said, Hughes released the proxy and ordered Maheu fired after viewing a copy of the *Las Vegas Sun* reporting the Hughes disappearance from the Desert Inn. "Mr. Hughes said that Greenspun wouldn't have dared to print that unless Bob was behind him," Myler declared.

Before Maheu was fired, the Hughes public-relations men were asked what the reaction to such a move would be. They responded that it would touch off a long international wave of publicity, mostly adverse. With such a warning, and the chaos that ensued, it seems puzzling and unreasonable that Hughes acted simply because a newspaper had reported—with absolute accuracy—that he had moved out of one of his hotels.

• • •

Las Vegas has always been a nervous town and the incestuous disorder in the Hughes empire has put it collectively on edge. Beneath the surface uneasiness and the wry jokes runs the anxiety of vulnerable people whose world has turned unpredictable. The thousands who work for Hughes reason that if a man with Maheu's once-held power can get mugged in a corporate alley, who's safe? Where is their Protector, why did he flee and why does he remain so deathly silent? After Maheu was fired, more than 100 employees were chopped, and the purges go on. About six months ago, two Las Vegas veterans, Al Benedict, head of all Hughes hotels, and Bernie Rothkopf, boss of the Sands, were fired at midnight, their departures announced in a one-sentence predawn press release. As an indication that they were in disfavor, they found the locks changed on their office doors. They were old Vegas faces with a lot of friends, and many people who only shrugged at Maheu's removal deeply resented the cold handling of Benedict and Rothkopf. "Man, I tell you," said a Desert Inn bartender a week before he quit and went to San Diego, "the Mau Maus are loose in this town."

When the governor of Nevada openly wonders if Hughes knows what is going on, the old taboos expire and what was said behind hands becomes a public subject. People no longer discuss the Nevada trouble in terms of Hughes's eccentricity. They debate whether Hughes is dead, or alive and nonfunctioning and the object of manipulation.

Sitting in his Benedict Canyon home, Noah Dietrich gives credence to the latter theory. He was closer to Hughes than any other living man, and for a longer time, and is the only one with respectable credentials as a Hughes intimate who will speak out.

"I'm 83 and probably haven't long to go, but before I do there are some things that ought to be known. Hughes's affairs are entwined in the affairs of this country. He's a major defense contractor and he has put himself in the public arena, and a Federal court has so ruled. His claim that he is just a private citizen is nonsense, and his efforts to gag me violate my constitutional freedom of speech."

His old blue eyes snap and he tosses his white mane, a man ending a silence that ran too long.

"I think the pressure gets too much for him," says Dietrich. "In 1957, when he had all those money troubles financing TWA, two men in the empire came to me independently and suggested that I have a court-appointed guardian assigned to watch over him.

"One was a Houston lawyer. Howard had committed the Tool Company to more than $400,000,000 in jet orders and we didn't have the money to pay for them. Yet the lawyer said that Hughes had told him to go to Canada and bid on another $125,000,000 worth of Viscount planes that were available up there. The lawyer said, 'Noah, you have to do something to stop him.'

"A few weeks later, Hughes's own physician, Dr. Vernon Mason, came to me and wanted me to have Hughes hospitalized. I told him that he was Hughes's doctor and that was his job, not mine. He said he didn't want to endanger his $50,000-a-year position with the Hughes Medical Institute."

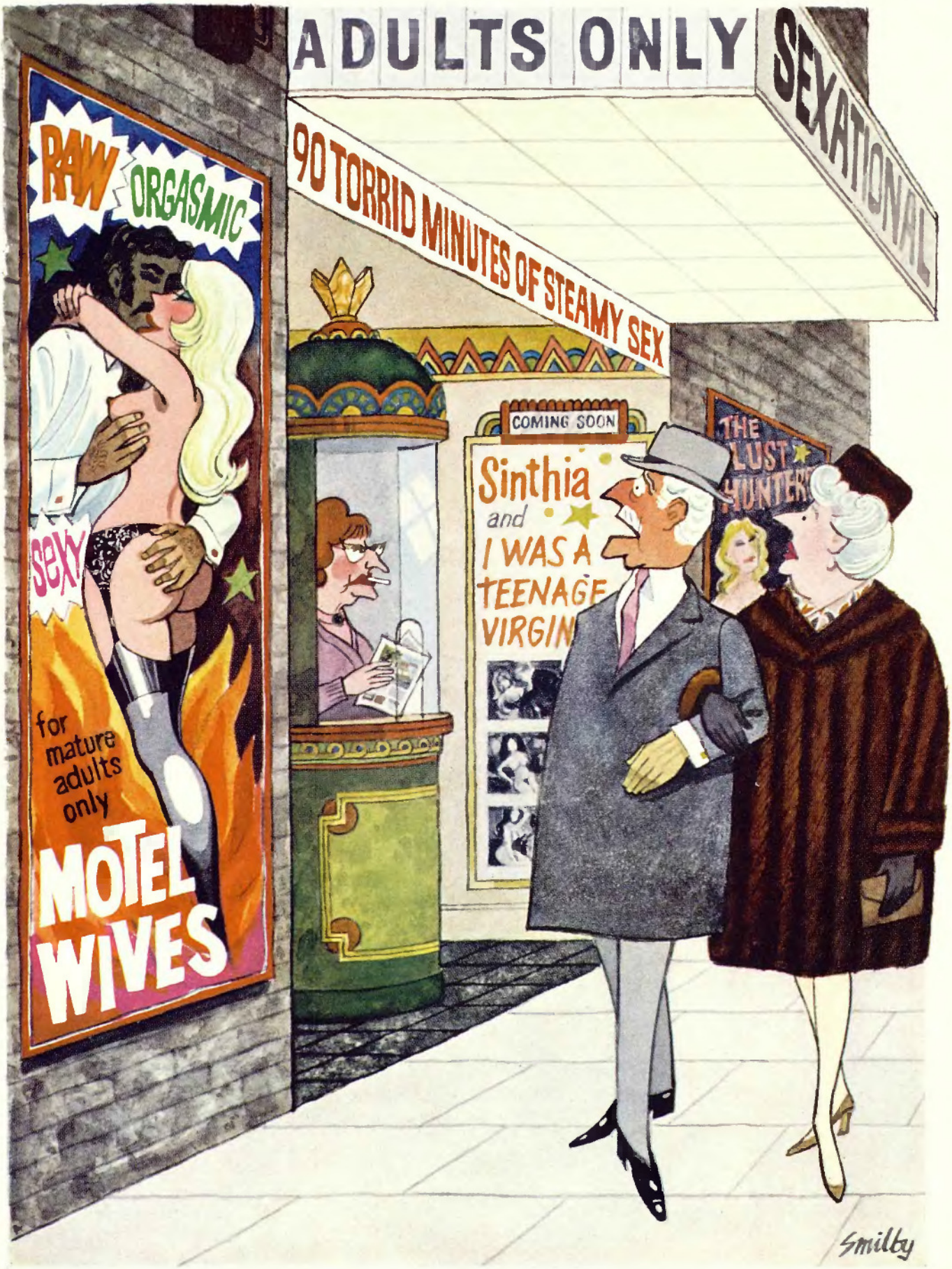
There is corroborative evidence, much closer in time. After Hughes disappeared from Las Vegas, the sheriff's department called in a local doctor who had treated Hughes on November fifth—just three weeks before he left the city—and questioned him about Hughes's condition in an effort to determine if Hughes had left of his own free will. His report was kept confidential, but its contents leaked out. He declared that Hughes was receiving blood transfusions, that his weight was down to near 100 pounds, that his hemoglobin count was down to four from the normal 13 to 16 and that he should be moved nowhere except to a hospital.

Since then, Hughes officials say, two doctors have examined him in Nassau and have reported to Governor O'Callaghan that he is in good health, "considering his infirmities" and is operative both mentally and physically. But these executives decline to identify the doctors, to let them be interviewed or to make public their report.

If Howard Hughes is healthy, as all those Hughes Tool people who never see him keep saying, it just might require a simple, but altogether uncharacteristic, act to silence Governor O'Callaghan, to rebut Noah Dietrich, to stop all the speculation and tranquilize the uneasy state of Nevada.

In order to sufficiently convince the world that he's in control of himself and his empire, Hughes might have to ask someone who knew him well in the old days—for instance, Frank McCulloch, New York bureau chief of *Time*—to fly to Nassau and visit the Britannia Beach Hotel. Then, at an agreed-upon time, Hughes would step from his doorway, assuming he were able, and say, "Hello, Frank. Here I am, so let's stop all this pointless talk about my being dead or in a coma."

That takes, by the stop watch, about ten seconds, and somehow it seems an easy enough thing for a powerful man to do.




*"Remember the time we sailed all the way to Hamburg to see those uncut thirty seconds of Hedy Lamarr in 'Ecstasy'?"*

## the psychopath

*(continued from page 204)*

like the Wizard of Woo, they come on with fake repentance—tearful self-denunciations and the like—that disappears as soon as freedom or forgiveness has been attained.

There may follow a quiet period, with every evidence of stability and cautious predictions that the wayward individual has straightened out or learned his lesson. But psychopaths of this kind do not learn from experience. The prospect of punishment will not keep them from going off the rails again.

Much of the literature on the subject has assumed that the rational but dangerously unstable, erratic people diagnosed as psychopaths are bound to lose: At odds with society, they sooner or later end badly. *The Mask of Sanity*, by Dr. Hervey Cleckley—which is all but universally conceded to be the masterwork on the psychopathic mystery—demonstrates this point in one case history after another. But deep into his work, we find Dr. Cleckley disturbed by a kind of person he can't explain but whom he acknowledges: the Successful Psychopath.

This individual's illness, if it is such, appears circumscribed and in no way damages his career. Cleckley never satisfactorily accounts for him, except to distinguish the partial from the full psychopath and to note rather lamely that "although [the successful outlaws] occasionally appear on casual inspection as successful members of the community, as able lawyers, executives or physicians, they do not, it seems, succeed, in the sense of finding satisfaction or fulfillment in their accomplishments."

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, the concept of the part psychopath began to emerge more clearly in psychiatric studies. The scheming outlaw inspired a thrill of fear as well as fascination. There was a sense of menacing strangers in our midst, brilliant, remorseless people with icy intelligences, incapable of love or guilt, with aggressive designs on the rest of the world.

The successful psychopath, it was said, could dominate people as he damaged them precisely *because* of his lack of feeling. Uninvolved with others, he coolly saw into their fears and desires and maneuvered them as he wished. Such a man might not, after all, be doomed to a life of scrapes and escapades ending ignominiously in the jailhouse. Instead of murdering others, he might become a corporate raider and murder companies, firing people instead of killing them, and chopping up their functions rather than their bodies.

We now have a disquieting awareness of people who may at the same time be profoundly ill and yet, in many ways, far more capable than we are. Hints of magic appear: Cleckley cites, for instance, "the astonishing power that nearly all psychopaths and part psychopaths have to win and bind forever the devotion of women."

The psychopathic spirit of our time has been imagined as inhabiting people very different from one another: crank, obscene phone caller, writer of poison-pen letters, compulsive, perhaps acid-throwing pursuer of a hated loved one, lone wolf or part of a gang—such as the member of the Florida bike gang who nailed a girl by her hands to a tree for several hours because she didn't bring in enough money. But we also have the psychopath in respectable circles, no longer assumed to be a loser. Or if he loses, he may bring down others with him, in the style of Senator Joseph McCarthy, Dr. Sam Sheppard or the eventually murdered financier Serge Rubinstein.

In "The Psychopath in Our Society," William Krasner comments: "They—psychopath and part psychopath—do well in the more unscrupulous type of sales-work, because they take such delight in 'putting it over on them,' 'getting away with it'—and have so little conscience about defrauding their customers. They become private detectives and police, bodyguards, strikebreakers. Many go much higher, to become even politicians and industrialists, where, though often erratic and unreliable, their complete lack of scruples overcomes their more or equally able rivals."

What links these varied individuals, if they can be linked? Cleckley, along with Lindner, likens psychopaths to adolescents driven to extreme behavior by boredom. He then goes on to a startling though now fashionable concept:

"What [the psychopath] believes he needs to protest against is no small group, no particular institution, set of ideologies, etc., but human life itself. In it he finds nothing deeply meaningful or persistently stimulating, but only some transient and relatively petty pleasant caprices, a terribly repetitious series of minor frustrations and ennui. Like many teenagers, saints, history-making statesmen and other notable leaders or geniuses, he shows unrest; he wants to do something about the situation."

With the coupling of psychopath and saint—even if the comparison is unfavorable to the former—we have come a long way from the "moral imbecile" of the 19th Century, the "predatory personality" diagnosed by Dr. Karl Menninger or the "hollow, isolated person" identified by Dr. Arnold Buss in his book *Psychopathology*.

The psychopath emerges now as a failed saint. How can this be? We may begin to watch the gradual change-over of an old concept and the birth of a new model in its place as the psychopath and saint are, by one observer



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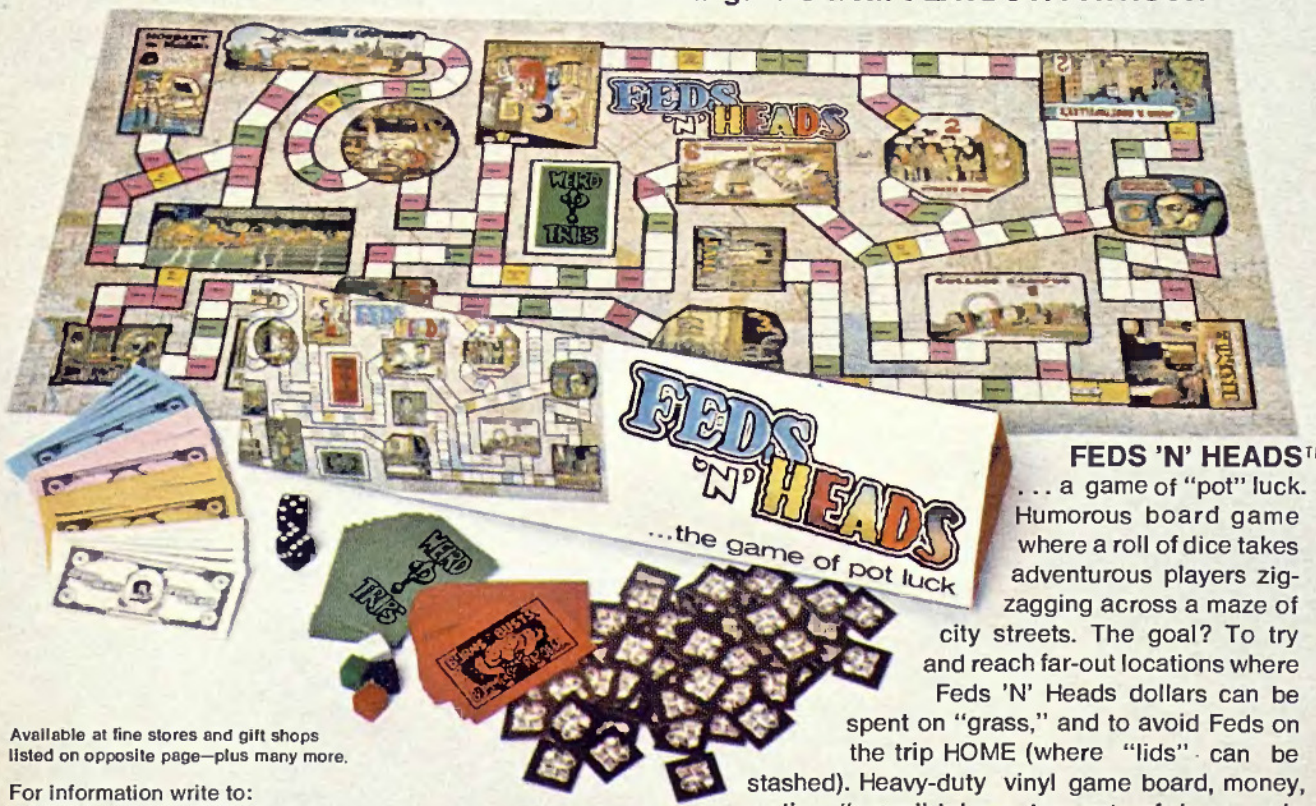


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In the summer of 1957, Norman Mailer's essay "The White Negro" appeared in *Dissent* magazine. In it, Mailer breaks through to an entirely new conception. The menacing psychopath is embraced. Incredibly—it seems at first shock—we are urged to turn into an "antithetical" version of the outlaw and find our way to his radical vision of the universe.

"The White Negro" produced the effect of a door suddenly flung open to reveal a frightening jungle just beyond the threshold. In this jungle "where paranoia is as vital to survival as blood," the new psychopath will be king. Hip is the American existentialist's way to live. The "psychopathic brilliance" of the hipster's style is modeled on the black experience. "The Negro has the simplest of alternatives: live a life of constant humility or ever-threatening danger." To survive, he must remain cool, stay on top of life at every threatening moment and live in "the enormous present."

An absolute and continuing need to acquit oneself with grace under pressure drives this individual. If he scores, triumphs, gets his way, he grows and lives more intensely. If he fails, allows anyone or any circumstance to put him down, he actually dies a little. His energies weaken and his soul diminishes: He may even sicken and, Mailer believes, contract cancer.

Psychopathy—hitherto deemed an illness and public menace—is dressed up by Mailer in this remarkable manifesto and presented as an answer to life. What Lindner foresaw with alarm, Mailer celebrates: "The psychopath may indeed be the perverted and dangerous front runner of a new kind of personality which could become the central expression of human nature before the 20th Century is over. For the psychopath is better adapted to dominate those mutually contradictory inhibitions upon violence and love which civilization has exacted of us."

Mailer then suggested that (even in 1957) our cultural direction is already to a marked degree being determined by psychopaths. Not every psychopath is an extreme case, but "the condition of psychopathy is present in a host of people, including many politicians, professional soldiers, newspaper columnists, entertainers, artists, jazz musicians, callgirls, promiscuous homosexuals and half the executives of Hollywood, television and advertising."

Have we come, then, to the hour of the psychopath, the advent of psychopathic man, when what was once assumed to be a state of illness is abruptly declared to be a state of health? Can it be true that with the dramatic appearance of the psychopathic ideal, a new man has come upon us; that, in order to survive turbulent years ahead, far from seeking to treat the psychopath in clinics, we should rather *emulate* him, learn how to become him? Would it be advisable, for instance, for even the nonrevolutionaries among us to honor the present only and annihilate history, past standards, the memory of bygone cultures, for the reason that defunct models of life can only get in our way?

History, we have commonly supposed, teaches that something we like to call human nature prevails through the upheavals that take place over the centuries. Superstructures of behavior come and go, but the essential character structure of man endures. But now this has been denied by Mailer, who sees in the late 20th Century the creation of a new nervous system; by Timothy Leary, who describes those of us who have tripped out on LSD as "mutants" whose consciousness will never be the same; and by Marshall McLuhan, who envisions new electronic circuitry changing the heads of men and women all over the world.

The idea of a constant nature underlying history is rejected also by Dr. Thomas Szasz in *The Myth of Mental Illness*. "Both man and society change," he believes, "and, as they do, 'human nature' changes with them." Like Leary, Dr. Eric Berne (*Games People Play*) and many others, Szasz sees the lives we pursue as game structures of one kind or another. He regards mental disability or malfunction as "more akin to a language problem than to illness," and hysteria, for example, as "sign-using behavior." The patient is reporting that he doesn't understand the game going on. "The analyst seeks to unravel the game of life that the patient plays."

What, then, is the psychopath signaling? Possibly the breakdown of games that have been sanctioned by Western civilization. Even more important, what are those who have appropriated the term psychopath signaling? For in tracking down his role, we have not so much to determine what he is or may be but, rather, to find out why so many people today admire what they *think* he is. We are faced with the revolutionary, hip but also intellectually chic proposal that Western man is rapidly turning into a person for whom violence, immediate gratification of desire, self-assertion, combat readiness and performance are all, while compassion, willingness to wait in line and refrain from taking advantage have become moral luxuries that growing numbers of us can no longer afford. (Emerson's definition of a gentleman as someone who does not insist on his rights seems now insane.)

We may ask why this model—the view that life must imitate psychopathy; that our scene may, even should be converted into a playground for psychopaths—has been welcomed and sustained by so many intellectuals. Why have the psychopathic style and ideal become fashionable?

Perhaps we are going to discover that in times of stress, particularly times of transition, when orthodox religions no longer comfort masses of people, mental health rushes toward illness out of a longing for salvation. We may find also that psychopathy lies waiting, dormant in millions of nervous systems, holding the possibility of metamorphosis into a new kind of human being as soon as the liberating force comes. Whatever this force—drugs, rock, violence, mystical experience or a combination of these—it seems capable of changing an individual, especially a young person, practically overnight. Both for good and for evil. The fearsome motorcyclist baptized in Pat Boone's swimming pool (assuming this to be good) embraces Jesus. The Y. M. C. A. boy one day mounts a hog and starts turning hairy and savage.

Psychopathic mutants, if they can be so imagined, are often remembered by friends and neighbors back home as having been the absolute reverse of their transformed selves. For example, Charles Watson, the disciple of Charles Manson, was recalled in his home town, Copeville, Texas, as a "clean-cut high school athlete." According to his football coach, Watson had "real good speed." His brother James said that Charles was "a good boy—he never got into trouble. We always had fun as boys here. We would go to the lake and go water-skiing and used to make gocarts together. He's a good boy, he's my brother." But the lawyer for Watson, who had known him from boyhood, observed: "He is thirty pounds lighter. He looks like a different person. He's very detached and doesn't seem concerned about anything."

Detached and unconcerned—the mark of clinically diagnosed psychopaths everywhere, except during brief flare-ups of temper. But Manson himself, leader of the nomadic family whose members killed as a means of social protest, for revenge, for pleasure, at random and for no reason, may be seen as a spectacular incarnation of destructive psychopathic force—which at times seems magical and in a terrible way almost religious—having the outlaw prophet's historic Rasputin-, Savonarola-like gift not merely for dominating but for bewitching others.

Does such magic derive precisely from wretchedness and deprivation in childhood years? If so, possibly we must acknowledge that since psychopathy may breed psychopathy, we are now being confronted by increasing numbers of mistreated or unloved children—from both the slums and the suburbs—who, having grown up, possess a fearlessness and headlong energy that we haven't been prepared for.

Gresham's law states that in any monetary exchange, bad currency tends to

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drive out good. Correspondingly, middle-class people whose coin is moderation may ask whether psychopathy tends to drive out and dominate sanity.

In *The Psychopath*, William and Joan McCord cite a 1933 study: "Elizabeth Knight, a social worker . . . compared the family backgrounds of nine extremely aggressive children with those of nine very submissive children. The mothers of all the aggressive boys rejected their children; the mothers of the submissive lads appeared overprotective. An overtly punitive atmosphere dominated the homes of the aggressive cases; the homes of the submissive children, on the other hand, were 'harmonious.' "

Research of this kind, and there has been a great deal of it, suggests that neglect or maltreatment of children produces among the survivors more alert, stronger, belligerent, *predatory* boys and girls, and that, as the walls of privilege come down, unloved children may shortly be making a bid to put the advanced society through terrible changes, dominating and running wild over the children of kindness. Suppose that mystical powers, giving off emanations of either love or hatred, may be distilled *only* from early sorrow. If these powers can dominate the decency of ordinary people, then is kindness a waste? Is giving love to a child bad training? What we can't yet get around is the astonishing fact that lack of love, even cruel treatment, in childhood seems often among psychopaths to produce the power to *inspire* love and fanatical devotion.

Why do supposedly normal people so frequently find themselves bowing down to widely differing kinds of psychopaths, whether Hitler, Charles Manson or a fake-inspirational tent shouter or television preacher? With the old gods gone, *he* has no doubts, betrays no fear, gives a meaning and authority to life—no matter how twisted, wild or mysterious it may be.

Can there be something at the very heart of American life that breeds psychopathy? If so, is there anything we can do to change this? Should we? Or will it be best to teach our children the psychopathic style in order that they may survive?

• • •

How do we identify a psychopath? He lives *free of form*, predictable only in his impulsiveness and the probability that if confined in any sort of routine he will break out of it, bringing trouble to somebody. He refuses to delay gratification, will not yield to the rules of any game but his own. The good of society doesn't interest him much, if at all. According to Lindner, he has a "completely defective sense of property." Characteristically, he may, as the phrase has it, "not live up to his family obligations"; he may steal; he violates time and duty, wipes out boredom with drugs or drunkenness, blithely or coldly takes what he wants, grins happily or suddenly explodes in anger like a baby, *is* one in a sense (a psychiatrist has said that we are all born psychopaths), hits out, loves, leaves, grasps, exploits without guilt and regardless of warnings that he's out of line and subject to punishment.

We have here a revolt against conservative humanism, with its social contracts. For the psychopath, there are no social contracts, no obligations—assumed by all middle-class authority, including the psychiatric establishment—that relate to the values of settling down, staying put, rearing a family, obeying the law (Theodore Roosevelt: "Fear God, and take your own part") and being productive. In 1941, the U.S. Surgeon General's Office ascribed to psychopaths the characteristic of being nomads. This is akin to police classifications of drifter or vagrant—condemnation enough in many parts of the country to justify the jailing of shabby-looking people. Another descriptive tag often used to support a diagnosis of mental illness: "The patient no longer paid any attention to his personal appearance." For a number of years now, millions of a rising generation have adopted a style that provides for deliberately becoming nomads and no longer paying attention to their personal appearance.

Followers of the style—many, perhaps most, imitation psychopaths—recognize no crime against property. They hold *use* to be sacred, not ownership. The combination of drugs, evangelical Populism, communal living and readiness for violent action mingled with an ideal of Buddhist simplicity, going with life from one moment to the next, has created a heady revolutionary brew. The effects, when encountered for the first time, can have a distressing impact on people whose lives have been conventionally ordered.

As old forms slowly collapse, the display of madness becomes deliberate and turns into a routine. Again, who is to judge whom? Today's outlaw refuses to sit still for pious judges he knows have been bought many times by one syndicate or another. Or *any* judge, since, say, if charged with murder, he has good reason to believe that proper decorum will lead only to the gas chamber. From his point of view, why show respect for procedures that will surely end your life? Hence, at his Los Angeles trial, Charles Manson to Judge Charles H. Older:

> "Are you going to use this courtroom to kill me? . . . The minute you say I am guilty, you know what I'm going to do. . . ."
>
> "What are you going to do?"
>
> "You know. . . ."
>
> "I order you to be quiet, Mr. Manson."
>
> "You order me to be quiet while you kill me in your court. I'm not just going to sit here and let you kill me. I'm a human being and I'm going to fight for my life, one way or the other."
>
> "I'm going to have you removed if you don't stop."
>
> "I'm going to have *you* removed if *you* don't stop. I have a little system of my own——" (*Leaps over the defense table at the judge*)
>
> Later, being led away: "In the name of Christian justice, someone should cut your head off!"

In search of justice, we find psychopathy on all sides, including that of law and order. For example, what fairness could Manson expect when he heard that a judge scheduled to try his case had attended a skit performed by members of the bar—based on their hilarious perceptions of Manson's commune—titled "The Family That Slays Together Stays Together"?

• • •

We have followed the misuse, mythic development and the coming to new life of a psychiatric concept originally intended to describe a form of mental illness, and now reach this point:

It's not so much that individuals who may be diagnosed at least as part psychopaths have risen to eminence and leadership in our country (there's nothing particularly new in this) but that the psychopathic ideal of acting out all desires has become routinely accepted, possibly as supreme—even among people who are not psychopaths.

The ascendancy of the psychopath as a model, predicted by Mailer, seems close at hand. New violent saints and rapist-prophets appear everywhere. Readiness with fist, brick, knife and gun may define the new holy orders. But since the violent will always be the most noticeable, violent psychopathy may distract attention from other manifestations of the new style, not all of them necessarily destructive.

May there not be a sweet side to psychopathy, as there is to babies? Has psychopathy perhaps "a good twin"? To say so would be to recognize the psychopathic condition as neither good nor bad, or rather to call it a state of being with both good and bad attributes. The outlaw—in uninhibited, free-form action—would then set new standards of sanity, with good and evil quite irrelevant, thus fulfilling the commandment that we become as little children.

We are now confronted by a band of psychopaths in motley, in their various ways evil and sometimes beneficent, headlong and magical, louts and schemers, children unrestrained and charged

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with energy . . . drunkards and forgers, addicts, flower children, Mafia loan shark battering his victim who can't pay up, charming actor who makes crippled little boys and girls laugh, charming orator, murderer, the prophet who makes us love life again, gentle, nomadic guitarist, hustling politician, hustling judge, writers and preachers coming back with a vengeance to visit retribution on the middle classes that rejected them, whore and pimp, cop on the take, chanters filling the multitudes with joy, prancing Adonis of rock concerts, the saint who lies down in front of tractors, a student rebel, an icily dominating Nobel Prize winner stealing credit from laboratory assistants, the businessman who then steals the scientist's perception, turning it into millions . . . all, all doing their thing, which is the psychopathic commandment.

Now to pull back from sentimentality, avoid premature appeasement of the new man. Return to the clinic. Remember what Cleckley told us, and Menninger, the McCords and Lindner: The psychopath is a sick human being and the harbinger of distress. Possibly, then, those who glorify the psychopathic way of life—and the others, no matter how brilliant and forceful, who serve as heroes and models of the new man—are in varying degrees *all crazy* and are leading us to destruction.

The inquiry seems as much philosophical as clinical. Have we a plague that will pass or the revolution of consciousness hailed by so many prophets? From now on, perhaps the race will, indeed, require a new nervous system in order to survive. In a godless universe, the anxiety-free psychopathic style may be the antidote to mass suicide. But we should watch out for those who say so. What games are they playing? Can we be sure they are not Judas goats? And how many of the authorities we consult about all this will themselves be psychopaths?

• • •

The investigator pauses. He no longer feels sure of his direction. Psychopaths of all persuasions have emerged, and they fit no simple category. Only one development appears sure. A variety of revolutions, like many whirlwinds, have been tearing apart the formerly secure middle-class scene he once depended on, even while criticizing it. He knows that bourgeois complacency, deceit, the war, pollution have all invited savagely destructive change. Certain revolutionary evils do appall him. The hatred, intolerance, debased language, guns and dynamite. . . . Yet at the same time, he feels his own moral restraints, the ones he grew up with and thought would always guide him, now giving way.

The world of the psychopath and the world of the *bourgeoisie* meet like two colliding galaxies. A sense of craziness fills the air. What to do in these circumstances, how to navigate? Resist the psychopath, hunt him down, imitate him? Yield to insanity accepted as normal? Cultivate one's own latent psychopathy, perhaps trying to adapt it to good ends? Is it true that in a violent and godless time psychopathy has become operative and welcome?

### BRIDGE TO THE NEW PSYCHOPATHY

We have a new situation. In the past year, perhaps two years, it seems almost overnight, events caught up with medical and sociological expertise: The psychopathic style has become epidemic around the country. Hence, we have no quarry. There's no need to hunt for psychopaths, to identify, classify, isolate them. The style has infiltrated everywhere. And in trying to pin it down, the single-minded pursuit of a mysterious mental illness or defect in the nervous system turns out to be not nearly informative enough. Certainly to deny psychopathy as an aberration of some sort would be foolish. But today psychopathic behavior can no longer be described *only* in terms of a disease. Rather, it should also be explored as something else—a release of newly developed impulses in late–20th Century heads.


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The style, for many, appears to have evolved away from its destructive and criminal sources. Of course, the antisocial model persists. The moral moron is loose. His atrocities (as, say, with the loan shark's savagery) have become institutionalized. But today we have a new phenomenon: a milder, often drug-induced psychopathy in which many outlaw values—relating, for instance, to time, responsibility and the reach for immediate pleasure—remain, but not necessarily in destructive form. Thus, criminal as well as revolutionary sociopaths and free-form psychopaths of varying persuasions exist side by side, sharing many characteristics, but even so they can't fairly be judged the same.

Medical libraries contain scores of authoritative papers on the mystery of the psychopath. Most are well-documented and illuminating presentations, but even so, as we have seen, they tend to project conventional middle-class values. The psychopath is unhesitatingly identified as an absolute misfit, and sick.

But suppose that one day the mild family man, the expert on psychopathy, brilliant Ph.D., who knows nothing of menace in his own life, wakes up, looks around in alarm to discover that his middle-class security guard has vanished —one son, perhaps, in jail for assaulting a dean, another on heroin, his daughter pregnant in a commune and even his wife giggling over her first illegal smoke. Stripped, no longer safe, he finds himself living on the edge of a freaky, violent frontier he never knew existed. The analytical techniques that have served him so efficiently seem all at once useless. What becomes of his carefully constructed understanding of the psychopath's behavior patterns? For he himself, sitting at home, in his classroom or laboratory, may shortly be engulfed by the very psychopathy he presumes to investigate.

• • •

Assume, then (though it may abort), that something like an uprising of psychopaths is under way. In the beginning, we have supposed, the reflexes that produce such an uprising may be observed in the nervous systems of brain-damaged, neglected or badly treated children. They also come—we concede this all too easily—from slum ferocity generated out of injustice and squalor. Dutifully we have traced, studied, watched out for, tried to control these dangerous reflexes, locked them up, tranquilized them, provided them with odd jobs. . . . But at last there are too many damaged souls, including those of dropout privileged middle-class children, for us to keep in order. They have broken free—and the psychopathic spirit infiltrates everywhere, appearing simultaneously as illness, style and new consciousness.

Again, the free-form revolt may fade out, be repressed or change in some unforeseen way. Not only has this tremendous psychic shift just begun but the long-range effects on it, for instance, of LSD and other such materials, not to mention the inroads of the despised aging process, won't be revealed for years.

Just the same, our new trip promises to be a long one. Already the breakaway spirit in its two forms—(one) headlong, pitiless action and (two) quiescent dropping out, abandonment of the whole idea of leading a competitive life—is beginning to change over many of our supposedly civilized procedures.

Inquiring into this, perhaps every speculation should be allowed. Even ask, say, whether, in evolutionary terms, if the psychopath's time has come, there may be a world-wide need for him. Could the coming of the psychopath be a natural and inevitable result of our drastically deteriorating environment (which helps fling him up)—as well as one answer to it and, who knows, a potential *remedy* for such deterioration?

Conceivably, without attempting a clever inversion of values, the race may be calling upon uncivilized, antirational, antiscientific, nihilistic violence as a


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last-ditch effort to save us from destruction. Following this line, evolutionary man may have come up with psychopaths by the millions just in time to blow up air-polluting smelters and rescue the species, and all species, from the cloud of evil we ourselves produced. We may be struggling toward something not necessarily all bad, not necessarily death. In the midst of our slow-motion apocalypse, we dimly perceive this. Could we be passing through a plague of the spirit that, destructive as it may seem, might purge the overcrowded, clouded, gassed, smog-stricken society and somehow make it better?

NOTES FROM A PSYCHOPATHIC JOURNAL

In 1969, the chapel at Boston's Logan Airport had to be closed at night because travelers were dumping refuse inside it and using it as a urinal and for sex.

• • •

*Brain damage.* Permanent alteration of the head, new people. The catastrophically injured live out their disordered years in mental hospitals. But the partially damaged, the psychopaths who survive, who somehow overcome childhood disorder, sorrow and terror, are the ones who return and shatter the neighborhood calm. Criminals, preachers, innovators . . . their heads are different.

Possibly the damaged psyche has—without knowing it—from the beginning felt closer to nonexistence, preexperienced the approach of death in a way that can never be understood by those treated with consistent early tenderness. This could be the reason for the psychopath's impatience with mortal, linear referents (time, history, responsibility) and his need to stay excited (reassurance that he's alive) by keeping his neighborhood, town, world, everyone about him, in constant turmoil.

Question also the nature of damage. Is the oyster damaged by its pearl? Does a damaged brain concede its injury? So frequently damage seems to *evolve*, emerging in the form of power drives not experienced by healthy people whom early love has left more contented.

Imagine the early lesions in Hemingway's head, all the misfiring reflexes that recombined and were converted into genius. Greater geniuses—Tolstoy, Gandhi, O'Neill—with erratic brain waves, wretched in the treatment of their own children, creating misery as well as miraculous works on all sides. The damage done by saints.

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim: "I have no use for saints. They are *impossible* people; they destroy everybody around them. The sooner they go to heaven the better, because that is where they belong."

Again the continuing and mysterious association between the saint and the psychopath. Also the increased vulnerability of decent people. What about a cast off aerospace engineer—the one who committed himself to the vision of reaching the moon, only to be told to go job hunting in a recession as soon as the dream was realized? Has he suffered a brain insult a little late in the game? What did decency and loyalty earn for him? Possibly broken rhythms of confidence making him susceptible to an early stroke. The psychopath won't be fooled like this. He experiences no loss of faith when dreams start to go bad. If he himself can't be the lunar hero, such long-term commitment bores him, which is why you'll find very few psychopaths among the anonymous technicians.

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Are saints bored?

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It's precisely the neurotic's heritage of sexual inhibition that psychopaths deny, assault and transcend. In a businesslike way, they provide services performed by no one else. All over the world we have a tribe of sexual manipulators—whores for both sexes, madams, pimps, utterly amoral hustlers and exhibitionists of every description—*psychopaths ministering to neurotics.* We experience the outlaw as uncaring, cynical healer. Indifferent psychopaths performing their tricks at will—in brothels, secret apartments, rooming houses and chic hotel rooms—help the sad neurotic act out his fantasies.

And do not current therapeutic techniques follow the psychopathic style? Since the middle 1960s, theatrical acting out has begun to supersede remembrance of things past in the doctor's office. In place of tortured reflections on the couch, Masters and Johnson teach pleasure by means of live-action models and partners. Or the troubled, overcivilized neurotic may join encounter groups whose members not only confess and cry out but push, shove, insult, fondle and wrestle with one another. Encounter thus aims, often in a positive and helpful way, at controlled psychopathy, putting outlaw impulses to good use, captured within a framework of games and rituals. It offers psychopathic baptism enclosed in new (though neopagan) sacraments with Christian self-abasement and confession tacked onto it. Psychopathy and Christianity mingle. Dignity is deliberately lost, identity diffused among strangers naked together in the womb pool. Only frustration and anxiety are felt as evil. Everything else goes. We have no postponed gratification—excepting in most such groups the specifically sexual, and this is simulated in numerous ways. The encounter session then frequently becomes a psychopathic playground and presumably helpful torture chamber, in which socially disapproved "emotional immaturity," sometimes brutal behavior, callousness, irresponsibility, "impulsivity" and explosive assaults on others become the norm.

So the theater for damaged souls has emerged from little shame-filled rooms to arenas in which members of the involved group maul, embrace and excoriate one another, reaching out for a new kind of love that surely must be there.

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Suppose in our disturbing dream that psychopaths came to be in charge. What kind of tests would be laid on *us*? Might we be accused, for instance, of not having enough fun? The times I hurried past the girl beckoning in the doorway, and sensibly so, might be held against me. Might they sit me down in front of a huge Guilt-Calculating Machine and laugh at my soaring score? Conceivably, too, in another test devised by ascendant psychopaths, the cautious middle-class person might be riddled with electric shocks every time he *failed* to take a risk.

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From conversations with Yale psychiatrists:

*Dr. Thomas P. Detre:* "A key element in psychopathy is a profoundly disturbed *time sense.* They never see their behavior in the context of tomorrow. An example: You and I could be unfaithful to our wives and so could a psychopath be. You and I might have as much of an irresistible desire as he. What would differentiate the two of us from him is that we would rather carefully try to minimize the pain we cause to others as well as reduce the social risks involved. All this requires is a number of steps. The psychopath, on the other hand, never adjudicates the situation with reference to the future. He just plunges ahead. In other words, if I'm a psychopath and I have an appointment to meet you, but unexpectedly run into an old friend on the street, I might spend my afternoon with him, and simply not show up for our meeting.

"A characteristic of all psychopaths is that there's no set of values by which they can live. Take some of your present-day revolutionaries. I don't mean the leaders. The followers in any such movement are likely to include a large number of psychopaths. That's in the beginning. But the psychopath will drop out soon. He'll be bored and feel too many demands on him. He may even turn informer.

"He can't feel isolated or lonely for long. In order for him to experience loneliness, it would require that he do nothing about it. But it just doesn't occur. He immediately goes to a bar, or a drag race. He's always going somewhere. Perhaps we sometimes envy the diversity of his experience. I do believe that psychopaths, men or women, are going to be *less frustrated* by the discrepancy between fantasy life and real activity, but

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they will also be *more bored* than the average person. They have to constantly escalate in order to get a kick out of life. And at times, they escalate to the point of being arrested. Have you ever seen a psychopath sitting down quietly in a chair? They always wiggle. Sure, they dissipate tension with greater ease. They get what they want more quickly. But though they dissipate tension, it recurs faster than in normal people."

*Dr. Gary Tucker:* "The psychopath who comes to us is someone who gets caught. Billie Sol Estes was a 'financial genius' until he was found out. You've got to consider American society as a whole, all the maneuvering, the selfishness. We say psychopaths can't delay gratification. The paradox you mention: that they can manipulate but not sympathize, can't put themselves in the other person's place. But what's so unusual about that today among so-called normal people?

"Most revolutionary kids aren't merely adopting a new style. The patina comes from society. In a riot they scream not only at the pigs but at the phoniness of their parents. Business duplicity, greed. But most of all at the hypocritical attitudes around them. The strange numbness. . . . Do you know America is the only country in the world where you can watch three wars a night on television?

"Yes, psychopaths are acting out various kinds of protest, but they get tired. You don't see many old psychopaths. . . ."

*Dr. David Kupfer:* "The very nature of modern organizations encourages this kind of behavior. The most effective administrative style encourages manipulation. So you can say that organization, increasingly as we see it today, generates psychopathy.

"Follow the urban style, you tend to become hyperalert. You develop eyes behind your head. . . . The successful revolutionary employs the same style, in extreme form, as the psychopath who makes it in business. Look at Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman. They believe what they're doing, but they also *score*. You know who can be pathetic, the ones in the crowd, their followers, trying unsuccessfully to imitate the revolutionary style. Jerry and Abbie and all the famous ones, they'll make their ego trips pay. The followers are the ones brought to this hospital. Stoned, hysterical, out of their heads for one reason or another. We get *them*. After that May Day rally for Bobby Seale and the Panthers, a lot of them came in. Hallucinating. On drugs? Not all of them. They were just high and scared. One I remember couldn't go to the toilet. Every time he sat down he hallucinated that there was a bomb under him.

"Psychopaths find vulnerability in other people. . . .

"They require feedback and to an extent they can be identified by the numbers of people around them. This is how they define their identity, how they make it. The lonesome psychopaths are the ones we get here. Will a sociopath ever be found going off and fishing by himself? Never!

"Being shy, quiet, a nice guy, doesn't work in America. The nice guy is the postman, the milkman.

"Why did Manson turn on so many young people? Adventure, romance, against the establishment, beating the system, excitement, charisma. The *need* . . . I see it in little doses all around me."

• • •

"People have asked me why I did what I did at the station house and I told them a story similar to the one I just told here, but it was all bullshit. I really did it because it was fun. That's what I tell my friends. To my brothers I tell the real truth, which is that I don't know why I did it. They smile because they know any explanation I give is made up."

Abbie Hoffman
*Revolution for the Hell of It*

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In New York, along Lexington Avenue, I see a man hauling his heavy laundry bag. It's Saturday morning, with relatively few people around. I know where he's going. To the Chinese, and it will be fascinating to watch. Because there is no longer a Chinese. The same thing happened to me two days ago. He's plodding with his head down, and across the street I follow him.

He stands before an empty lot on which the Chinese laundry stood only a week before. It has been bulldozed and swept flat. All the buildings are gone and they have even taken the rubble away. The man finally turns about with a numbed look. He actually begins turning in circles, dragging his laundry bag along the sidewalk.

I can see his face, dumb and desolate. For years, perhaps, he has made the weekly trip to Shan Lee's, from his apartment or rooming house to this steamy hole in the wall. Without fail, the spry, mysteriously unsweating Cantonese, like animated punctuation marks, grinned and bobbed their heads and handed him a bright-red or yellow ticket. Now, with no warning, all at once they've vanished. Somebody might have told him. Not that it really matters. A block or two away another laundry will do the same job. Still, how dejected and lost he appears as he heaves the bag over his shoulder and trudges down a side street.

The psychopath escapes all such nostalgia and loss. Stupid, repetitious journeys are not for him. The disappearance or mutilation of a landmark, a row of chestnuts in blossom like those chopped down by rioting Parisian students, let alone the vanishing of a dear familiar laundry, will give him no feeling of disorientation or pain. He's accustomed to disorientation. He experiences time in frames, disposable units, and lives in a traveling compartment of the present. History is what he sees before him now, lived in. Because with all other history banished, the prospect of deterioration and slow loss of energy through the years, which he can't work with, is forcibly ruled out. (But the possibility of violent, explosive death doesn't appall the psychopath; indeed, he often courts it.)

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"Again and again students have told me that they take it for granted they will not survive the next ten years. This is not an attitude with which to prepare for a career or to bring up a family."

Paul Goodman
"The New Reformation"

"I don't plan to be singing that long. There's nothing more ridiculous-looking than old people on the stage. . . . When I was young, around ten, and my parents' friends would come over and try to be real chummy, like be your friend or peer, and you just thought they were assholes. And people who continue to perform onstage figure everybody really thinks they're neat, and they don't. They think, 'Look at that old jerk.' "

Grace Slick (31)
*Rolling Stone* interview (1970)

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Years ago I knew Neal Cassady, even stood up as a witness at one of his marriages before a gloomy justice of the peace in Newark. In 1957 he would become famous as Dean Moriarty, racing, pot-smoking, jazz-digging, continent-splitting hero of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*. According to any medical model ever devised, Cassady or Moriarty (they are virtually identical, with hardly any fictional difference) qualified as a complete psychopath. There can be no way to get around this label. He fits every description.

This was Moriarty:

"In a matter of days they were dickering with Camille in San Francisco by long-distance telephone for the necessary divorce papers so they could get married. Not only that, but a few months later Camille gave birth to Dean's second baby, the result of a few nights' rapport early in the year. And another matter of months and Inez had a baby. With one illegitimate child in the West somewhere, Dean then had four little ones and not a cent, and was all troubles and ecstasy and speed as ever."

In one of the novel's best-known passages, Moriarty and Sal Paradise

*"But then occasionally all a man wants is someone intelligent to talk to in the evening."*

(Kerouac), at all times living ecstatically in the present, have hitchhiked a ride with a dull couple and Moriarty cries out:

"Sal, think of it, we'll dig Denver together and see what everybody's doing, although that matters little to us, the point being that we know what IT is and we know TIME and we know that everything is really FINE. . . . Now you just dig them in front. They have worries, they're counting the miles, they're thinking about where to sleep tonight, how much money for gas, the weather, how they'll get there—and all the time they'll get there anyway, you see. But they need to worry and betray time with urgencies false and otherwise."

Today's psychopathic style (as opposed to the certifiable illness, if it can be certified) began, at least in the United States, with the romance of the Beat Generation. The wild demigod Moriarty called to the trapped conformists of the Eisenhower years: "Come on! I'll show you how to live!" Rushing from place to place, back and forth across the country, Kerouac and his friends opened up the possibilities of a crazy, exciting new way to take hold of life. "He makes you want to go to Albuquerque!" sighed a young girl at that time, just after finishing *On the Road*.

But what does not come through in Beat Generation writing is this: With the exception of ecstatic moments flagellated out of them by speed (at that time, of automobiles), hit-and-run sex and wild new bebop music, the Beats, always living in the present, were most of the time catastrophically bored. From the literature, one has the impression of unending excitement, rushing here and there, one ecstasy after another, this tempo being broken now and then by periods of holy meditation. But in reality, the days were for the most part directionless. . . . There were long, long stretches of boredom during which I remember the heroes of this generation simply not knowing what to do with themselves and sitting around with hangovers, smoking and wondering what now.

The writers report only the high points. So we have ecstasy and some great and almost great writing founded on boredom. Boredom pursued the Beats like a cloud of gnats and they ran from it. But then—the paradox and wonder—a handful of them managed to project out of this littering of time, and the waste of days, enormously creative work arising mysteriously from the banal hours they actually lived through.

And Cassady, head psychopath, was the most bored of all. Never a bore himself; no, he was exciting, but bored nearly to death. To save himself, he kept constantly in motion. Physically, he never stopped moving, hustling, lighting up, moving on. Even his jobs had to move: railway brakeman, car jockey in parking lots. Yet sophisticated and fetishist of hip that he was, Cassady would always make the wrong move at a critical time—selling marijuana to narcs, mistakes of that sort. The glamor of living by the moment, digging only the moment, impaired his judgment. He was incautious as the rawest rookie. Neal should long since—with his experience and time in jail for the same offense—have had a sense of the narc and how to avoid him. But he had to have whatever he wanted *now*, and dealt now, if that was his impulse. He lay down to sleep *now* with too many drugs in him on a night in Mexico that was too cold, and that was the foolish and unnecessary way he died.

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Though he himself may be one, the outlaw has no patience with losers. Get with it or die. Nonperformance is the sin, especially, for example, when it takes the form of illness. See Kerouac abandoned with dysentery and blazing fever by Neal Cassady in Mexico City. Sal Paradise: "I looked up out of the dark swirl of my mind . . . and I saw Dean bending over the kitchen table. It was several nights later and he was leaving Mexico City already."

The enchanting psychopath speaks: "Poor Sal, poor Sal, got sick. Stan'll take care of you. Now listen to hear if you can in your sickness: I got my divorce from Camille down here and I'm driving back to Inez in New York tonight if the car holds out. . . . Gotta get back to my life. Wish I could stay with you. Pray I can come back. . . . Yes, yes, yes, I've got to go now. Old fever Sal, goodbye."

Later, Kerouac: "When I got better I realized what a rat he was, but then I had to understand the impossible complexity of his life, how he had to leave me there, sick, to get on with his wives and woes. 'OK, old Dean, I'll say nothing.' "

• • •

". . . the only morality a matter of how far out you're brave enough and demented enough to go. . . ."

*Rolling Stone* writer
Michael Thomas, reviewing
Mick Jagger in the film
*Performance*

"With the bankers and things like that . . . I did a job on this banker that we were using, and on a few other people, and on the Beatles. How do you describe the job? . . . I maneuver people. That's what leaders do, and I sit and make situations which will be of benefit to me with other people, it's as simple as that. . . . Maneuvering is what it is, let's not be coy about it. It is a deliberate and thought-out maneuver of how to get a situation the way we want it. That's how life's about, isn't it, is it not? . . . It's maneuvering. There's nothing ashamed about it. We all do it, it's just owning up, you know, not going around saying 'God bless you, brother,' pretending there is no vested interest. . . .

"You have to be a bastard to make it, that's a fact, and the Beatles are the biggest bastards on earth."

John Lennon
*Rolling Stone* interview (1971)

"The revolution has replaced the church as the country's moral authority."

Jerry Rubin
*Do It!*

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Beyond the commandments to perform well and be attractive, the outline of another absolute virtue may be detected. More than any other quality, the new ethic values *speed* in varied forms. Far more than impatience, the need for instantaneous action comes out of the psychopathic style. Instant being, not laboring to become. Moving into what you want immediately, no delay. Free-form, even serene maneuvering, not slowed by sentiment. Thus, violence is speed. Motorcycles. Brutal directness, speed on the uptake. Getting there effortlessly from one place to another, from one thought to another. Telling the exact truth is speed. Even more, silence is speed, electric understanding too swift for words, moving on.

And then, stasis in flight, a sort of strung-out motionlessness, as seen in the drawings of genius by Saul Steinberg (who remarked, grinning, one night that the most important thing in life is speed; also, that life's most exciting exchanges and best moments occur "tangentially," passing in a flash, not to be dwelt on, gone before you can think about them).

Drugs provide this sensation of speed and, at the same time, motionlessness, some compounds being named after the state of bliss desired. Even marijuana helps in a smaller way achieve the goal of the psychopath and his imitators, which couldn't be more understandable, to remain forever young at the speed of light.

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Years ago, in the spring of 1963, Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert turned me on in a Manhattan apartment with what I've always felt, but never can prove, was a gigantic overdose of pure Sandoz LSD. What must have been between 600 and 1000 micrograms sent the neophyte on a wild death-rebirth trip. The universe shivered in pieces. He became a speck, nothing, an item of terror, like an astronaut flung out too far with the apparent certainty at one grievous moment that he would never make it back. This meant going laughing, crying, sobbing crazy for the greater part of ten

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hours. The journey was difficult and terrible, albeit with some ecstatic moments. Recovery from it even now seems miraculous.

As Leary has always said, the journey through inner space couldn't help but change the voyager's psyche forever. This is no exaggeration: One will never again be quite the same after experiencing the simulation of death and being reborn. It's practically impossible not to see life in a new way.

I remember lying across a couch exhausted after my trip. Leary came in, joking: "Now you know what it feels to suffer ego loss!" He gave me a bite of his apple and a swallow of ginger beer. (He's the only person I ever met who drank Scotch with Schweppes tonic.) Then he picked up a needle that looked as big as a dirigible filled with DMT, offering me the half-hour up-and-down still wilder and farther-out trip that this instant mushroom could provide. I said, "No, no!" pushing it away, and he only laughed and everybody was kind.

I was vaguely elated, but afraid, too. All the people around me had such huge (from the drug, dilated) eyes. Leary clapped me on the shoulder. I could see him, facing me on the couch, a bright, well-wishing and perhaps, yes, a holy man, but—it's hard to express, making allowances for acid-induced paranoia—I felt in the presence of a monstrous tenderness. Later, stumbling home in the dark with automobiles still seeming to swim by, I rang the doorbell in renewed doubt and panic and, bursting in on my wife, told her: "It's a nest of psychopaths over there!"

Ever since, I've wondered what vibrations these were. Why did such likable people, Leary, Alpert and the others, seem vaguely menacing? Had I intended to say that they didn't know right from wrong, or anymore care to distinguish between the two? Were they perhaps telling me that right and wrong were obsolete, merely part of a justice game?

They seemed from another world, out of time. That long ago the psychopathic concept meant little to me. Yet the word came out: "Psychopaths." It was the precise word. I felt I had just come from a cell of new people and I thought then that there was a controlled madness among them. They would soon be able to overturn the world. The substance at their disposal made sure of that. I sensed smiling danger. They were going to put my world into shock. At the same time, I was asking myself why not, why shouldn't they? They had been bright, affectionate companions and instructors during my voyage. Again, why not? Because that disturbing first impression kept returning: *They're crazy!*

Perhaps as one of the crowd in Galilee, on the hillside by the lake, listening to the New Man preach, I would have experienced the same shiver of paranoia, sensed a new idea being born and wanted to stamp it out. Like Leary or Alpert, that one would have seemed (as, of course, he did) the bearer of a sinister new message, an overly democratic, disastrous conception of love; someone who ought to be shut up, because if he were allowed to continue preaching the doctrine he was coming on with, all the laws I lived by would crumble—and, ill equipped, I'd have to start over again.

• • •

Detachment paradoxically can sharpen pleasure. The unconnected person, feeling no responsibility, has nothing to inhibit him: He has heightened sensation achieved through indifference.

In a small, scattered way, feel the exciting vibrations among strangers, say, at an airport bar. Within minutes everybody will fly off in different directions, never to see one another again. Often talk breaks free and people confess. Uninvolved, we touch each other.

And sex in motels. Motels are absolutely for use. There's no dear familiar. In the good ones, bed and thick rug seem to flow into each other. Every toilet fixture is sealed with rice paper, antiseptic beyond belief. A timeless place, the room is intended for nothing but rest, sleep or sex. It offers not the slightest emotional possibility. Sex pit, paradise wholly without extraneous charm. Go to the ice bucket, get out your bottle of vodka, drink or smoke together; make coolly passionate, detailed love built out of marijuana or martinis. Or, a pro, carefully calculate and feel nothing, perform any trick the client wants within reason. . . . Bourgeois swinger, into group sex, find refurbished ecstasies in the exciting absence of love.

But detachment can also bring on manipulation of others, taking form as some kind of sadism. Sometimes the victim doesn't even know it; the bored, cruel view of life can be that remote. The other night, I visited a friend in his penthouse. As usual, he had his high-powered telescope out and was making the rounds of lighted windows across the park. Nearly every clear night he enjoys this pastime. Whenever he gives a party, guests take turns hunting for naked couples, peering in on their privacy from a mile or two away. He gives a curious little laugh and focuses the telescope. He has found some action. I don't even disapprove of what he's doing (after all, no one is hurt by his inspection), but the onanistic cruelty of it . . . he finds the exposed lovers only ridiculous. Voyeur, eavesdropper, obscene phone caller, all game players really. These are the areas in which psychopathy turns mean.

Why is cruelty so close to the detached observer and player of games? Why, for instance, is the manipulative art of blowing the other person's mind so popular now? It is a form of Zen sadism, confusing the innocent one by means of (John Lennon) "only another mirror." There's only a short step from "blow his mind" to "Let's throw the V. C. out of the airplane and listen to him whistle on the way down." Because it's just a "throw the slope out the window" game.

Newspaper clipping:

BREAKS LEG TRIPPING

Mrs. Anna D. tripped over a blind man's cane yesterday, breaking her leg. . . .

That item broke up a party of pot smokers one evening. Also the story of a 35-year-old claims adjuster in Brooklyn who lived with his mother. He had been out of work for a while and for various reasons, decided to kill himself. What held him back was the disgrace and the shame his mother would feel. So he grabbed her around the waist and jumped out the window from four stories up and, landing on her, killed his mother, but he himself survived.

"Mattress-cide!" cried one head.

For the detached game watchers, such stories offer unacceptable anguish, a drag if taken seriously, and are therefore hilarious. Ludicrous pain can only be laughed at. Suffering must never be condoned. "The games people play" appear ridiculous, stupid when they let misery get the best of them. Because they're taking themselves too seriously. Suffering is stupid and an illusion besides (since nothing is that real, and will pass). People are not ends in themselves but reincarnations, reiterations of—not even a single self—an ever-dissolving, renewing, accidentally thrust-up life form each of us imagines as himself. And this perception is what makes detached cruelty and laughter possible on such easy terms.

Holy man and psychopath may be seen as equally cynical, in that they believe existence to be repetitive and circular, hence boring. For them, the wheel of being does not roll nor life build toward anything. It just spins. They don't imagine that the evolutionary chariot might be moving in any direction, such as toward a higher civilization.

If we're just meaninglessly spinning, and each of us amounts to nothing but a spin-off, soon to disappear, then the solution offered by the holy man and psychopath makes perfect sense. Have fun. Forget about dragging responsibilities. Seize the moment, one frame at a time. Reject the linear. Discount history and any sort of long-range planning.

But if it's possible again to suppose that the chariot is careening somewhere,

possibly toward a higher, more satisfying existence, then linear faith can be restored and what each one contributes may, indeed, have some meaning.

And there *is* something new under the sun, an utterly new, unprecedented situation. This is the availability of chemicals that can perhaps help save all lost souls. For used intelligently and sacramentally, as Leary once intended (but a conception he turned his back on), these drugs can contribute toward teaching us to *combine* circular and linear being as well as restore each shaken pilgrim's faith in the worth-whileness of being worth while, making it possible for psychopath and nonpsychopath to live together and even become as one, periodically reborn.

### PSYCHOPATHY AND REBIRTH

Now to tie the strands of our theme together. What began as a condition identified, at least according to middle-class psychiatric diagnosis, as a form of mental illness has now moved beyond the medical model to a style of living followed by great numbers of people. A country-wide invasion or uprising of psychopaths has already taken place. But the psychopath's original "moral insanity" is being transmuted in revolutionary passage. Although he himself may remain sick, his imitators, adopting the sick man's spontaneous and theatrical mode of making out, seem to have broken through to new methods of mastering time and bringing new excitement to many of humanity's outworn games.

Such behavior derived from psychopathy may be seen as medicine we have required. A form of illness produces a form of therapy. Disease has evolved into a style offering repeated simulations of being reborn.

For rebirth is the key. Unhappily, the old orthodoxies that once sustained us have lost it. Young priests, ministers and rabbis are shaking the old structures, but more must be done, quickly; new ceremonies developed to overcome the now fully revealed drag of unadorned death and meaninglessness. And largely for this reason the massive imitation of psychopathy has arisen, as a palliative.

Too often the alternative has been madness. Striving for rebirth has meant for thousands a headlong drive toward mental illness, as if to sweep death and meaninglessness away by going crazy. A deliberately sought crack-up is achieved, with fragmentation perhaps laying the groundwork for spiritual renaissance. We have the idea of fashionable madness, the soul's stormy progress, risking padded-cell disaster en route to tranquillity, propounded by Ronald Laing and others. As Leary put it: "Go out of your mind in order to use your head." Hit bottom before coming back to life. Nearly all therapeutic ceremonies at this time *seek breakdown* before reunification of the soul. Even political therapy. Jerry Rubin: "I support everything which puts people into motion, which creates disruption and controversy, which creates chaos and rebirth."

Lack of meaningful rebirth ceremonies within a structure of religious faith has had a disastrous result in recent years: the epidemic use of heroin. Heroin addiction, of course, has grown out of many crises, all the familiar social and economic ones, the Vietnam blunder and betrayal, the continuing crisis of boredom. But it has grown very much out of a religious crisis as well: New ways of periodically feeling reborn are required. Drugs provide the illusion and promise of rebirth that increasing numbers of people can no longer find by orthodox religious means. Hence, whether we like it or not, they are used—tragically, in so many instances—to fill a religious need.

And another tragedy is that middle-class authority has almost willfully refused to concede any merit whatever to a selected few of these substances, as opposed to the purely destructive ones. LSD is lumped with heroin as essentially evil, only in a different way. True, LSD

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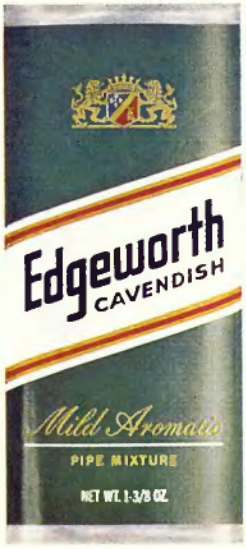


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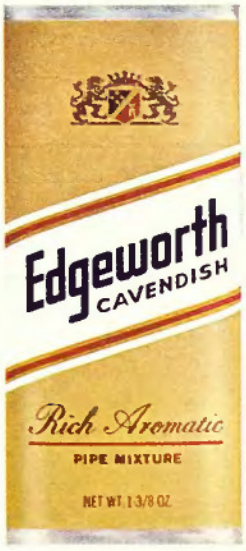


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and kindred materials have been criminally misused, destroying thousands of souls, and LSD became a food for anarchy. But the abuse of a practice is no argument against the practice itself. The abuse of a drug (swallow 100 aspirins) doesn't necessarily clinch the argument against that drug. And the abuses we recognize need not and must not put an end to these redeeming materials. For, used properly in the right set and setting, LSD has a power as great and useful as prayer. By refusing to make allowances for a church or temple, any religious structure, to contain and sanctify LSD trips into inner consciousness, we gave them over to anarchy, abuse and gangsterism.

Do such drugs encourage psychopathy? Yes. LSD, psilocybin and the other psychedelics (as opposed to the horror of heroin) have provided much of the energy for the psychopathic invasion, and can also help heal the wounds it has inflicted. Speaking mainly of the hallucinogens, and even of marijuana, such consciousness-expanding substances and their availability to the middle-class masses may be recognized as the irreversible force that has probably changed our scene forever. For these materials—if ingested in a sufficiently heavy dosage to stimulate the experience of dying and being reborn—have *already*, in a permanent way, so changed the heads of most voyagers that they can never again fully accept linear values involving acquisition, advancement and amassing prestige. (That is, they may grow rich, advance and become famous, but will have fun, not laboring humorlessly to do so.)

The cold, maneuvering psychopath has always pretended to accept the old standards, though laughing behind his mask. But the self-destructive knockabout village psychopath, refusing to hold down a steady job, bucking his respectable neighbors, has a consistent record of rejecting just such values. Today he is no longer the exception in town. A generation has joined him—or at least a notable percentage of the first generation exposed en masse to psychedelic materials.

For these—because of revelations experienced during LSD and other such voyages or, at the minimum, marijuana-taught irreverence toward bourgeois complacency and show—middle-class values have simply collapsed. While most rebels and dropouts are by no means clinically psychopathic, values of the psychopath—mainly his denial of time and responsibility—have come to the fore. And the new psychopathy in a number of its manifestations could be helping us *not* go mad.

Salvation and rebirth by means of deliberately induced madness is a cruel and nutty solution to the problem of a man's, a woman's fight to survive unbelieving in the face of the void. Psychopathy may be serving as a compromise state of mind, a mental halfway house between our old, outworn sanity (which can't properly confront the void) and fragmentation without rebirth (splitting before terror and meaninglessness). When a straight person can't make it anymore, he goes to pieces. Since the psychopath never lingers over his fear but acts out whatever bothers him in precipitate, unreflective fashion, he's much less likely to break down.

Stress again that we are speaking mainly of the middle classes. The poor don't have to be taught psychopathic arts. The best, to struggle free in harsh cities, must employ them. Driving toward liberation, black revolutionaries, among others, work with violent sociopathic techniques, and these, as emphasized by Frantz Fanon in *The Wretched of the Earth*, absolutely can't be dispensed with: "Muscular action must substitute itself for concepts. . . .

"Violence is thus seen as comparable to a royal pardon. The colonized man finds his freedom in and through violence. . . ."

Again rebirth, this time by revolution. An uprising of people driven sociopathic, seeking justice, revenge, a legitimate, even holy aim for the oppressed, using their psychopathy as a fearful weapon.

The psychopath has been described as ideally suited to frontier life. In the old West, as we've chosen to remember it, he became a romantic figure. We celebrated him and still do. Now, in our time, most alert people find that they have reached another kind of frontier along which varieties of psychopathic behavior flourish and triumph. All souls maneuver in dangerous, contested territory. Some feel stifled, want to smash everything, urinate in your hallway, break your head. Others retire, hide, ask only to be left alone (and almost certainly won't be). In this border country the soul longs not to be afraid. And for many children of the present time, only outlaw behavior can overcome fear, only having fun or smashing things relieves the feeling that one is stifled and oppressed, if not by other men, then by the indifferent universe itself.

It seems that the Great Psychopath in the Sky has it in for all of us. The only thing to do is ride out from under His arbitrariness and indifference, get over the border and break free. No more meditation, musing over this doubt and that fear. No more plodding in earnest pursuit of a sober and responsible life plan. For the psychopath, and now his followers, this is a fool's game. Instead, for them, the point is to travel, move, make out, exploit, strike back, enjoy—unimpeded by any guilt whatever, compassionate only when aesthetically excited or on whim—crossing all borders, being made new after each illegal crossing.

• • •

Imagine, in not too many years, an active drug church, or—better—a spiritual circus bringing together sacramentally

*"One more thing—why don't you wear a jockstrap?"*

under one main tent all known techniques of simulating death and rebirth. Its aim would be to institute a kind of reform psychopathy, combining the best, exuberant aspects of this transmuted mental illness with linear hope and persistent striving, perhaps within the framework of Games Taken Seriously.

Establish then a Church of Rebirth by Any Means, a temple for the repeated simulation of dying and being reborn, a religious base making it possible to reconcile the linear and circular views of life. Achieve a fusion of the straight and the psychopathic. Psychopaths and nonpsychopaths lie down together and, by sharing the death-rebirth experience, learn to live with one another.

The psychopath protests linear responsibility. Straight people resist the idea of a meaninglessly turning wheel. Their faith, for many flagging now, is that the evolutionary chariot must be rolling toward a higher state of being. How to combine these approaches and live peaceably side by side? Again, by sacramentally dying and being reborn together: sharing trips in the new temple within a sacred framework. In this way, produce the effect of ceremonially taking time out, restore faith in the games we live by, teach the obsessed as well as the lapsed crusaders among us to become searchers and voyagers instead of glory hunters.

Thus we might lay the foundation for a new orthodoxy in an uninhibited fashion. It would undoubtedly embrace the orgiastic, attempting to achieve the shuddering and throbbing that comes up through the spine, the continuing preorgasm that travelers on the death-rebirth trip so frequently experience (with drugs or not): the same experience that the psychopath randomly, often clumsily seeks, and which, being out of control—except in bed, on prescribed sexual occasions—frightens the bourgeois. The aim, then, in temples of rebirth: to drive out of control, regularly and ceremonially break apart, kill and heal, reassemble the aggressive and also fearful self, shrived, renewed—within ritualistic limits.

As Leary originally intended, substances such as LSD, if used with dignity and care, can serve as the food of such a new faith—pursued in temples, not alone—that so many of us, psychopath and nonpsychopath, desperately need. The psychopath's predatory drives may be softened by the experience of being shattered and healed over during voyages inside his head. Bourgeois complacency and blinkered fixation on linear advancement will similarly be stripped away, as the sales manager laughs and weeps and rolls naked. Soften the psychopath's harsh, manipulative nature. Release the conformist's blocked spontaneity and teach him playful violence. Emerge refreshed from carefully spaced ceremonial explorations into the common pool of memory. The experience of traveling together would link psychopath and nonpsychopath—as, in fact, whenever undertaken, it does—so that they would never again completely misunderstand each other. Tame the psychopath; enliven the straight arrow in order that now and then he can taste the delights of irresponsibility.

In a religious vacuum, the godless psychopath, our most recent model—and, it's said, emotionally disturbed advance man—may turn out to be as Robert Lindner described him: "the harbinger of social and political distress." We may experience him as a sometimes charming, sometimes brutal antichrist multiplying among us, a bored and reckless Pied Piper soon to make off not only with our children but with our very history and all the beliefs we live by.

Yet his coming could also represent "the birth of a savior" projected decades ago by Jung, the event "equivalent to a great catastrophe, because a new and powerful life springs up just where there had seemed to be no life and no power and no possibility of future development."

Are we, then, heading into a world of the deliverer or of the antichrist? Both? Whoever he is, will we necessarily be overwhelmed by him? Is he, indeed, delivering us? From what?

From death, surely. The psychopath distracts himself and everyone by disrupting time and filling our moments with aggression, tricks, games, pain. Distracts us from our linear path to the void, too desperately meaningless to bear now. This, if anything, must be the new man's evolutionary role. If not, he can only have come to teach us how to destroy ourselves.

Hence, it becomes urgent and essential that our new psychopathy be contained within the religious framework. There can be no way of accomplishing this except through fragmentation ceremonies, with or without drugs. Such spiritual circuses held in Churches or Temples of Rebirth would be designed to provoke therapeutic hallucinations, keep going all the colored lights and pinwheels, crystalline explosions, terrifying apparitions and protective angels, all the paraphernalia and the visions of hell and heaven that attend the soul's renewing passage.

Psychopath and nonpsychopath retreat, mingle styles, are ritually shattered and reborn together. From this psychic collapse, renewal and exchange there emerges a new kind of person, perhaps born free of time, whole again until the next visit to the temple—a month, six months, a year, five years later—unafraid, unbored, on the lookout for all kinds of excitements, pleasures, searches.

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# NEW YORK

*(continued from page 130)*

was a time before producers went in for interesting types, skilled dancers and artistes. A fistful of coins for the penny arcade, the magic of a first whiskey sour, egg rolls, two entire strips, absolutely forbidden back in the Bronx, and, what the hell, it's late, shoot the works, a sleepy luxurious cab ride all the way back home.

There was a country out there; you knew it because Jimmy Stewart movies took place in it. Someone's uncle moved out to California for his health and there had to be a Detroit, unless the Tigers were kidding around, secretly holed up in Washington Heights when they weren't playing the Yankees. But for all practical purposes, America was New York City; and if there was life beyond its boundaries, you required some real proof before you'd buy it. It was an attitude that was to linger and at times become costly.

The country got discovered after high school when the Doodles and Doggies and Docs and DumDums scattered to study premed at Stanford and Purdue and Michigan State, battering their way into those places via their impressive New York City 90 averages. They ran into entire campuses full of polite guys who had been driving cars and dating girls since they were 14. You'd grabbed a little tit in an alley from the super's daughter. These people had terrific manners, spent a lot of time shining their shoes, but they could play basketball, too, going up very high and actually making the shots while you were concentrating on style. Heartbreakingly beautiful fair-haired girls from Anniston, Alabama, who really meant it when they asked, "What's it like being a gangster?" (The put-on had not been invented yet.) The first awareness of a certain resentment, however polite, toward New Yorkers. What did New York have, anyway? A bunch of sarcastic people. All right, so it had the theater. What about our Kiel Auditorium? Didn't *The King and I* play there for two weeks last year? On holidays, they would scatter, going off to houses with Mom, Dad, Sis and Bud, and great lawns, often leaving you behind, skinny, lonely, shaky, but an aristocrat of a kind, since you had always kept that towering thunderous place locked away in your mind and never before did it seem more rich and glittering. Later, you would feel that as a New Yorker, nobody left you behind. You left other people behind. It was that sort of attitude that made you suspect. Reading more, seeing all movies, arguing, doing things with flash. (There were no visible blacks out there; Jewish kids from the Bronx were the advance guard.)

Seeing more of the country, in Air Force blue this time—Denver, San Antonio, Minneapolis, lazy relaxed places like San Diego. Still a bit of an outlaw. Others looked better in the uniform. Always arousing a little suspicion, until a nervous Texas colonel, planning a trip East, asked, What's it like there? Is Jack Dempsey's the world's fanciest restaurant? Could you set up some theater tickets? Once in a while, you would meet someone who struck you as being a New Yorker, even though he had never been there. He had the style. (Later, Nixon would live in New York City for a few years but remain an out-of-towner, at least until the China trip.) A temptation to stay out there, marry one of the rangy, scrubbed, unneurotic Midwestern girls, let the country take care of you. In New York, you had to take care of yourself. Change your name, work for DuPont. Really duck things. Maybe even stay in the Service. Inevitably, though, you had to go back and sign in, face the man. To live in America and not be in New York would be like staying in Vegas for the swimming and the desert air.

Facing up to it, back you go, and—miracle of miracles—though you have the right address, somehow you're not a New Yorker. Bullshit job, credit cards, fag suits, deadlines, time clocks, cocktail parties, vicious exchanges with the wife of the assistant art director. Ninth-rate Dorothy Parker shit. Try the suburbs. Crab grass, town hall, the Long Island Rail Road. But where in the hell is New York? In some curious way, as a 12-year-old two-sewer king back in the Bronx, you owned a bigger piece of the city. Confirmation of an old truism about New York. Terrific when you're swinging. Not that bad when you're on your ass. Deadly place for the man in the middle.

Nightmares. Nervous-breakdown time. Premature ejaculations. Where did they come from? Welcome to psychoanalysis. Overswinging. Overthinking. Missing the ball. Then one day, catching one on the end of your bat and drilling it on a line, into the seats. Same swing, well, maybe you'd relaxed it a bit. Hey, watch out for this (aging) kid. He can hit. And then the city unlocks. Welcome aboard. Fashion models. George Plimpton, house seats, the columns come to life. The party had been going on all along—you just hadn't been invited. Better manners (the backbiting is there, but that comes later), prettier girls; terribly uncharitable to say so and there are powerful humanistic arguments to the contrary, but ten minutes with Bill Styron is more rewarding than an equivalent session with the wife of the assistant art director at McCann, Wells and Doyle.

So you're "back on Broadway," there is some razzle-dazzle by the Beatles, it's kill-the-Kennedys time and then there is this terrific jump cut to the Seventies and, hey, wait a minute, where did it all go? You came to see *Fair Lady* and someone threw in *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. You didn't even see them change the scenery. You've been taken by the world's fastest shell-game artist. Fun City? Make that Terminal City. Glassine wrappers, snorting cocaine right at the restaurant table. (The fuzz are too busy making the big busts.) Too much ass, if that's possible, pimpmobiles zipping closer, *labia minora* right in the goddamned store windows. Everybody carrying heat. Ever think you'd find a knife at your throat? No way. Happens to other people. You've got a press pass, you're an observer. At four in the morning, you've walked the dreariest back-alley streets of Marseilles, almost drove the concierge crazy. What happened? Nothing. Then one night in Yorkville (at four in the morning—like Sky Masterson, that's your time of day), you get initiated; there he is, the most powerful man in the world, no eyes. "You can't protect that girl," he says, and there's choking, cutting, real blood, yours, cops, guns. "Just hold the sonofabitch till I get out of here." Now you're a real New Yorker, 1971 style, shipping out on a liner that hasn't been inspected in years. Warped, leaky, got to go down. It's the last-night party and, curiously enough, like 7,800,000 other passengers, in your merry paralysis, you haven't even checked to see if the ship carries lifeboats.

Yet no one jumps ship. A company pulls out, but they don't really count; bunch of Connecticut gibson drinkers who hated the city before they got there, just needed a little confirmation. Another company rolls in. A writer gets his ear lobe sliced off in a lobby, quickly moves his family to a small town Upstate. Question him and you find it isn't the ear lobe. He worked on a novel for five years and it sold 600 copies. Someone goes to London for nine months, raves about the girls, how civilized it is, the walks you can take. But he's doing his talking from P. J. Clarke's and he's back in his New York apartment. A fellow gets hired by the movies, limos, percentages of the gross, mornings on the telex, movieolas for checking the rushes, orange groves, hibiscus trees. But over at Malibu, his wife is crying. Back they come to West End Avenue. In summer, there is a rush to get away to Fire Island, the Hamptons (certain New York *aficionados* claim this is the only time to be in the city, no hassle on restaurants, theater tickets, terrific for the calm second stage of a love affair), but they carry New York with them in little traveling cells filled with the same

*"And a bah, humbug to you, too, you old fart!"*

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talk, the same people, some wind, sand and local lobster thrown in for background. Then around Labor Day, the fall drumbeat begins, the city recalling its traveling legions, who rush back with new hopes, first drafts of plays, plans for completing the deal with a dimple-assed number who dominated the beach at Fair Harbor. Back they come to knee-high garbage, taxi strikes, cop strikes, bridge strikes, strikes of the heart.

Squashed, slashed, dollar pinched, polluted and harassed, how come they don't grab their hats and move toward the EXIT signs? Ask the question of Fun-Loving, a regular at Small's, Wilt the Stilt's Harlem hangout; he looks at you like you're crazy and says, simply, that he would rather be "dead-ass broke in New York than rich in Mississippi." To Charley P., Small's cool-daddy maitre de, who's seen it all from Tangier to the Place de l'Opéra, the city is like the first time a junkie feels that needle. "He knows he got to get back there. You can't make it in those bright lights, baby, you ain't makin' it anywhere." Back from Nam, a black veteran weighs in with the thought that Asia's pretty terrific, but it's got to be second best. "Mainly because them Asiatic women got cold pussies." For the price, you get a bigger steak in Des Moines, with five extra courses thrown in, than you can at Frankie and Johnnie's, but the secret of the flavor is as unattainable as the key to the Inca code. To Mack, manager of F & J and a man consulted by Broadway producers on what types of shows to bring in, the New York mystique boils down to something simple. "I love the water here. Find me a decent drink of water outside of New York City. When I'm away, I turn on the TV and they got one channel. How could I live in a place like that?" Alto-sax man Paul Desmond produces a cool, pure New York sound he himself compares to a dry martini. Black jazz musicians begrudgingly award this white man points the way black hoop stars, when shoved, will admit that Jerry West probably deserves to play on the same court with "Big O" and Wilt. No reason for him to live in New York. In Stockholm, throngs of flaxen-haired students crowd into tiny cafés and pay cover charges to drink and listen to the *records* of this musician–warrior king. "I can live anywhere," he says. "It's inertia that keeps me here." But then a woman approaches the table and tells of a lovely long-haired wench who's staying at the beach, her husband away, jumping out of her skin to see him. He had never realized she knew he was alive. "I take it back," he says. "That's why I stay in New York." A dry cleaner in the mid-60s complains about the tightwad Europeans who fill the Third Avenue luxury buildings. "They don't know about cleaning. They rub the dirt off a shirt or they put it in a hot shower. Hand them a bill for four dollars and they call the police. My business is stiffs and phonies, maybe four live ones in a whole building. I'm like a donkey blindfolded on a treadmill. I haven't been laid in three years." So why does he stay there? It has to do with Haverstraw. "When I was in the Service, I heard of a place outside New York called Haverstraw. I said, 'That's for me, quiet, polite, just what I'm looking for. And what a name to it.'" Discharged from the Service, he took a train to Haverstraw. He looked around. He took a train back to New York and he's never left. A pretty, long-haired philosophy teacher from NYU, a dead ringer for one of her students, sees the city as a woman. It's a bullshit analogy, sophomoric, probably goes over big with her students, but it improves slightly when she works with it. Seattle, Chicago, Houston, they're all men, big and ballsy, but New York is a lady, not a tough women's lib chick, letting it all hang out, but some kind of mysterious, primal lady, open, voluptuous, revealing her secrets generously, but always keeping some in reserve. Actually, it doesn't improve that much. The veins pop out on people's heads when they try to pinpoint the New York mystique. "It's my husband's loft," says the blue-jeaned, teenaged wife of a medium-famous artist. "Five flights up, on Thompson Street, in the Village. We have a huge house in Atlanta that we never go to." But you can get the same loft in downtown St. Louis. "Oh, no," she says, frustrated, close to anger and tears. "You don't understand. This is different. This is a *New York* loft." A 22-year-old airline stew who's been raped once and on another occasion had a female detective shove two fingers up her rump in an illegal-drug search can't leave the city because every night, when she takes the dog for a walk, she sees a fag go out to get the papers in his pajamas. "And nobody even notices him." She feels there is no place else on earth where she could see something like that. Editor, philosophy teacher, Shakespeare authority Robert Brown is amused when it's suggested that he might live elsewhere. "Leave this city? Are you serious? The skaters at Rockefeller Plaza, the view from the Empire State Building, opening-night parties at Sardi's, walks through Central Park, the Rockettes?" But Bob, someone says, you never leave your table at Elaine's. Brown smiles, orders a Scotch on the rocks. Playwright-critic Jack Richardson would love to pack up and live in Cuernavaca. Clean air, lovely homes. Servants. Ten grand makes you an emperor. But it would take him 20 years to develop even a single New York–style friendship. Such weddings are like Bradley and Frazier on a fast break,

each feeling the other's presence, sensing each other's moves, totally unimportant who actually stuffs it. Long as it goes in.

• • •

Struggling with their suitcases at the Port Authority Bus Terminal, the incoming little girls from Butte talk about excitement. Anonymity. It's so big, you can get all swallowed up in it. And nobody will ever know what you're doing. The unexpected. They get it fast, sometimes right at the terminal, from bus hustlers who'll carry their bags, take them anywhere, usually downhill. Out in the city, everything's a little unexpected. At the Police Academy library, a black detective with a giant Afro and two pearl-handled shoulder guns sits reading a copy of *Commentary*. An Arab with a monocle and an old-fashioned wooden leg prowls through the lingerie department at Bendel's. "I just keep looking at the door," says a hefty, dark-maned secretary–bar chick whose uneven roller-coaster teeth have made her a delightful sackmate for the dozen or so men who've made it back to her two-room high-rise efficiency on York Avenue. "Anybody's liable to come in. Antonioni. Warren Beatty. Someone with a marvelous zappy diet pill." One night, Antonioni and Warren Beatty *both* came into her favorite bar, 15 minutes apart. "And I didn't even remember what to do," she says. Sometimes it seems the entire city is on *What's My Line?* On a typical night, as if there were such a thing, at the same Antonioni–Warren Beatty bar, a pleasant, amiable, heavy-beaked man eats chicken cacciatore and sips a negroni. He's an international card manipulator, with contracts out on his head in half a dozen countries. Seated opposite him is a clean-smiling collegiate-looking man who smuggles jade and rare artifacts into the country from Guatemala. The actress who takes a seat between them, killing a few hours, is a cocaine runner who has also given head to many of the major figures in the record industry. They just call her at an idle hour and she runs over and gives them head. They give her free albums and some vague promise of an audition. She doesn't press them; she just likes doing this nice thing for them. Besides, she never actually balls anyone. The trio sit there, idly, talking about the Lindsay administration. A few tables over, two pretty girls chatter away with great animation, like ex-Radcliffe roommates who haven't seen each other since graduation. One is a heroin junkie, who spends each of her evenings as secretary to a Village clean-up-heroin committee. The other is a teacher at a private school specializing in the sons and daughters of czarist Russian *émigrés*, who take annual trips to the Holy Land and bring back giant cabbage-sized chunks of hash, easily passed through Customs, delicious apples for the teacher. There they are, typical little New York grouping. No one knows the other's scene. No one asks. "That man sittin' next to you," says Charley P. up at Small's. "You don't hassle him, even if he's got coal dust on him. You don't ever know who he's connected to."

*"The Lord speaks in strange ways, Miss Lomax."*

Size, variety, bright lights, anonymity, showbiz, sometimes it seems you can strike them all, and what the city is really about is the girls. The Kathies, Cathys, Katherines, Carols and Susies, on the subway, at traffic lights, so many outside Bloomingdale's alone you don't know where to look first. Greed, the inability to zero in on one and stay with her for the evening, kills many an evening for the New Yorker. But how can you go to a smorgasbord and concentrate on the herring? Stand on a corner in Stockholm's old city and you can cast a movie about girls' dormitories 20 times over in your first half hour. Walk along Third Avenue on a summer evening and you can cast the same movie with equal speed, except that the Stockholm flick is *Andy Hardy* and the New York one is likely to be some kind of weird Fellini epic. If Los Angeles is health and tanned skins, London legs and profiles, Florence eyes and mystery, Rome tits, then in New York it's ass. Rare is the New York beauty who doesn't stop once, during her confident pilgrimage from Saks to Bendel's, to check her ass in a mirror. Little adjustment here, little alteration of the panty line and on we go. No matter how sculptured-perfect it is, the New York girl is terribly concerned about her ass, patting it down, smoothing it out, generally buoying up its confidence and hers. Either that or she is wildly sure in this department, really working with it in great, horsy, gliding, weaving, sashaying construction-stopping movements. In all cases, there is real involvement.

Who are the New York girls? Sometimes it seems they all come from convents, once wore those green-and-white uniforms and had dimpled knees. After years of having it drummed into them that there were devils under the bed, out to snatch at them, they've come to the city figuring they might as well jump in and meet the devils head on. After that first frenzied encounter or two, convent girls are amazingly open, civilized, with plenty of bottled-up energy on tap, and they will go back and ball an old boyfriend when he's lonely, which is a very classy New York thing to do. Whoever the girls are, another of their characteristics is that they are both full of surprises and unsurprisable. A sudden double somersault in bed. Mention coke, she just happens to have a little stash in her purse. Someone laid it on her. Downs? You got 'em. Ever slept with another woman? you ask in a professional tone. Who me, you kidding or something? Oh, well, there was this one chick at the Cape, I almost forgot, but I don't really count that, it was only a few months. She was so beautiful. How about, you say with your smartass New York charm, I tie you up to the bedposts and let you have a quick 20 with a carton of frozen *scampi*. Curious little smile that tells you, Jesus Christ, she's done that already. Bedposts, frozen *scampi*, inviting another chick in on the deal, that's not just for longtime girlfriends, either, it's for one-time street stuff, of which the woods are full in

New York City. Share a cab with a stranger, a photographer's assistant, heading down to Sheridan Square, and all of a sudden you're right into it. No addition, subtraction, elementary algebra, you're expected to dive right into solid geometry. Mirrors, vibrators, speed, coke on the end of your joint, the works. This is not a foreplay town. There is a famed cameraman who is noted for buying m'lady one drink, then promptly getting down on his knees and heading for the goal line. Rarely does he hear so much as a "My, my, young man."

Convent chicks, models (everybody's a model, particularly the hookers), native New York girls (too tough, advance to the new arrival from Cincinnati), and nowhere on earth does there exist a wilder collection of ditzies. At a restaurant owned by a sports figure, a coat-check girl screws her boyfriend nightly on a pile of 300 coats while her girlfriend acts as a lookout. During the coatless summer days, they don't see each other. A moneyed Vassar lovely gets married in the afternoon; that night she balls a bartender in the men's room of a midtown jazz joint. "The wedding was just something I had to get out of the way," she explains. A pretty UN translator balls her way through entire bars. When she finishes one, she moves on to another. But she's cool. Each guy at the bar thinks he's the only one who's made it with her. One girl makes it in hallways of high-rise buildings, another "straightens out" a fag at midnight under statues in Central Park. "Sure it's dangerous," she says. "But he forgets he's a fag."

• • •

Finally, it comes down to "more." More ugly, more pretty, more Korean restaurants. If it isn't more on your plate, very often it's more quality. There is a wilder selection of dishes on the Chinese menus in Frisco, but Mrs. Pearl stands over the pork while it's cooking and makes sure it's tender. More freaks, more games, more crazy. And if you get all that extraordinary food, all that sex, all that craziness thrown right in your face without trying, imagine what lies beyond, behind some of those doors you don't even know about. A pair of perfectly matched 12-year-old Eskimo chicks, trained from birth to satisfy weirdo cravings? You got it. Just a matter of knowing the right people.

More style? Goldwater didn't think so, but how they love it in this city. Not important that you actually score points. It's how you make that approach to the basket. Lindsay gets elected on it. Many of the hookers have it, a lot more than the judges and their listless periodic crackdowns. It's no accident that Alabama Joe Namath became Broadway Joe. "I hate the sonofabitch," says a midtown junk detective. "Hate his hair, hate everything he stands for. But if anybody ever hit him a cheap shot, I'd put two right between the guy's ears." On gimpy knees, Joe's got style. Reactionary, nigger-hating, the cop, in some curious way, has it, too. Nobody noticed the construction workers until they put on hard hats, picked up a little style. They appreciate Alcindor in this town, but with the understanding that he does it on physical equipment; if Earl the Pearl, with those mystical backcourt moves, ever settled in this city, they'd make him the mayor. Ali rode in with all the style, but at the end of 15 rounds, Frazier turned a courageous tanklike lack of style into a style of his own; he walked away with the fight and the town. There is a customer at Elaine's who is the king of style. The way he drinks, the way he dresses, the way he checks the action at the bar. Run an FBI search on him and you find out he doesn't do anything. No way the man can dress that way, make a living. He just keeps movin' and groovin', finessing his way to 25 grand a year. All on style.

Style—and an unspoken feeling of being number one—a feeling that the Yankees are still the number-one team in baseball, that they've just been goofing the past five years or so, giving the other teams a shot, that if at any point they really wanted to, they could begin to play in that old professional, aristocratic style and cop the series. The Knicks took it all one year, but wasn't it just boredom that made them back away last year? The city never wins any national beauty contests, but is there a New Yorker who doubts that the most extraordinary women in the world live in this city and not in Hot Gulch, Nevada, where all the winners come from? And, for that matter, couldn't New York, if it got its back up, break off from the rest of the country, start an army and put on one hell of a show if it came to war? What an army. Not since the French wore red knickers at the Marne. Might not win, but they'd look good goin' down.

The deeper truth is that if you're an interesting guy to hang around with, you can be with yourself anywhere. A stopover in Dallas can be pleasant, a weekend in Vegas a total delight (Cedar Rapids is stretching it). But rare is the man who doesn't crave a higher speed limit, a no-stakes poker game, more curves to the roller coaster—New York.

*"Hi! We were just talking about the generation cleavage."*

# MY LAST MUGGING

*article* **By MURRAY KEMPTON**

*i'm a little short on cash; will you take a check?*

WE ARE ALL ADDICTS in various stages of degradation where I live on the Upper West Side, some to heroin, some to small dogs and some to *The New York Times*. The heroin is cut, the dogs are paranoid and the *Times* cheats by skimping on the West Coast ball scores. No matter; each of us goes upon the street solely in pursuit of his own particular curse.

I was plodding homeward with my *Times* at an hour no less decent than 11 on an evening in March when two figures, conspicuous through the dark for a condition of nerves frantic even for West 97th Street, came round the corner and converged upon me, one to the left and one to the right.

The one to the right was short and wore a porkpie hat of the kind one used to associate with the first account executive laid off in the agency's economy drive in the first Eisenhower recession. The one to the left was taller, sticklike, indeed, with those whitened cracks in the skin of his face that the winter of cities inflicts upon Negroes and that they call "the ashes"; and he held a knife at what I supposed to be my kidneys.

"Give us all your money," the little one stuttered. "Or we're going to cut you up right now."

"Now, be cool," the tall one said. "And just hand over your money. He means it."

Cops are said to go at criminal suspects in this fashion, in pairs, one short and mean, the other tall and protective. So here, then, were those two familiars of the station house, Jeff ravening on one side of the detainee and Mutt conciliating on the other. As jail seems to be the only institution left that can teach young black men to write, the back room of the precinct house is the last school for the techniques of negotiation. I was being accosted by ruffians who had learned their trade by losing—laboratory animals who knew nothing of the science except what could be studied while being vivisected.

The knife was, to be sure, long enough and broad enough to establish itself as the one commanding presence in the assembly; still, it was a very old knife, with no sign of any recent impulse to clean it; the hand at my kidneys had, then, quite a while ago lost either the vanity that might have shined that knife or the hope that might have sharpened it.

The mind could grasp it only as an abstraction. Courage is the product of rehearsal, as cowardice is of recollection: neither comes on call upon occasions of surprise: Surprised, one merely stands and the head wanders down paths that prove how empty the event is, since they are not even literary, only sociological—a disgraceful knife, a failure of a knife, good only for my neighborhood, a knife a man would be embarrassed to carry in the East 60s, less a knife, indeed, than an artifact of urban decay. Where I live, we get the criminals and even the weapons of hopelessness we deserve.

"Gentlemen," I began, "I haven't got so much as a dollar. I do have some change and a subway token. But that's all I have. I'm sorry."

I took out my wallet and showed it to them with an anxiety to please that, at the moment, at least, had curiously less to do with the knife than with the recurrent sense of my own inadequacy on social occasions. I felt like a welsher. They had done their job; they had pulled a knife, such as it was, and quite enough for me; and I wasn't doing mine. Jeff had by now subsided into exhaustion from his bout of facsimile of active desperation; and poor Mutt was left to manage the affair to its end in disillusion.

"Let's get off the street," he said. "I gotta search you." And they pushed me unzestfully into the entranceway of a building I had never before known to be other than packed with inexplicably cheerful Latins, but empty now; and there, in the bright light that illuminated how much too old all of us were for such a scene, Mutt searched me, as the police must have trained him during his service in their laboratories, all the way to the crotch.

He came up empty and reproachful.

"You look like a workingman," he said. "What you doing out in the street with no money?"

It seemed entirely proper to apologize.

"Gentlemen," I said at last, "I feel like a shit."

"Don't you think we feel like shits?" Mutt answered. "We don't like to do this kind of thing. All we're looking for is a couple of bucks to get a shot of dope."

Where I live, we are rather stiff-necked about permitting someone else to claim the moral advantage. They turned and left the lobby, with Mutt trailing the knife slackly against his trouser leg, the whole night yet before him and without the will to recover from this first mischance.

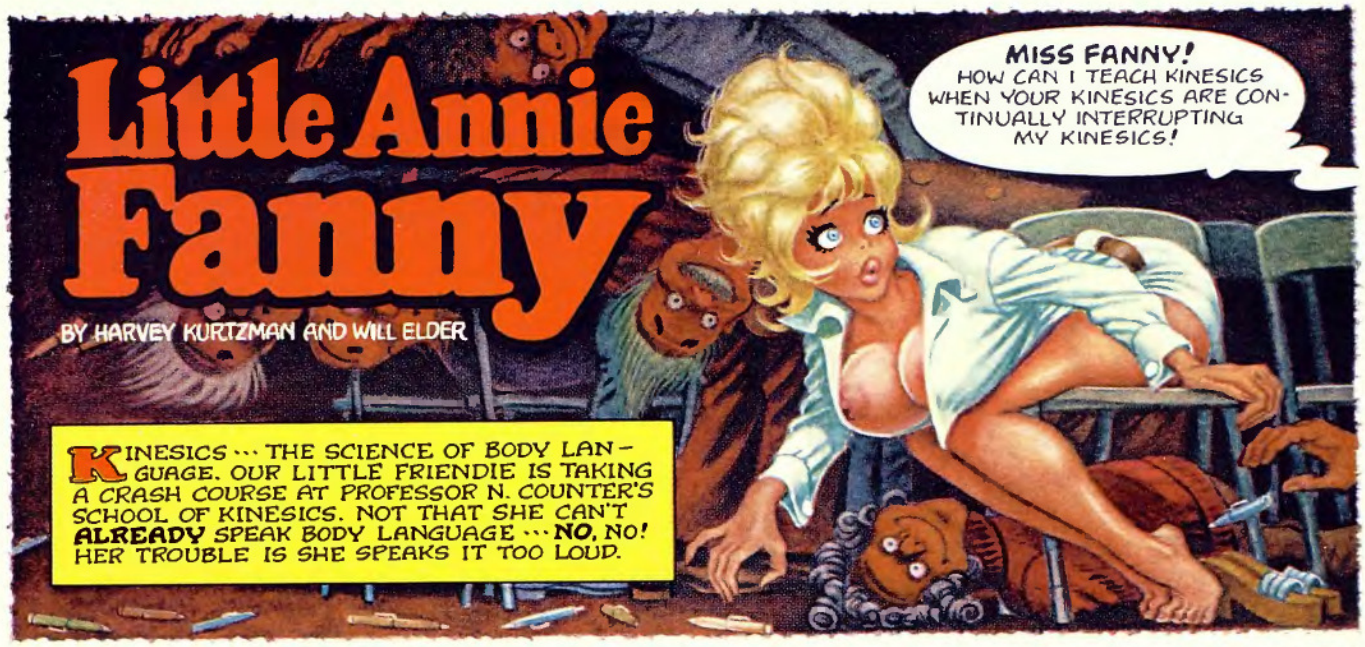
I felt the 60 cents still in my hand and called after them, "Well, anyway, take the change."

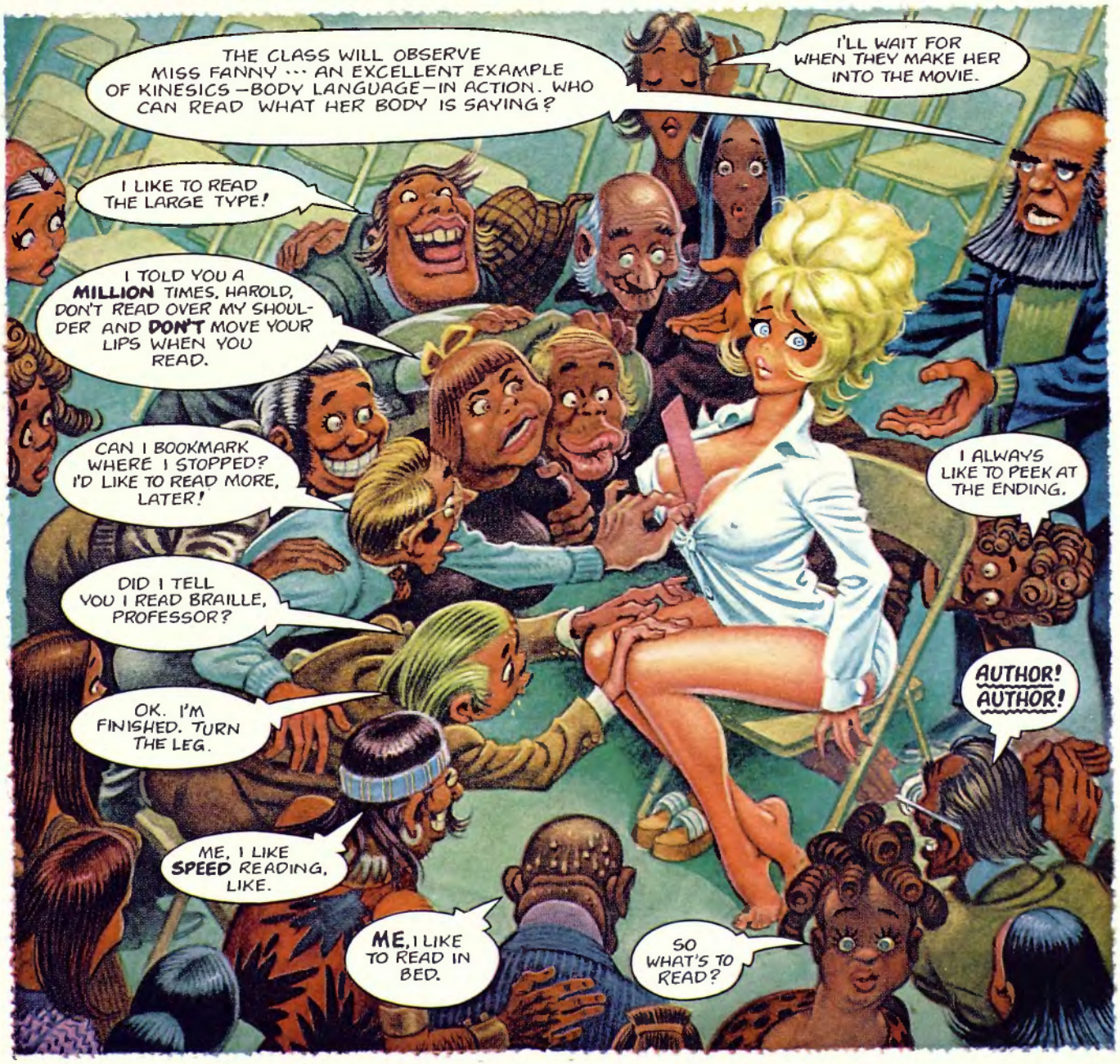
And Mutt came back and took it, and we said good night, and I went home with no sense that I had made it up to them.

For a while afterward, I dined out on this event, and everyone I told it to seemed to find it a great relief from urban tensions. And yet the experience, whose telling seems to work to lessen the paranoia of other persons, has impossibly increased my own. Not just 97th Street but nearly every other in the city has become for me a swarm of horrible shadows. I have no way even of knowing when the fear will come over me; the other day a Negro teenager approached me in a subway station and just stood there. At last he asked for a dime and, sweating, I gave him all the change I had. He had intended nothing; and yet I was his victim; my flesh could not have crawled more shudderingly if he had pulled a gun. I have thought of buying a heavy cane. Yet if I went thus armed, I should suppose that I would bring my weapon down upon the head of whoever accosted me and then beat him passionately, if ineffectually, for mere rage at this city that has taught me that I am old and a coward. For these are scenes from which it is impossible to emerge unashamed. And I am thinking of moving away to some far place where a man can keep his mask and have no need to choose between wearing the face of the victim or the face of the beast.

# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER



LET'S EXAMINE THE KINESICS OF DEALING WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX. FOR INSTANCE, HOW WOULD YOU MOVE TO WIN YOUR NEAREST PARTNER'S ATTENTION?
ALL WRONG, MR. KLUTCH!
MEN
THE HUNCHED SHOULDERS SHOW FEAR OF WOMEN. THE CROSSED KNEES ··· SEXUAL REPRESSION. YOUR WHOLE STANCE CLEARLY REVEALS THAT YOUR PREGNANT SISTER IN POUGHKEEPSIE WHO THROWS CUSTARD PIES AT YOU AS A SIBLING REACTION TO PRESSURE FROM YOUR MOTHER IS WHAT'S UPPERMOST IN YOUR MIND ··· YES?!
NO! PRESSURE FROM MY BLADDER IS WHAT'S UPPER-MOST!
MEN
AN INTERESTING APPROACH, MR. VETCH, BUT DATED.
AH, AH, MISS PINCH ··· CHEATING!
TUT, TUT, MR. GLITCH ··· TOO OBVIOUS!
TOO FAGGOTY, MR. HAGERTY!
KISS ME
TOO CON-TAGIOUS, MISS GAGES!
I WANT YOU TO NOTE THIS, CLASS. DID YOU SEE THE SWINGING-OF-THE-ARM-IN-AN-ARC KINE? – THE FLATTENED-PALM, FINGERS-EXTENDED KINE? THAT, AS ANY KINESIOLOGIST CAN TELL YOU, IS A CLEAR INDICATION OF AGGRESSION!
AND DID YOU OBSERVE THE HEAD-OVER-HEELS-BLEEDING KINE? – A CLEAR INDICATION OF A BUSTED MOUTH.
I CAME HERE TO LEARN HOW TO TURN MY BODY LANGUAGE OFF, NOT ON!
LET US STEP INTO THE HALL AND DISCUSS YOUR BIZARRE PROBLEM, MISS FANNY! ···WHILE WE'RE GONE, I WANT THE CLASS TO PRACTICE, PRACTICE!
OK, TEACH!
YOU BET!

WHEN I WANT MY BODY TO TELL A MAN TO RETREAT, IT TELLS HIM TO ATTACK!
WE MUST TEACH YOU THE RIGHT KINESICS! ...TRY THIS SIMPLE REJECTION KINE ... AN ERECT STANCE THAT SAYS, "I'M ON MY GUARD" ... ARMS CROSSED, SAYING, "HANDS OFF!"
BROOM CLOSET
HI, THERE!
DITTO!
HOLD ME.
TOUCH ME.
SEE?
DOES YOUR BODY HAVE FOUL LANGUAGE?
AH, YASS... DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK, DOES IT?
DEODORANT
LET'S TRY A MORE DRASTIC KINE... THE TURNED BACK, MEANING, "GET LOST! AM-SCRAY!"
HELLO, WORLD!
AND A SPECIAL HELLO FROM HER BUDDY!
AAH... NOW I SEE THE PROBLEM. YOUR BODY IS LIKE AN OUTLAW RADIO STATION. WE MUST JAM THE WAVE LENGTH!
YELLOW PAGES
HERE! PUT THIS ON!
CLOTHES CLOSET
MR. GLITCH'S RAIN-COAT?!
YOO HOO!
LONG TIME NO SEE!
SE HABLA ESPAÑOL!
こんにちは
CIAO!
INCREDIBLE! ...BUTTON THE COAT! ...GO GET A HAT!
PEEKABOO! I SEE YOU!
I CAN'T STAND IT! YOUR TOES ARE SAYING "I LOVE YOU! I WANT YOU!"

GO BACK TO THE COATROOM AND PUT ON GALOSHES!
TOOT TOOT, TUSHY, GOODBYE!
GAAH! IT'S NO USE!!
YOUR BODY LANGUAGE SPEAKS IN X RAYS !!
SLAM!
NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT'S COVERED, YOUR BODY KEEPS TELLING ME TO FONDLE IT! KISS IT!
BROOM CLOSE
-YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT ME TO TELL PROFESSOR N. COUNTER THAT YOU'RE QUITTING THE CLASS, ANNIE?
I JUST CAN'T SEE GOING THROUGH LIFE DRESSED FOR A RAIN-STORM!
BY THE WAY... DID MR. GLITCH GET BACK HIS RAINCOAT?
SIGH!
OH!
AHH!
KISS! KISS!
BROOM CLOSET
WHY, MISS FANNY! YOU HAVE HAIR ON YOUR CHEST!
OUT TO LUNCH
END

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